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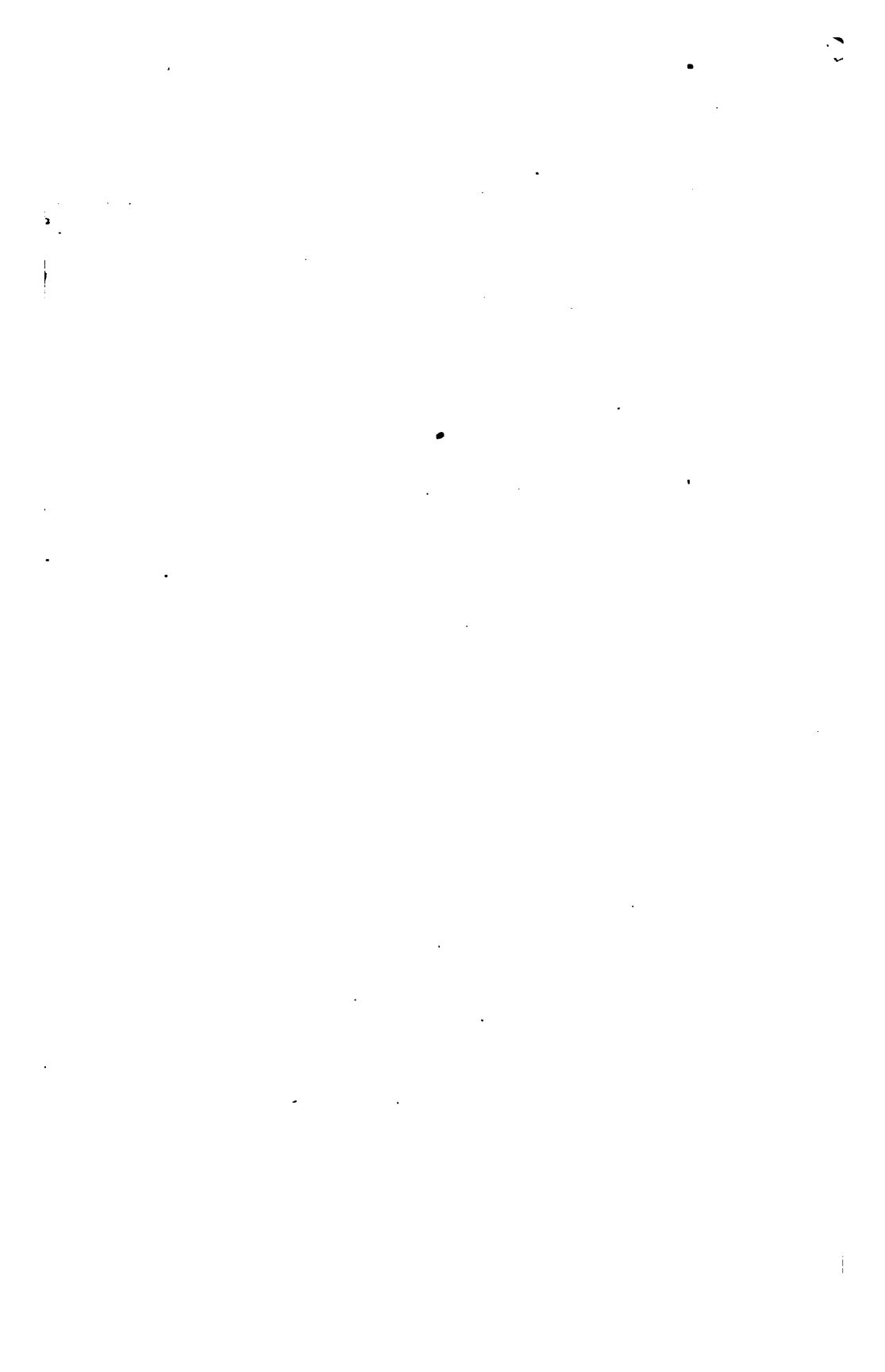
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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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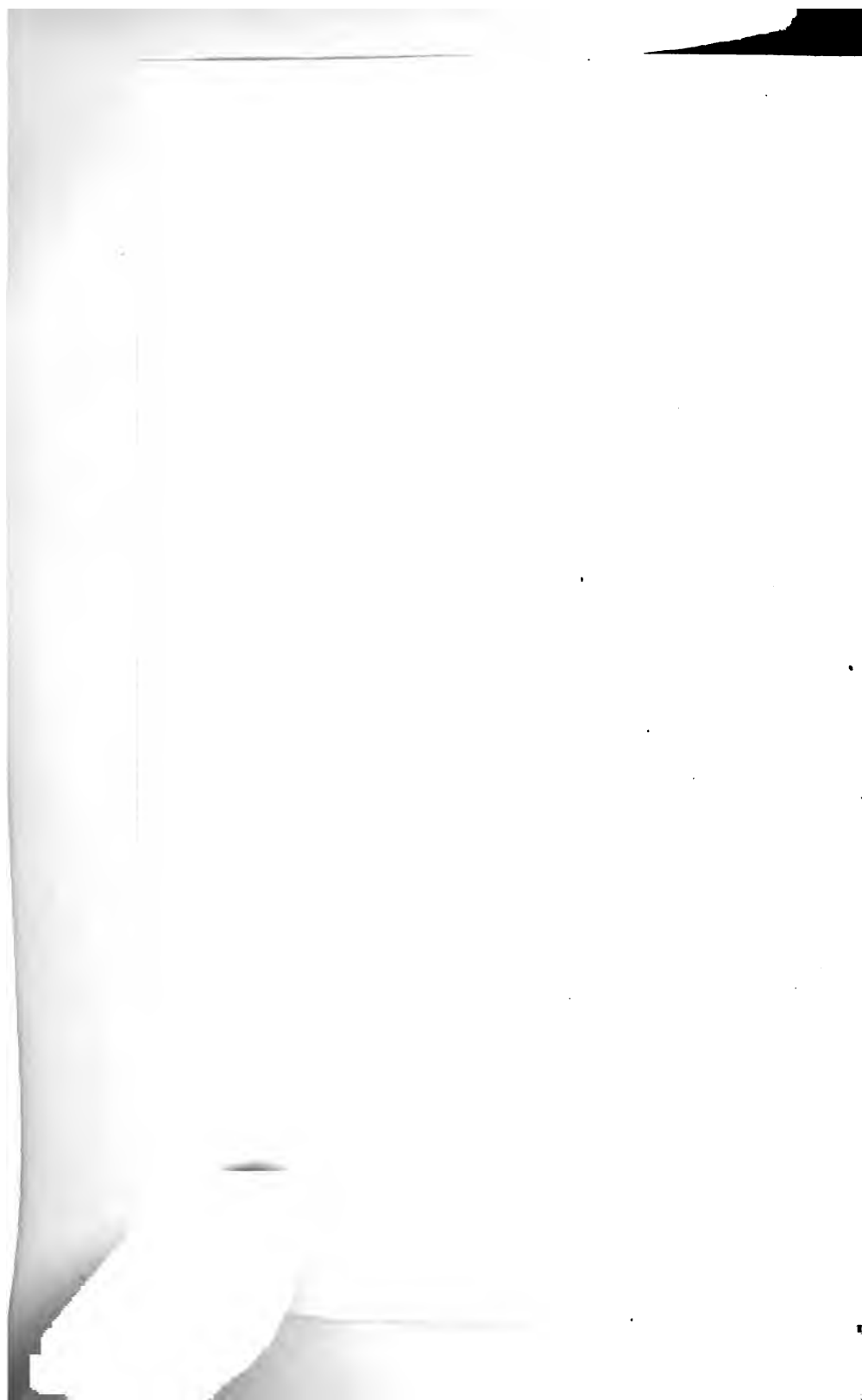
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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

JULY, 1853.

ART. I.—SPIRITUAL MECHANICS.*

WE have printed below the titles of some books, not because we intend to review them in detail, but as suggesting the subject which we have in mind to discuss. They all agree in professing to give the rigid results of scientific observations, made in a province of research which falls partly under the jurisdiction of physics, and partly under that of physiology. The work of Reichenbach shows a candid and laborious purpose of its author to reduce to natural, though hitherto unregistered laws of matter, the fitful lights and the uncertain mirage of ani-

* 1. *Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemism, in their Relations to Vital Forces.* By BARON CHARLES VON REICHENBACH. *The complete Work, from the German Second Edition, with the Addition of a Preface and Critical Notes,* by JOHN ASHBURNER, M. D. London. 1851.

2. *Untersuchungen über Thierische Electricität.* Von EMIL DU BOIS-REYMOND. Berlin. 1848.

3. *On Animal Electricity, being an Abstract of the Discoveries of Emil du Bois-Reymond, made by DR. J. MÜLLER, Professor of Physics at Freiburg.* Edited by H. BENGE JONES. London. 1852.

4. *Traité des Phénomènes Electro-physiologiques des Animaux,* par C. MATTEUCCI: *suites d'Études Anatomiques sur le System Nerveux et sur l'Organe Electrique de la Torpille,* par PAUL BAYL. Paris. 1844.

5. *Leçons sur les Phénomènes Physiques des Corps vivants.* Edition française publiée avec des Additions considérables sur 2^e Edition italienne, par C. MATTEUCCI. Paris. 1847.

mal magnetism; and for this purity of intention it is to be treated with respect. When we examine this book, however, in detail, we do not find in it the same wise precautions against disturbing influences which characterize remarkably the investigations of Matteucci and Bois-Reymond.

Reichenbach thinks he has proved that *sensitive* persons see an objective light round the poles of a magnet, and at the ends of the axis of a crystal; that the magnet and the crystal affect the nerves and attract the human hand; that the *patient* can distinguish *magnetized* from *unmagnetized* water; that terrestrial magnetism disturbs the nerves; that the restless sleeper is least disturbed when he stretches himself out on the magnetic meridian, but tosses and dreams when his head and feet point to the east and west; that the power which the crystal and the magnet have of acting on those well disposed can be imparted to living men; that a similar influence is associated with solar radiations, chemical action, and electricity. This force, which always exists where magnetism is, but is not identical with magnetism, because it is found where magnetism is not found, is universal and potent, and deserves a name of its own. Reichenbach, therefore, for reasons as odd as the name itself, calls it "Od." There is an "od-negative" and an "od-positive." The left side of man is in *odic* opposition to the right. This force is centralized in the hands and feet, especially in the hands. The mouth, with the tongue, is od-negative. "We have arrived," says Reichenbach, "at a not uninteresting explanation of a hitherto obscure matter,—the import of the kiss. The lips form one of the foci of the biod, and the flames which our poets describe do actually blaze there. This will be clearly elucidated in the next treatise. It may be asked how this can agree with the circumstance that the mouth is od-negative. This, however, does harmonize very well with the fact; for the kiss gives nothing, it desires and strives merely, it sucks and sips, and while it revels, longing and desire increase. The kiss is therefore not a negation, but a physical and moral negativity." (p. 257.)

It is remarkable, that whenever the *patients* and the *sensitive* were the *subjects* of experiment, there was a positive result. But when they were called on to *act*

and not to *feel*, the experiment generally failed. For Reichenbach frankly confesses that they could not lift iron filings by the odic attraction of their fingers, or deflect the galvanometer, or magnetize needles.

There certainly is no subject, connected with religion, philosophy, science, or the practical concerns of life, which at the present time occupies and disturbs more minds, in this and neighboring communities, than certain alleged phenomena, the reality of which many altogether deny; but which others, forced, as they think, to admit by the overwhelming evidence of their senses, either attempt to resolve into the operation of familiar, physical laws, or regard as spiritual manifestations of beings, once indeed moving like themselves upon the earth, but now removed beyond the ordinary reach of the human senses. The discovery, or at any rate the new application, of a fresh motive power by Ericsson, with its alleged economy and efficiency, and the consequent influence which is predicted for it on the useful arts and the grand march of civilization, meteoric as was the flash with which it first burst upon the public gaze, and all-important as it would become if its ample claims were justified, has produced a feeble and evanescent impression, compared with the more dubious phenomena just mentioned. The strong hold which a motley collection of hastily assumed or imperfectly investigated facts, known under the incongruous names of "spiritual manifestations," "table-movings," "rappings," "knockings," and other *aliases*, has taken of the more impressible portion of the community, may be explained to a certain degree by the novelty of the subject, and by an impertinent human curiosity which is ever ready to gnaw at any apple of forbidden knowledge; but at the same time it proclaims the violent reaction which the imaginative, the superstitious, the religious element of man's nature, is striving to effect against the dead weight of materialism and utilitarianism by which it is so heavily pressed down in this age and country.

In more than one city, town, and village, these phenomena, these experiments, and the agencies they are thought to engage, have been for months the engrossing subject of conversation, the sole relaxation for a body and mind wearied with life's toils, and in some cases the

only consolation for a spirit oppressed with the troubles and sorrows of life. Many repair daily to these exhibitions as a necessary excitement, and few can be so happily retired as wholly to escape them. They are the acknowledged attraction of many a social gathering in the gay city, and all the luxuries and adornments of the dinner or evening party are incomplete without them. It can hardly be doubted that a subject in which some are painfully engaged, and of which all hear or talk incessantly, must exert considerable influence on health, morality, and happiness.

Under these circumstances, we have thought it might not be without interest and profit to look at the scientific aspects of this strange matter. What we propose to consider is, firstly, whether the mode of investigation adopted in reference to it is calculated to inspire confidence in any positive result, or is such as is recommended and followed by universal consent in other scientific researches; and, secondly, in case strange phenomena do appear, for example, motions which are not caused by ordinary mechanical forces, whether these motions are explicable on natural principles by the intervention of extraordinary forces in nature, such as electricity or magnetism; or whether they are to be regarded as supernatural or spiritual manifestations.

We would remark, first, with regard to the method of investigation, that any person, of whatever education or profession, or if he have neither, feels perfectly competent to undertake it on his own responsibility. Those who have never made a scientific experiment before, are not deterred thereby from venturing upon these experiments. The results to which inexperienced investigators in any department of research, scientific, literary, or practical, may come, are not usually clothed with authority, whatever may be the general intelligence of these men, and however much above suspicion may be their truth and conscientiousness. In a question which relates to the motions of the heavenly bodies, astronomers do not rely on the observations, much less on the conjectures of a chemist, although he may stand at the head of his own science; and the chemist, in his turn, would not place a high value on the first raw experiments of the mathematician, especially in a research involving difficult organic

analysis. When we are sick, we do not consult the lawyer, except perhaps to help us in making our will; and when we are sued at the law, we do not send for the doctor.

Furthermore, what is the calm retreat in which this miscellaneous group of investigators have chosen to conduct their researches? Who ever heard of a party of ladies and gentlemen enlivening the festivities of an after-dinner hour by repairing to the dome of an observatory to determine the proper motion of a star, or its parallax? Who ever heard of any serious scientific investigation undertaken by a company of various tastes and qualifications, convened in the evening for that purpose? A scientific academy may sometimes consent to give a verdict in a question of great experimental nicety; but the examination would be held and the evidence taken, not at a general meeting, but by a select and special committee. Indeed, we think it will appear on inquiry, that nature reserves her most precious secrets, and bestows them not on any committee, though it were the selectest portion of the wisest body on earth. She shuns publicity and parade. He who worships nature, as well as he who worships the God of nature, will find it to his advantage and honor to worship her in secret. The *results* of scientific scrutiny may have been presented to the Florentine Academy, or the French Academy, or the Royal Society of London or Berlin; they may be expounded in popular lectures, illustrated at the corners of the streets, and scattered broadcast over continents by the public press; they may be rewarded by governments and applauded by the people; — but none of the valuable truth which they contain came at first by *public* observation; *that* is the result of a skilful, careful, quiet, and persevering series of experiments and deductions.

Let us pass to an examination of the facts, or the supposed facts, which are given by the experiments. They can generally be included under the description of sounds or of motions. In either case, they belong to mechanics: and the first inquiry should be, whether they can be explained by the action of ordinary mechanical forces. Those who answer this question in the negative, who resort to electricity or some more sublimated influence about which they know as much as of electricity,

have certainly seen to it, we may suppose, that the most obvious explanation is insufficient or inapplicable. They have examined the subject, we must presume, quantitatively and qualitatively. They have measured to a grain the precise force required to produce the motion; they have also measured no less carefully the sum total of pressure which accidentally or intentionally has been exerted by the fifty or hundred muscles in contact with the table; they have ascertained how many muscles were pulling in one direction, and how many were pulling in other directions, and having drawn a parallelogram of forces, they have calculated the resultant power; they have decomposed this resultant so as to find that part of it which is destroyed by the resistance of the floor or otherwise, and the balance which remains effective; they have allowed also for friction. They have done all this, not merely with truth and conscientiousness, but with prudence and care. And after their best efforts to preserve inviolate the existing laws of nature as registered in the annals of science, they still find left upon their hands residual phenomena, which require that our mechanical ideas should be enlarged and our mechanical forces augmented, or else call for the interposition of superhuman agents. In a trivial question of mechanics, unless all this were done and repeated many times, the new view or the new theory would not command a *hearing* in any court of science; still less go off with a favorable verdict. But in the case which we are considering, which in certain aspects of it is more than a dry scientific abstraction, being no less than a matter of life and death to some, all usual and reasonable precautions against deception have been neglected, and upon a degree of evidence insufficient to decide an atomic weight, the most astounding conclusions have been built, the dead have been raised to life, and the heavens have been opened to the ear of mortals.

Some of the disciples of the spurious science have the habit of rebutting any objection to their experiments and theory by this question: "Can I not believe my own senses?" or by this: "Do you not think that I tell you the truth?"

We hope to do no personal injury to any one when we say that the human senses are not, any of them or

the best of them, above suspicion. Who does not know that in courts of justice men have sworn, and honestly too, to seeing things or persons which it afterwards appeared as plain as the day they could not have seen? No doubt, in the final resort, we must rely for the results of observation and experiment on the veracity of the observer and the testimony of his senses. But cultivation imparts to the senses activity and delicacy in a measure not inferior to that in which it confers strength and acuteness on the mind. In physical science, the Epicurean philosophy is better than that of the Stoics; and nothing more distinguishes modern science and gives it its present advantage over the physical acquisitions of antiquity, than the exaltation it inculcates on the senses, refining to the nicest temper their naked edge, and then rendering them mighty instrumental assistance. Where would practical astronomy or the natural history of the stars be to-day without the telescope? The everlasting furrows which the elder Herschel laid open, when his great telescope ploughed into space one hundred years ago, have not *yet* been exhausted of their first harvest? What would be left for chemistry to do without the balance? And how prematurely would the insight of natural history into organic and inorganic structures be arrested, if her eye were not pointed with the microscope. In every department of physical science, new researches outrun the degree of excellence which belonged to the old instruments, and the invention of a nicer piece of apparatus is the era often, if it is not the occasion, of a great discovery.

Imagine Melloni continuing his researches upon heat without his marvellous heat-measurer, or without even any thermometer but his wayward sense of feeling. Imagine the great Humboldt turning scientific iconoclast and breaking in pieces the thermometers, barometers, hygrometers of modern meteorology, gauging the temperature three times a day with his bare skin, and poisoning the column of mercury which weighs the atmosphere upon his little finger. Suppose the domes of our observatories to be blocked in their revolutions, and their masterly appointments to be dismantled, and the unrivalled opticians and mechanicians of Munich to be set adrift to seek some more useful occupation. Suppose the astronomer,

as of old, to examine the sky through the soot of the tallest chimney, or to watch for the reflection of a star in the water at the bottom of a well (where certainly some truths, if not truth itself, may be found). Suppose the chemists to come to an agreement that their priceless balances are a useless extravagance, and that the atomic weights of the rarest organic compound are obtained quite well enough by the bodily arms and without the arms of the scale-beam, especially if the personal equation of right-handedness or left-handedness is eliminated by shifting the atoms from left to right and right to left. If we can suppose these various classes of scientific men to be weak enough and foolish enough to do all this, we suppose nothing more incongruous or absurd than the experiments of those who aspire to discover the laws of the natural or spiritual body by a vulgar alphabet of thumps, by the movements of rickety tables (where the virtue of the pine wood would seem to be only in the sap), or at best by the unpolished manipulations of the rough hand.

We do not always discriminate with care between the little which our senses directly teach us, and the varied, more perfect, and more valuable knowledge for which we are indirectly obliged to them. The eye may immediately inform us of the presence and color of a body, and of the direction in which it is situated. But it cannot travel off and measure its distance, it cannot go round and survey the figure of the body; neither does the eye possess, among all its marvellous and exquisite machinery, any contrivance for giving the size of what it sees, and it leaves us nothing better than a guess at the relative brightness of objects. So far as the simple eye is concerned, the magnitude and distance of the trees and stones are as immeasurable and incalculable as those of the stars. If we criticize the capabilities of the ear with the same severity, we shall find this organ wonderfully quick and alive to the colors of sound, as the eye is to those of light. But a whisper, almost inaudible by day, seems to pierce the ear at night; and this shows how much surrounding influences modify the original impressions on the senses. There is no adaptation between the mechanical character of sounds and the structure of the ear, through which the *direction* of the former is revealed

to the latter. So unstable is the tenure by which we hold our knowledge of the place whence a sound proceeds, that the ventriloquist can throw, as it were, his voice into any place, and by a look, a gesture, or an alteration of tone, unsettle our judgment. Experiment shows that when the air of a room is vibrating to a sound, there are grand nodal sections wholly at rest, and that the sound appears to come from the right or the left according as the ear is moved to the right or the left of these mechanical divisions in the vibrating column. There is also a sense which takes cognizance of muscular exertion, and which Dr. Brown has called our "muscular sense." The muscular sense measures muscular exertion, and it assists us in estimating the magnitude of other forces, such as weight and elasticity, by the effort we experience in counterpoising them by a certain amount of muscular exertion. There is no opportunity in this case for the exercise of that fine qualitative analysis for which the other senses are highly distinguished. The comparison of mechanical forces is only the balancing of *quantities*, and none of the senses are trustworthy in arithmetical investigations. The eye which distinguishes one from another the seventy-two thousand differently colored stones in the storehouses of mosaic composition, is speedily at fault in establishing a scale of relative brightness. The ear which is shocked at a slight discord pronounces faintly its decision in regard to the relative intensity of sounds. The adjudication of the senses upon *qualities* is not wholly independent; each color or note owes a part of its effect to the colors or notes with which it is associated, or to the state of the organ, whether quiescent or excited, which it addresses. The history of music and painting alike proves that natural inorganic standards, such as the tuning-fork and the prismatic colors, are needed to save the senses from rapid degeneracy. Taking their departure from these immutable standards, the eye and the ear may build their analysis of qualities upon a sure basis. In comparing *magnitudes*, the same difficulties are felt; namely, the want of standards, the influence of bodily health, and all the antecedents of the experiment. The appearance of the star Sirius in the field of the telescope, while Sir William Herschel was gazing at those faint specks in the heavens

which stand on the confines of the invisible, seemed to his strained eye as glorious as the rising of the sun in the morning, or the exit of this bright orb from a total eclipse.

Moreover, under similar circumstances, the organs can discriminate more finely *as to how* they are affected, than *as to how much* they are affected. For want of dynamometers to measure the force of light and sound, the element of intensity scarcely enters *yet* into the existing sciences of optics and acoustics. Now the muscular sense, whose function is necessarily confined to quantities to the neglect of qualities, is not exempt from the limitations which control the other organs in quantitative analysis. The same weight which almost bounds from the *fresh* finger, drags heavily at last upon its *wearied* muscle. Men most accustomed to practise with their muscular sense are not able to perceive any difference in two weights until it amounts to one thirtieth of the whole quantity. To suppose that a man can place his hand upon a table and keep it there for half an hour or longer without unconsciously exerting pressure, is to suppose a felicity of organization which contradicts all former experience. Let any one undertake to hold his hand in mid-air without raising it or lowering it for half an hour, or to place his finger against the point of a suspended needle, always touching and never pushing it, and he will see how much reason there is for believing that he can touch a table for the same length of time and not press it. The muscles will always, we may be assured, exert pressure which the muscular sense in its best state does not notice, and if we trust to the unaided sense we can never know how great this pressure may become. We must, therefore, adopt in this case the precautions suggested by the experience of all the exact sciences. The senses cannot gauge with fidelity the *magnitude* of the forces by which they are addressed. When the quantities under examination relate to space or time, the microscope comes to the aid of the eye, and then the decisions of the latter attain a high degree of numerical exactness. Hence the proverbial accuracy of astronomy. Hence, in every department of science, the effort to realize some instrument which shall make its final award in regard to any natural phenomenon of nature, relating as it may

to light, heat, electricity, magnetism, sound, elasticity, gravitation, in the language of spaces accurately divided by the micrometer and magnified by the strong help of the microscope.

Enough, we think, has been said, to show that we might with scientific propriety dismiss the whole subject of marvellous phenomena until those who pretend to have investigated it come forward with the results of careful experiment, such as alone would satisfy in cases of much less practical importance. Inasmuch, however, as a large class of disciples are not unwilling, upon slight evidence, to admit the strange phenomena as exceptions to ordinary motion produced by muscular exertion, thinking to avoid the admission of any thing marvellous or miraculous in their nature by ascribing them to electricity, we shall undertake, in the second place, to maintain that this alternative is not admissible.

There seems to be no middle course between an obvious and simple explanation of the facts and the most extreme and extravagant hypothesis. Many sounding bodies could be kept in motion by electricity; but not in a single instance by animal electricity, originating in the operator or the medium. The electrical theory is inconsistent with honesty in the parties concerned in the experiment. Admitting their veracity, whenever a case is presented of motion, or even sound, such as is found in most of the recited instances of wonderful phenomena, and which after a rigid scrutiny cannot be resolved into the ordinary causes of motion, we are ready to confess to the mystery or even the miracle of the transaction; and we utterly discard the idea of seeking refuge from this conclusion in any pretended ignorance of the laws and nature of electricity. We desire to place this view of the subject in a strong light. It is not surprising that those who have never carefully studied electricity and kindred forces should rank in the same class of marvellous and perhaps fabulous stories the dynamics of table-movements and the discoveries of Franklin, Volta, Davy, Oersted, and Faraday. Science, they say, is full of wonders. The trite propositions of the text-book astonished the world, when they were first spoken. Every new discovery comes at first in the guise of a miracle. What, they ask, do the *wisest* know about electricity or mag-

netism? Nothing whatever, we are ready to answer, about its essence or its last hiding-places; but a great deal about its manner of conducting itself. The scientific student may know as much in regard to the electric and magnetic forces as he can know of gravitation, elasticity, light, or heat. Astronomers say that planets attract one another; but *why* or *how* they attract is a blank to them, which they can fill out no better than the shepherds who watched the stars thousand of years since. They believe, either that God has made them to attract each other, by touching them originally with his finger and imparting power to them as the magnet to the iron which it touches, or that he is moving them every moment by a perpetual miracle, but in such a way that man most easily describes the motions by imagining the bodies to be gifted with a delegated power of mutual gravitation. When we say that no man is intimately acquainted with electricity or gravitation, what can we mean except that no man altogether understands God? "Who by searching can find out God? Who can find out the Almighty to perfection?" A profound and wholly satisfactory science of matter implies a perfect knowledge of its Creator and Lawgiver. No one sees or acknowledges more quickly than the student of nature, how much the highest flights of science have fallen short of this perfection. But why should any one by a false humility depreciate human discovery, or sink the Newtons and Franklins of the race to the level of common men or common children, merely because God has not made man equal to himself, or able wholly to understand himself or even his works?

We repeat it, therefore,—if we do not know the quintessence of electricity, we certainly know how it is produced and how it operates; we know what it costs and what it can do; and we also know what it cannot do. Men are constantly talking about the wonders of science and the miracles of art; and books are written upon the magic of the telescope and the microscope, the steam-engine and the telegraph. *Scientific* men also are infected with this vainglory of science; and are tempted to catch the vulgar gaze by presenting simple truths in the language of paradoxes. But we cannot look one of these paradoxes steadily in the face, not even that most

venerable of all, the hydrostatic paradox, without its dwindling into the merest truism.

Five different ways are known to science at the present day, by either of which electricity may be excited ;—

1. Friction or mechanical action. 2. Chemical action. 3. Heat or physical action. 4. Magnetic action. 5. Animal influence. Electricity, however procured, is one and the same product, so far as we may judge from the behavior of it when at work. Among other qualifications, it is capable of producing mechanical motions. The principal mechanical forces which have a mercantile value among mankind, such as weights, springs, the wind, water, steam, are derived more or less immediately from gravitation and heat or elasticity. And although, in the economy of the physical world, the strongest force cannot say even to the weakest, "I have no need of thee," nevertheless, some of these forces, and electricity among the rest, play a minor part in the harmony of nature. Electricity in the guise of electro-magnetism has been harnessed to engines of about ten horsepower, and thus the force which plays in the aurora and the lightning has submitted to become a day-laborer for man, planing boards and doing other drudgery. Boats have been propelled by it with a velocity of three miles an hour, and an appropriation by our Congress of forty thousand dollars for making experiments on a large scale has resulted in the production of a locomotive, weighing about ten tons, and moving with the velocity of about eight miles an hour on the track.

No principle is established upon a broader induction than this: that every mechanical force which stands ready to act at the working point requires a corresponding expenditure of means at the generating point. Sometimes a large share of the power employed is lost in the machine, being of the nature of a commission imposed on man for doing the business of converting available force into useful force. Whoever has had the privilege of turning the plate to a large friction electrical machine knows how hard he works to produce the mechanical effects of electricity. In the voltaic battery an intense chemical force on the inside is the cost of the power which can scarcely move a strip of gold-leaf introduced into the outside circuit. The same chemical affinity, con-

strained by the combinations of the battery to give up its usual local disposition and become a travelling agent, is conducted round the circumnutations of the electro-magnet, and appears as the prime mover in the electro-magnetic engine. This engine as well as the steam-engine is a contrivance for transmuting chemical and local force into mechanical and transferable force. Both have selected the universal and almost omnipotent affinity of oxygen. In the steam-engine oxygen promotes combustion, combustion produces heat, heat evokes elasticity, and elasticity drives the machine. In the electro-magnetic engine, oxygen leads to oxidation, oxidation excites electricity, electricity produces magnetism, and magnetism pulls and pushes, and so gives the motion. In both cases, the destruction chemically of the raw material or fuel used is the price paid for the mechanical power which does the work. Experience thus far has shown that twenty-five cents' worth of steam will go as far for mechanical purposes as two dollars' worth of electricity. When the work to be done is light, so that the cost of the power is an unimportant item, or when the service required is too delicate for the gross touch of common machinery, or where, as in telegraphic operations, the working point is separated by large distances from the point of application, so that rapidity and simplicity of conveyance are indispensable recommendations, in all these cases electricity has unrivalled facilities and privileges.

Not only does the mechanical power of electricity, inconsiderable as it generally is, require a corresponding outlay of mechanical or chemical force for its production; but the field for its development is a very restricted one, and a moderate display of activity exacts a peculiar array of ways and means. It is not sufficient to say, that, as electricity is generated by friction, chemical action, heat, magnetism, and the vital functions, therefore the means are always at hand, consisting in fact of every physical, chemical, organic, and inorganic disturbance to which matter is liable. All this is true; but these accidental excitements are as momentary in their effects as they are frequent, and we can see a manifest plan in nature to prevent great electrical accumulations and outbreaks. The infrequency of the thunderclap, and its to-

tal absence in certain places and seasons, is a guaranty of the innumerable, insignificant, inaudible, and invisible discharges which ordinarily exhaust the redundant electricity; and the slyness with which the electricity fabricated by human machines slips through the fingers of the manipulator, is a match often for the most circumspect insulation. Whenever, therefore, you see or hear that pine tables are sliding along the floor, hitching up stairs, waltzing round their axes, or cutting up other undignified antics for such venerable furniture, and are told that these are the freaks of electricity, the least that you can expect is to be shown the vast disc of glass, with the grinders at the wheel, or some foaming and suffocating voltaic battery, or an enormous electro-magnet, with the wires and other appurtenances suited to such magnificent electrical exertions. Few physical cabinets in any country contain the means for so brilliant displays of electricity, and some of the feats recorded are altogether beyond any thing found in the annals of science. There are several persons with their hands upon the table; but they, we are assured, do not push it, and cannot therefore cause it to move. There are no secret wires, no disguised batteries. We readily admit this to be true, but at the same time we deny that electricity is a conspirator in the transaction. Otherwise we must surrender all the analogies of science, and call any thing and every thing electricity.

There may be those who, with a glimmering remembrance of Galvani's celebrated frog experiment, may believe that we have, in the apparently new phenomena, another case of animal electricity. Upon this hypothesis it is not necessary to hunt for apparatus; for the operators are themselves the batteries, and the electricity oozes into the pine table from the extremities of their fingers. This we regard as the meanest and most poverty-stricken of all the attempts which have been made to meet the difficulty. We are far from depying the reality of animal electricity. On the contrary, we enumerated it as one of the five authenticated sources of electricity. Whatever in the last analysis we may come to regard as the origin of animal electricity, whether we take it for another type of thermo-electricity and so reducible to animal-heat, or as a novel species of galvanism and thus

traceable to the organic chemistry of living structures, or whether it depends on some peculiarity of life not referable to common forces, the laws of animal electricity have been studied in the most profoundly scientific manner by Matteucci and Emil du Bois-Reymond, and the fruits of their investigations enrich the scientific literature of many languages.

We will repeat here a remark already made, because it is applicable to every modification of the electrical hypothesis; which is, that if the animal body, or half a dozen animal bodies, were a competent source of power for the commission assigned to it, there is nothing in the arrangement of the experiments we are discussing, to give this power a purchase upon the work to be done. To call that electricity which transgresses the established laws of electricity is, to say the least, an infelicity of expression. But the special objection to accepting animal electricity as the cause of what we wish now to explain, is the utter inadequacy of the means to the end. It would be as easy for an elephant to carry the earth on its shoulders, as for animal electricity, properly so called, to move tables or other furniture. We occasionally hear of individuals who are in themselves portable Leyden jars, always armed and charged, and ready to give a snap and a spark to whatever they approach. These cases of electrical excitement in living bodies, though the strongest, are disposed of most easily. The electricity which is so forward to exhibit itself in these persons is not animal electricity, but electricity *upon* animals. It is produced by friction, such, for example, as the brushing of the feet along the carpet, and the only peculiarity in those who can greet their friends with an electrified kiss is a dry skin, which operates like the glass columns of the electrical machine to retain upon the body the electricity ground out by rubbing. It is not impossible, by shuffling up and down a dry room, covered with a velvety carpet, to charge the body with electricity, and afterwards, by applying the lips to a gas jet, to light it into a flame. A few cases are on record of a high electrical excitement in the human body, where the effect could not be traced to any obvious friction, not even the friction of the clothes upon the wearer of them. In 1837, a lady in New Hampshire became suddenly possessed of this gift, and

retained it for several months. While in this state of electrical tension, she gave sparks to her needle, scissors, knife, pencil, the stove, and every other good conductor which she touched. A spark would pass every second from her to a metallic body within one sixteenth of an inch, and four sparks a minute would leave her for a body an inch and a half distant. Finding so many sparks too much of a good thing, she only obtained relief by establishing some good connection with the ground by a kind of lightning discharger. If we allow that the electricity accumulated on this individual was the product of her organic being, and not of some unsuspected friction, it will be of no avail in explaining the motions which so many attribute to electricity. An electrical machine of plate glass, which gives three hundred sparks two feet long as often as this lady gave four sparks an inch and a half long, would be no match for the sort of work which many ascribe to electricity.

If we pass now to proper animal electricity, our first recourse will be had to the torpedo and the gymnotus, popularly known as the electrical flounder and the electrical eel. These animals have a distinct electrical generator or battery in their bodies, and an extra lobe to the brain, which serves as a rudder to guide it; and they are easily coaxed or provoked to show off their divinely bestowed privilege by using it to decompose water into its elemental oxygen and hydrogen, to magnetize steel needles, to burn gold-leaf, or, best of all, to give shocks. The torpedo was notorious for its formidable electrical blows in the time of Pliny; and, if we may judge by the fears of our own fishermen, the world does not love them any better, the more it knows of them. But numbers would fail to state the comparison between the mechanical power required to rack a nerve, and what will suffice to move a table. The legitimate degree of mechanical exertion to be expected from the electrical gifts of the best-endowed fishes is fairly represented when we state that Mr. Faraday, after saddling with copper plates a pet electrical eel exhibited in London a few years since, succeeded in making it deflect an insignificant compass needle through an arc of forty degrees from the magnetic meridian.

If we dismiss these fishes and call up animals pro-

miscously, we make a sudden and extreme descent in the scale of electrical availability. In the ordinary structure of the animal frame, there exists no special electric organ with its nervous counterpart in the brain. The production of electricity by animals at large is incidental to the structure of the living tissue, or to the functions of the vital organism, and goes on by degrees wholly inappreciable, except to instruments having the last touch of artistic finish. How efficient is animal electricity, and of how much service it is likely to prove in the existing embarrassment, may be conjectured from this circumstance or historical fact, namely, that for fifty years after Galvani announced his discovery of animal electricity, its reality and existence were in dispute. During the first quarter of this century, only a voice here and there was lifted in favor of the "lost cause of animal electricity." One reason, undoubtedly, was the brilliant occupation which the scientific world found in chemical electricity, under the lead of what Dove calls "Volta's incomprehensible talent." Animal electricity (which ought to be called galvanism now) was no match in its feebleness for the giant strength of its rival, voltaic electricity. And if men of science had not been preëngaged, animal electricity could not have been successfully pursued, without first inventing those inconceivably delicate instruments, which in the course of time were suggested by that very department of the subject which originally supplanted animal electricity. "Thus," as the great living expounder of the animal constitution has said, "metallic electricity was able to atone for the wrong she had done to her more tender twin-sister in their earlier years." At first it was necessary to construct animal batteries out of the joints of various individuals, arranging them in systematic order, after the model of the zinc and copper plates of the ordinary chemical batteries. It was hailed as a great triumph for animal electricity when Matteucci, with his battalion of frogs, drawn up in a regular line, was able to levy an electrical force sufficient to deflect by an angle of thirty degrees a delicate sewing-needle suspended by a fibre of silk. If, still more recently, Emil du Bois-Reymond has driven a similar needle through a quadrant by employing only a microscopical bit of muscle, our thanks are due, not to animal electricity, because it

has rallied from its previous insignificance, but to the skill of the Berlin investigator, who has surpassed all others in the construction of delicate electrical tests.

The power to deflect a magnetized cambric needle from the magnetic meridian may be put down as the present *ultimatum* of the force of animal electricity. Moreover, rabbits, guinea-pigs, mice, pigeons, sparrows, tortoises, lizards, adders, slow-worms, frogs, toads, tadpoles, land and water salamanders, fresh-water crabs, and earth-worms, all have been tried on this new service, and some will answer the purpose better than a circle of men and women.

It is for each person to settle in his own mind, whether this power, which is the only one in degree or kind which belongs to animal electricity, can be the force which moves tables, excites sounds, and does other work of this description. If this is all the power that is wanted, how much simpler the supposition, that it is the result of the accidental and unconscious impulse of some unruly finger among the hundred which touch the table! Is it not impossible for the most careful and experienced manipulator to hold the hand for a short time even in contact with a body, and not push it, over and over again, with a force vastly superior to the full energy of animal electricity? But forces no larger than these we have been considering, however derived, could not move a table, nor even a pin upon the table. The electrical hypothesis must be abandoned, as more extravagant and unfounded than any that has been substituted for it.

Many persons speak of the pretended new development in physics and physiology, as if it were a simple question of veracity, and as if a denial of the presumed facts amounted to an impeachment of the word of the observer or experimenter. We may, however, we think, admit the perfect honesty of all concerned, and yet reject with propriety every one of their conclusions. They have taken no pains to eliminate disturbing forces, and how do they know whether any new forces are demanded? They have taken no pains to measure quantities, and in what way do they know how much new force is required. With such total disregard of precision in their own minds, and with such looseness in experimentation, their honesty is no palliation for their superficiality of investigation. If heaven and earth are to be searched for new

causes and fresh forces, the subject is too serious to be treated with a carelessness not befitting the meanest problem in the lowliest of all the sciences.

There are, no doubt, lurking on the confines of science, loose facts which have not yet been reclaimed and settled in their proper relations. With respect to new truths and analogies in the physical world, we cannot tell what a day may bring forth. Unless, however, we believe that the method of philosophizing practised by Galileo and Kepler, and eloquently expounded and defended by Lord Bacon, is delusive, and that the fabric of modern science, which has been two hundred years building according to this plan, rests upon the sand and not upon a rock, it is not probable that any discovery will be made which not merely enlarges, but contradicts, man's past experience. New ways of deriving forces, and of combining and applying them, have been discovered; but within the last two thousand years, what absolutely new force has been introduced into the sphere of man's physical science? Hitherto his loftiest triumphs have come from the invention of wonderful machines, by which to conquer and use the palpable forces of nature. But now visionaries in science are dreaming of the happy time when forces shall be invented or discovered which can act *without* any machine, or fulcrum, or purchase. The reluctance of the professional men of science to indulge in such fanciful expectations is often attributed to an excess of conservatism. But this conservatism only covers what they believe to be the exact method of interrogating nature. Men attach a value to the inductive method above all other methods, or the want of any method, from seeing the unfaltering and beneficent progress of all those sciences which bow to its dictation. This conservatism in the method of research does not hinder them from adopting the most eccentric and radical overturnings in science, when recommended by careful experiment. The name of a single individual, illustrious for the care, accuracy, and comprehensiveness of his research, is of sufficient authority to carry the immediate assent of the whole scientific world to a new discovery, however unexpected and marvellous. When the same authority is directed to put down loose experiment and frivolous speculation, the cry of persecution is raised. It is error, however, we believe, much oftener than the truth, which

is persecuted. The persecution of Galileo has proved the greatest misfortune to science, not so much by the injury it did to that illustrious pioneer, as by leading every scientific, or rather unscientific, innovator who has lived since, to imagine that he is persecuted whenever his novelties are resisted, and then to suppose because he is persecuted that he is another Galileo.

If scientific men are dissatisfied with the course of procedure in spiritual mechanics, why, it may be asked, do they not take the subject in hand themselves, and set it at rest? During the last hundred years they have tried to engage with this class of subjects; but the matter has recoiled from their touch, and those implicated have appealed from their decisions. The greatest authority in science has no weight with those who do not subscribe to the code and maxims of science. When we see the different impressions which the same experiments on this subject, make on the minds of those who witness them, we have little hope that any scientific decision, however solemnly pronounced, will have strength to put the spirits to rest. Moreover, to one who is accustomed to deal with the frank, honest, though inexorable laws of matter, there is no scientific pleasure in a study which places him at the mercy of the folly, or the insincerity, or the credulity of others, who must coöperate in the experiment. While scientific men admit the existence of phenomena in this connection to be investigated, they regard them as belonging to psychological, metaphysical, or moral more than to physical science; and if to physical science at all, to the physician more than to physics. But those who attribute an objective as well as a subjective reality to the spiritual manifestations have no right to convert it into a trade or a pastime; they are in duty bound to study it with proper severity and seriousness, or else not to agitate so dangerous a subject at all. We do not believe that nature will play the coquette with any one who shall sue her patiently and respectfully. Above all, trifle not with that longing which expresses itself thus: "We call, but they answer us not again," — and shun that spurious philosophy which has the conceit of spiritualizing the gross matters of earth, while it in fact materializes and brings into contempt the best and greatest spirits of heaven.

ART. II. — RELIGION, CIVILIZATION, AND SOCIAL STATE OF THE JAPANESE.*

It is well known that for a little more than two centuries the Japanese government has interdicted all intercourse between its citizens and the *nan-ban*, which is a phrase in their language meaning the southern barbarians, but which, in this case, is applied to all the world. To this exclusion of foreign intercourse, however, there are two exceptions. The Chinese are allowed to enter the single port of Nagasaki, to the number of twelve junks annually, and the Dutch East India Company with two ships in a year; both being limited to certain assigned bounds within the port, and under many and most rigorous restrictions. The Dutch factory is a small insular wharf, or artificial island, communicating with the shore by a narrow draw, which is kept guarded, from which the officers are forbidden to go into the town except upon rare occasions, by special leave of the authorities, and attended by a body of the police.

The Japanese had always been extremely guarded and jealous in their intercourse with other people. The present exclusive system arose out of these circumstances. A few years before the close of the sixteenth century, the Ziogoon or generalissimo, Tayko, (this officer, though nominally second in the realm, has in fact supreme authority in the administration of the government, with some exceptions,) having died, leaving an infant son, his wife's father, Iyeyas, grandsire of the child, to whom he had committed the regency of the empire, endeavored to usurp the office of Ziogoon, and for this purpose made war upon the infant. Some years previously the Jesuit

* 1. *Manners and Customs of the Japanese in the Nineteenth Century, from Accounts of Recent Dutch Visitors of Japan, and from the German Work of DR. PH. FR. VON SIEBOLD.* London: John Murray. 1841. Harper & Brothers. Amer. Ed. 1848. 18mo. pp. 298.

2. *Japan. An Account, Geographical and Historical, from the Earliest Period at which the Islands composing this Empire were known to Europeans, down to the Present Time,—and the Expedition fitted out in the United States, &c.* By CHARLES MCFARLANE, Esq. London. Reprinted, New York: Putnam & Co. 1852. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 365.

3. *L'Univers, Histoire et Description de tous les Peuples — Japon, Indo-Chine, Ceylan.* PAR M. DUBOIS DE JANCIGNY, Aide de Camp du Roi d'Oude. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères, Éditeurs. 1850. 8vo. pp. 662.

missionaries, who had come to the country from Portugal, had made many converts to the Christian faith. On the occasion of the unjust war made by the traitorous grand-sire on his infant charge, the missionaries unfortunately took the part of the infant, and induced the Christian converts to do the same. After Iyeyas had successfully established his authority in the empire, which was only at the end of a war of fifteen years, he exterminated the missionaries and their converts, and excluded all nations from the country, with the two exceptions above named.

The late administration of the government of the United States, conceiving it would be beneficial to our country and to the world to put an end to this system of exclusion, fitted out a naval expedition to Japan, to endeavor to obtain a mitigation; at least, if no more, of the interdict. The vessels of the expedition have, some of them, sailed. This movement on the part of our government has awakened a new interest and curiosity in our people in regard to the country. Without discussing the political or mercantile aspects of this matter, we propose to lay before our readers a few remarks upon the religion, civilization, and social state of the Japanese.

The original or most ancient religion of the Japanese is called by them *Sin-siu*, which means simply religion or faith in the gods; — *Sin* meaning gods, and *siu*, faith. The statements concerning this and the later religions of that people are not very clear. The professors of this religion are called *Sintoos*. The duties enjoined on the worshippers are, — First, the preservation of the pure fire, as a means and also an emblem of purification. Second, purity of soul, heart, and body, in obedience to the law, and by abstinence from whatever defiles. Third, observance of festival days. Fourth, pilgrimages. Fifth, the worship of the *kami*, or gods, both in the temples and at home. The second, third, and fifth of these general precepts are not unlike to the Jewish religion. But the second, in its details, shows some points of decided resemblance. In the causes that produce uncleanness, in the disabilities attending it, and, in certain cases, in the time of duration, being seven days, the similarity is very striking and remarkable. The producing causes are, — first, associating with the impure; second, eating certain

meats; third, contact with blood and death, and being present in the house where a corpse is (Numbers xix. 14); and last, the uncleanness mentioned in Leviticus xv. 19. If a man wound himself in building a temple, he is dismissed on account of impurity, and consequent unfitness for the work. The disabilities of uncleanness are exclusion from the temples, and disqualification, for a time, for participating in any public worship. The head must be covered, that the sun be not defiled in shining on it. The means of removing the uncleanness are fasting and prayer, religious reading, and wearing white garments. In case of uncleanness in a dwelling-house, it is purified by fire.*

Some other causes of impurity are also named. In the *Histoire de Japon*, by Charlevoix, it is said that, if a person incautiously spill a drop of blood on him, he remains unclean for seven days. It is also stated by the same author, that the disqualification of a person who is wounded in building a temple extends to incapacity of working ever after on any sacred edifice, and if this happen in building or repairing a temple of Tensio-dai-dsin, or the sun-goddess, the temple must be pulled down.

The Japanese have also a religion of more modern date, which is said by the German writers, as cited in the compilation first named, to be the religion of Buddha, and brought there from the continent of Asia. Its founder was Sachya, as called in that work, or Xaca, by Charlevoix, who also mentions it. The period of introduction is variously stated at from 2,420 to 543 years before Christ. Its leading doctrine is the metempsychosis. According to Dr. Von Siebold, who copies a native historian, the king of Petsi, a province of Corea, in 552 B. C., sent to the court of Japan, or to the Mikado, an image of Sakya, and a letter, in which he recommends this religion as the best of all religions, and as promising happiness and retribution immeasurable and boundless, and containing all that the heart of man desires, and as completely adapted to the nature of our soul. "Pray," it enjoins, "and you will want for nothing." The doctrine, says the king, came from Farther India, and he

* Manners and Customs of the Japanese in the Nineteenth Century, from Accounts of Recent Dutch Visitors of Japan, and from the German of Dr. Ph. Fr. von Siebold.

sends it to the Mikado, that it may be there diffused, and that which is written in the book be fulfilled, "My doctrine shall spread toward the east." *

In Charlevoix we find some particulars of the doctrine of this religion. It teaches, — 1st. That the souls of men and all animals are the same, and the metempsychosis. 2d. That the soul, after its separation from the body, is rewarded in a place of happiness, or punished in a place of misery, according to the good and evil it has done. 3d. That the gods differ among themselves in their nature, and the souls of men in the nature of their actions. And though there are different degrees of happiness in paradise, each one imagines that there is no happiness there greater than he enjoys. 4th. Amida, or God, is the chief Supreme of the celestial habitation, the protector of souls; but he is especially the God and father of those who are admitted to the abodes of the blest. 5th. It is only by the mediation of Amida, that men can obtain remission of their sins, and enter into paradise; but in order to come there they must lead virtuous lives, and practise carefully the five precepts of Xaca. These are, — 1st, not to kill any animal; 2d, not to rob; 3d, to avoid wantonness; 4th, not to lie; 5th, not to drink strong liquor.

There are divers degrees of happiness in heaven, as well as of torments in hell, having reference to the quality of the faults, to the length of time during which the person lived on the earth, to the position he occupied, and to the occasions which he had to practise virtue.

Each of these religions supposes one supreme God, and also a plurality of gods. Of Amida, the Supreme God of the Buddhists, it seems by the relation of Père Froer hereafter referred to, as quoted by Charlevoix, his followers have ideas approaching closely to the Christian revelation of the Infinite God.

The sacred books of the Japanese, Charlevoix informs us, contain nothing concerning the nature of the gods, and their power over men; and little is to be found touching the state of souls after their separation. It is said, however, that the souls of the wicked are not received at once into paradise, but that they remain wan-

dering about, as long as is necessary to expiate their sins.

We should think, however, that Père Charlevoix would have had some difficulty in finding much relating to the future condition of the soul of man in *our* Holy Scriptures. We do, indeed, frequently hear from the pulpit attempts to describe the particulars wherein the happiness of the soul will consist. But this is not drawn from revelation. The purpose of God in relation to the precise condition which is to attend the future existence, is one of the things which it is a part of his wise and benevolent plan to hide from us, as he does the time when the present existence shall end and the future begin, and the moment when the earth shall be burned up and the elements melt with fervent heat. We had among us a few years ago a sect which professed to know this last great and important day. And we often hear preachers attempt to describe what shall be our condition after this life is ended and that day of judgment shall be passed. But this is, equally with the vain imagination of Miller, an attempt to penetrate into what God for our own good has denied to our knowledge. It is, in relation to both points, the uncertainty that gives the great force to the idea, increases the happiness of the present state, and causes us to make a better preparation in this life for that which is to come.

The number and magnificence of the temples in Japan are astonishing. Indeed, the number is incredible. Don Rodrigo de Vivero y Velasco, the Spanish governor of the Philippines, who visited Japan before the date of the present exclusive system, speaks of their magnificence in terms of wonder. Charlevoix says there is not a village in Japan where the number of the temples and chapels does not almost equal that of the houses. The wealth of some of them is not less astonishing than their number. It is not rare to see on them eighty or a hundred cedar columns, of prodigious height, and colossal statues of bronze, and even sometimes of gold or silver, with a great number of lamps, and a quantity of very costly ornaments. The statues of the gods in Japan have commonly a glory about the head. The statements of the recent Dutch residents are concurrent with the relations of the visitors of the country at and before the

time of Charlevoix. There is, indeed, in general, little disagreement to be found among the writers upon this country, except in a few not important particulars. In relation to the particular doctrines and rites and distinguishing features of the various religions, the accounts are apparently somewhat variant and confused; but in descriptions of matters of sight no reasonable doubt can be entertained of statements made by many different and accordant witnesses.

The very great number of the temples is accounted for sufficiently in the numerous company of gods which the Japanese mythology presents. These are said not to be objects of worship, but are considered rather as in the class of beings which among us are comprehended under the denomination of Angels, and others whom the Catholic Church has sanctified and holds in veneration under the term Saints. The word *kami* is applied to these, as also to earthly lords. It appears that temples are built to them. But it seems to be rather as we erect monuments to our illustrious men; and it is said that worship is given to only one God, who is called Amida,* and who must therefore, if this be true, be the same as Tensiodai-dsin, the sun-goddess, who, it appears, is certainly an object of worship.

But the most remarkable feature in the confused and indescribable religion of this people is the appearance of traces of the Gospel of Christ, mixed up with their fabulous and varied theology. "What is astonishing," says Charlevoix, "is, that, in the midst of the unformed chaos of religion, we perceive traces of Christianity; that we have not scarcely a mystery, a dogma, nor a practice of piety, of which the Japanese have not some knowledge of the like." It is affirmed by Meylan, former President of the Dutch factory, as given to us in the compilation before named, that some time in the first century of the Christian era, about the year fifty, knowledge was brought to Japan of a man born of a virgin, by whom the world was to be redeemed from sin;—that he died to expiate the sins of men, thus insuring to them a joyful resurrection;—and also, that the brahminical sect

* This, if it mean only one God for all worshippers, is manifestly an oversight. For it seems, as before stated, that the sun-goddess is worshipped by the Sintoos, and Amida by the Buddhists.

by which this was introduced taught the doctrine of a trinity of immaterial persons, constituting one eternal, omnipresent, omnipotent God, the Creator of all, who was to be adored as the source of all good.

Charlevoix names many religious practices in use among the Japanese, analogous to those of the Roman Catholics. 1st. The sign of the cross, which they often make upon themselves, especially in the morning, at rising. When asked the reason, they say it is to drive away the Devil. "We know also," says he, "that the king of Saxuma, who received St. François Xavier in his kingdom, bore a cross on his escutcheon." 2d. A chaplet composed of a hundred and eighty beads on a thread. They are of the same figure as the Catholic. 3d. The custom to sound a clock at certain hours, as the Catholics do three times a day for the Angelus. At the sound of the clock, all the people throw themselves on their knees, and invoke their God with a loud voice. 4th. Pilgrimages, in use in both religions for the purpose of obtaining pardon of sins and remission of punishment. 5th. Processions, in which they carry images of the gods, and reliques. 6th. Public vows and prayers to soften Heaven in periods of great calamity. 7th. The right of asylum afforded by holy places. 8th. Canonizations. 9th. The establishment of hierarchical orders in the religion of the Foloques. 10th. Lamps and wax candles lighted before images. 11th. Confession. And there are some other acts and practices such as sacrifice (of incense) and feasts. The same writer also says, that the Bonzes distribute consecrated bread, to which they attribute great virtue. And he tells us further, of the person and attributes of the Supreme God, that he is represented with three heads to express the Trinity, and four hands to signify universality of operations (or omnipotence, perhaps). He has the first rank among gods. The principal sect of his worshippers teaches that, whatever crimes a person may have committed, he is sure of salvation if he dies invoking Amida, for the reason that he has made expiation for the sins of the world. And Père Louis Froer has assured us, he says, that the Japanese claim that Amida is invisible; of a nature different from the elements; that he existed before the creation of the heaven and the earth; that he had no begin-

ning, and will have no end ; that all things were created by him ; that his being extends over the heaven and the earth, and under the earth ; that he is present everywhere, and governs all things ; that he is unchangeable, immaterial, and that he ought to be revered as the inexhaustible source of all good.

It appears from all this, that the Japanese religion consists of the worship of a heathen Deity, called the sun-goddess, descended, as tradition asserts, from a race of gods purely mythical and ideal ;—upon which have been successively engrafted some of the laws of Moses, or their analogues ; and subsequently the religion of Buddha ; and lastly, a dim shadow of Christianity. There are thirty-five sects in Japan, or were at the commencement of the seventeenth century, all enjoying perfect toleration, as related by Don Vivero y Velasco, who says that, when the Catholic missionaries began to preach Christianity there, the bonzes petitioned the Mikado to prohibit them. He inquired how many sects there were in Japan. They answered him, thirty-five. Well, then, he replied, if there are so many, we can bear one more. Leave them in peace.

Education is universally diffused in Japan, is of a high character and very thoroughly imparted, and to both sexes equally. The education and discipline of the schools is especially directed to training and strengthening the moral faculties. Obedience, fidelity, resoluteness, truth, and honor are early, particularly, and constantly inculcated. With both sexes, education commences with the heart. They treat the young with gentleness, and early accustom them to conduct with honor. Afterward they are taught language, to read well, to form characters, and to speak well. But before all things, they are instructed in religion. They are taught to discern the truth and to reason justly. Then they receive lessons in eloquence, morals, poetry, and painting.*

We do not profess to have a very nice and perfect judgment in the important mystery and art of teaching the young ; and it may be that we shall draw the derision of our learned teachers upon us, when we give utterance to an impression, made on our mind by reading

* Charlevoix.

the above statement, that even the teachers in Massachusetts, where so much is boasted of education, might not without advantage look at the Japanese plan of schooling. The Japanese youth receives an *education*, strictly; the American boy, mere *instruction*, or a training in letters and science. With the Japanese, the moral is preferred to the mental. *Our* system has regard to the mental only. With them, the school is a complete human cultivation; with us, indoctrination into the rudiments of certain sciences and literary accomplishments. These last are, however, by no means neglected among them. Dr. Von Siebold says that the four court physicians and the imperial astronomer were anxious to make the most of the opportunity of acquiring information respecting the latest scientific discoveries, and that their questions discovered a proficiency in their respective sciences, which, considering their means of acquiring information, actually astonished him. The most acceptable present that could be offered to these gentlemen was a new scientific publication in the Dutch language. Many of this kind of works, which they have received, they have translated into the Japanese. Among these are some of Laplace's works. Such colleges as the Dutch writers compare to their own high schools are said to exist in many of the great cities. Those which are most distinguished for the excellency of their scientific professors are those of Yedo and Miako. The latter, indeed, seems more akin to an academy of sciences. Miako is the Athens of the empire. It takes precedence of all other cities in the scientific attainments of its scholars, and also in the refinement, beauty, and personal charms of the ladies.

The art of printing has been boasted as the great trophy of European inventive genius, and considered indeed to be rather beyond the scope of human ingenuity; so that Dr. Faust was compelled to relinquish a portion of the honor of discovery, and to share it with a certain dignitary of another world, who was supposed to have rendered him important assistance in the matter. But the Doctor and his assistant, it seems, have done not greater wonders in this behalf than some of the less boastful Japanese. They have an art of printing invented by themselves, and many printed works of native

authors, including many women, on a great variety of subjects; as well as translations of European scientific works.

The population of Japan is accurately known to the government at all times, through the returns which the numerous officials are required to make at stated short intervals. Charlevoix says the number of people is known every year, by the returns of the companies of citizen-householders. The head of each of these companies keeps a roll of those who dwell or are born in the houses of his district, which is returned to the governor, or prince, as it may be, and by him to the commissioner of the Emperor specially charged with the business. But the cautious and jealous policy of the kingdom makes it penal to divulge any matter of information relating to the country. The Dutch residents, in their published accounts, represent that the Japanese are very inquisitive in relation to all matters within the knowledge of strangers, but that they studiously and resolutely avoid and refuse to answer any questions relating to their own country. The amount of the population is, therefore, unknown to others. Conjectures have fixed it variously at from fifteen to fifty millions. We are constrained to think the highest estimate too low. Accounts represent that villages occur at every four or five miles; that every portion of land is cultivated, in small lots, to the tops of the highest mountains; that the Dutch residents, in going to Yedo, encountered throngs frequently on the road; that the city of Yedo has a diameter, in one direction, of fifteen miles, in the other, of seven, and one traveller was a whole day in making the circuit of the city of Miako, on horseback. Fischer's account states that the officers of the Dutch factory "entered Sinagawa, a suburb of Yedo, amidst a *frightful* concourse of people." The area of the empire is computed at 160,000 square miles, and, if as populous as the kingdom of Belgium, it would contain 60,000,000 people.

The population is divided into eight classes.

Class 1st. Consists of the Kok'syoe, or princes, comprising two ranks; the higher, *daimioe*, the less, *saimioe*.

Class 2d. Kie-nien, noblemen; from these are selected the ministers, except some taken from the first class, the great officers of state, the governors, and generals.

Class 3d. The priesthood.

Class 4th. The Samlai, or military, who are vassals of the nobility.

These four classes enjoy the privilege of wearing two swords, and the petticoat, or petticoat trousers, a privileged dress worn on occasions of ceremony and public shows. It is a garment sewed together in a seam running up the front in the centre, between the legs.

Class 5th. Consists of inferior officials and physicians. This class is allowed to wear one sword and the petticoat.

Class 6th. Comprises the merchants and larger shopkeepers. In this class, regarded with ineffable disdain, are the only wealthy persons in Japan. The higher orders are compelled to live at great expense, in order to keep them poor; the jealous policy of the government supposing the condition of poverty a wholesome check on their power, which might become dangerous. This class, on the other hand, are restricted, by law, in their expenses, and not allowed to imitate the ostentatious style of the higher classes. One of this class, by enrolling himself as the menial of one of the higher classes, may acquire the privilege of wearing one sword; but not under any circumstances can he aspire to the petticoat.

Class 7th. Is composed of petty shopkeepers, mechanics, and artisans, of all descriptions, including artists. There is an arbitrary social gradation among the several trades composing this class, but no difference legally.

Class 8th. The peasantry and day-laborers.

From the seventh class are however excluded artisans exercising the trades of tanner, currier, and leather-dresser, and all connected with these arts or with contact with death in any way. All such are defiled, and are not included in any class. They are outcasts, not permitted to dwell with men in the towns, but inhabit separate villages of their own, and are called into the towns to discharge the function of executioners and jailers. They are not allowed to pollute an inn or public-house with their presence; but are served on the outside. They are not numbered in the census; and the distance included in their village is not measured on the road. In consequence, the traveller is carried through a leather village free of charge.

The supreme ruler of Japan is styled Mikado. But he is too great for the cares of state, and the labors of government. These are all, therefore, except in a few cases, confided to his generalissimo or military commander, called the Ziogoon. It does not appear very clearly what department of the government is retained by the Mikado. Some writers call him the ecclesiastical emperor, and state that his power is confined to matters of religion; but this does not seem to be correct, though those matters are retained by him as being too high and sacred to be deputed. The account of this most august personage, as given by Kaempfer, physician to the Dutch factory in 1690, is, that he reigns by right divine, as being descended in a direct line from the gods, and being, in a manner, still identified with them; the spirit of the sun-goddess, the deity who rules the universe, both gods and men, whose name, as he gives it, is Ama-terasu-ookami, being embodied in every reigning Mikado. His great dignity, we are told by this writer, is the plea for depriving him of power. Wordly affairs are so far beneath the attention of the descendant of the gods, that any care of them would be both a degradation and a profanation of his sacred character. For this reason no business is submitted to him, and no act of sovereignty performed by him, unless it has a religious character, or pertains to sacred things. This is quite different from the idea of other writers, who have considered him merely as ecclesiastical emperor, or the depository of only the ecclesiastical power in the state. He deifies or canonizes great men after death. He confers the offices of the empire, which, from their dignity or sanctity, are objects of ambition to the princes and nobles. He daily passed several hours sitting upon his throne immovable, lest by an inclination or motion of his body he might bring disaster on that portion of the empire toward which the motion tended. Later writers, however, inform us that this delicate act of the heaven-descended is now performed by his crown, which he places on the throne, instead of his august person. Thus there is innovation even in Japan, and change in the descendant of the gods. It is not said that the change has been attended with any evil consequences.

It is not permitted to unhallowed eyes to pollute him

with a gaze ; and therefore he never leaves the precincts of the palace. Cramer, however, who was sent as commissioner from the Dutch East India Company to the Mikado, in 1626, though not admitted to an audience, yet supposes he saw the Mikado in a procession. It is given out that every thing about him must be constantly renewed, and that no article of dress is worn a second time, either by himself or by any other person. It is the same with the plates and dishes, and every other article used by him. They are sanctified by his use, and if any other should presume to use them, it would be a sacrilege which would call down the vengeance of Heaven. It is said they are all destroyed. Such probably is the belief prevalent or universal among the people, though it is quite likely that the priests or some of the civil functionaries have a different faith concerning the final disposal of the articles.

The second dignitary, the Ziogoon, may be seen ; but his presence must be approached in a posture of awful prostration. The manner of approach is thus described by Kaempfer. " As soon as the President" (head of the Dutch factory) " entered the hall of audience, they cried out, ' Holanda capitain,' which was the signal for him to draw near and make his obeisance. Accordingly he crawled on his hands and knees to a place shown him, between the presents, in due order, on one side, and the place where the Emperor sat, on the other ; and there, kneeling, he bowed his head quite down to the ground, and so, without changing his position, crawled backwards, like a crab, without uttering a single word." He adds, that the same ceremony is performed by the most powerful princes in the land.

The account of this ceremony, given by President Doeff, about a hundred years later, is thus :—

" They conducted us to a waiting-room, where we sat down on the floor, in a slanting direction, and covered our feet with our cloaks, to show the feet being, in Japan, an act of gross rudeness. After remaining some time here, the governor of Nagasaki and the Commissioner of Foreigners led me into the audience-hall, where I was desired to rehearse the required ceremonial, as the governor would pay the penalty of any imperfections. I was then led back to the waiting-hall,

and I alone, with the governor of Nagasaki, went into the audience-hall, where I saw the presents arranged on my left hand. Here we saw the Ziogoon, or Emperor, whose dress differed in no respect from that of his subjects. I paid my compliments *in the precise form in which the princes of the realm pay theirs*, whilst one of the state councillors announced me with the shout of 'Capitan Oranda.' Hereupon the governor of Nagasaki, who stood behind me, pulled me by the cloak, in token that the audience was over. The whole ceremony does not occupy a minute."

It is not surprising that President Doeff's delicacy should incline him to describe the *precise form* of the ceremony by reference to the princes of the realm. But it appears by the account of warehouse-master Fischer, a few years later than Doeff, that the ceremony used in Kaempfer's time was still required. That was undoubtedly the precise form which the worthy Doeff performed, first in rehearsal, and afterward in the presence.

Fischer's statement of the ceremony runs thus:— "The whole ceremony consists in making the Japanese compliment on the appointed spot, and remaining for some seconds with the head touching the mats, whilst the words 'Capitan Holanda' are proclaimed aloud. A stillness, as of death, prevails, broken only by the buzzing sound used by the Japanese to express profound veneration. The governor of Nagasaki and the chief interpreter, are the only persons who accompany the Opperhoofd [President], and give him the signal of retreat, which, like his entrance, is performed in a *very stooping attitude*."

The Japanese are eminently a people of ceremony; and all acts, whether of etiquette or what else, are to be done with exact preciseness. And as all offences are punished capitally, except a few involuntary ones, saving to the offender, frequently, however, the privilege of suicide by ripping open the abdomen, which is to be done *secundum artem*, by slashing the form of the cross, the penalty to be incurred by the governor of Nagasaki, in case of error in the performance of the ceremony by Doeff, would be either imprisonment or that pleasant alternative for public execution. The extent to which ceremony is carried may be inferred from the statement made, that the mere official duties of ceremony imposed

on the Ziogoon, the observances of etiquette, the receiving of the homage or compliments and the presents of those persons permitted and bound to offer them, are sufficient to occupy the whole time of three individuals. It, of course, becomes necessary that these duties be discharged vicariously, and that a numerous host of courtiers, deputies, and attendants should be employed to transact the public business, and perform the household and court duties and ceremonies about the person of the Ziogoon.

The Japanese are probably of Tartar origin. Their characteristic traits are courage, resoluteness, severity, frankness, sincerity. They are described by Charlevoix as good friends, faithful to a prodigy, obliging, generous, little regardful of money, guided by a principle of honor, which is equally lively among men of all conditions. There is among them, he says, a greatness of soul, a strength of mind, a nobleness of thought, a love of country, a contempt of life, a certain boldness, which is marked on the countenance, and which excites one to undertake every thing. But the nation is haughty, vindictive to excess, full of defiance and of umbrage, and notwithstanding their hard life and naturally severe character, they carry dissoluteness further than any other people. A Japanese is more easy to be reclaimed than a Chinese; is more virtuous in sentiment, naturally religious, and more docile, because he follows reason. He loves truth, if he finds his condemnation in it.

They are very polite and courteous. When a Japanese gentleman meets another, each salutes with a very low bow, stooping much, and continuing in that position for some minutes, holding the hand of the other; and on taking leave, another equally low bow, and they separate, walking off in the same stooping attitude, which is retained as long as one can see the other by looking back over the shoulder. It is said that equal courtesy is extended to the lowest classes; and that there is no difference in the form of politeness to one man and another, however low the class to which he belongs. The commander of the English frigate *Samarang*, which visited Nagasaki in 1845, speaks in high terms of the politeness and good manners of those who came on board, which, he says, entirely put to shame the manners of his own people.

Those who have given us our information of Japan have not differed materially in relation to the position of woman in that country. By some it is represented as equal to her rank in European society. This is the general statement, and we think it must be correct, in its full extent, with some qualification, however, in one particular. The ladies are represented as very beautiful, highly accomplished, and charming, and are compared, in all these points, to the best European specimens, without any disparagement of the Japanese. Mr. Fischer says that the use of the *samsie*, or guitar, is more universally an accomplishment of the Japanese lady than the piano-forte is of the English. The general complexion of the inhabitants is about the same as that of the Portuguese or Southern Italians. But the class of ladies who are delicately brought up are not distinguishable from the ladies of more northern parts of Europe. Their features are rather broader, and the eye varies rather more from a round shape. It is represented by one of the Dutch residents, whose account is published in the compilation before mentioned, that the position of women is different in Japan from that of the female sex in all other parts of the East, and constitutes a sort of intermediate link between their Asiatic and their European condition. But the two or three particulars which the writer names to show that the station of the wife is inferior in those points to that of a wife in Europe, and which, *with European ideas*, would show that fact, seem rather to be evidence that the Japanese consider those facts in a different light, and not that they are annexed to the condition of women with the same meaning of degradation or inferiority that they would have in the European mind. The points named by him are, that they are without legal rights; a very indefinite expression, and in very frequent use in this country in relation to the condition of women here. It may have no more meaning there: or the law may be misapprehended. Their evidence is inadmissible in a court of justice. This may be from a very different motive than any idea of inferiority. The position of a witness is very painful for women in this country, and they would undoubtedly greatly rejoice, if the Japanese law in this respect could apply here. The husband may have any number of women to dwell

with him, and, though inferior to the wife in rank, dignity, and authority, they are not considered criminal or dishonored. This is the only particular named by the writer, in which, as it seems to us, there is any essential difference between the wife's condition in Japan and in Massachusetts or England. With our ideas this is a great difference, and we must undoubtedly consider that in this the position of the Japanese wife, even if it do not argue any inferiority in the Asiatic mind, is certainly less elevated than that of a European wife. The writer also states that the husband has the power of divorce unlimited; but is compelled to support his repudiated wife, according to his own station. We are not aware that the law is different from this in Massachusetts. It cannot compel a man to live with his wife; but in case he leaves her, it will compel him to maintain her.

The female, however, is subject to restrictions in going from place to place, which do not apply to men. This is not mentioned by the writer just alluded to, nor does it by any means imply inferiority, though it would undoubtedly be an inconvenience to which our women would not submit with a good grace. A story is told by Titsingh, in his Japanese annals, which shows the rigor of this restraint, the severity with which small delinquencies are punished, and the impunity allowed to revenge. At intervals posts are established along the public road, and a guard set to enforce the interdict against the passing of women. One of these is at the mountain Fakone, at a short distance from Miako, on the road to Yedo. An inhabitant of Yedo, named Fiyosayemon, a widower, with two children, a girl and a boy, was called to a distance on business. He was poor, and knew not how to provide for his children in his absence; and the law would not allow of his taking the girl with him. He, however, resolved upon a stratagem, and, dressing his girl in boy's clothes, he passed the guard at Fakone unsuspected. He was rejoicing in his success, when a man who knew what children he had joined him, congratulated him on his good luck, and asked for something to buy drink. The alarmed father offered a trifle. The man demanded a sum beyond his means. A quarrel ensued, and the man ran back to the guard, and gave information of the trick that had been put upon them. The whole guard

were thunderstruck. If the informer spoke the truth, and the affair should be discovered, all their lives would be forfeited. Yet it was unavoidable to send a party to apprehend the offender, and thus to bring upon themselves the dreadful penalty. The commanding officer, however, resolved to save himself by another trick. He delayed the party to be detached in pursuit a sufficient time to allow a messenger with a little boy to overtake the offending traveller. The messenger found Fiyosayemon and his children taking food at an inn. He told him of the information that had been given, of the pursuit, and the danger, offered the boy as a temporary substitute for the disguised girl, at the examination to come off, and told the father that, when the falsehood of the charge should be proved by both of the children appearing to be boys, he might very fairly fly into such a rage as to kill his accuser. The plan was of course approved. The dilatory guard soon arrived, surrounded the house, seized upon Fiyosayemon and the children, and gladly announced that both were boys. The informer declared that some imposition had been practised, which the accused indignantly resenting, drew his sword, and cut off the informer's head. The guard declared that such a liar had only met his just deserts, and returned to their post, while the traveller took his daughter and went on his journey.

Mr. Fischer's description of the ladies, and of their evening parties, represents scenes remarkably similar to some of the gatherings of young ladies in our own country. He says: —

"The station of the female in Japan is that which is allotted her in Europe. She presides at the feast, and adorns the social meeting. The samsie, or guitar, is even more invariably a part of female education than the piano in England. Its touch is the signal for laying aside ceremony and constraint, — and tea, sakki,* and good-fellowship become the order of the evening."

"In the great world the young ladies find delight at their social meetings in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, birds, and other animals, pocketbooks, purses, plaiting thread for the head dress, all for the favorite use of giving as presents. Such employments are

* Wine made of a superior kind of highly flavored rice.

in use to while away the long winter evenings. In the spring they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by their pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyments of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late at night. Their lakes and rivers are, after sunset, one blaze of illumination, as it were, with the brightly colored paper lanterns displayed in their vessels."

In these aquatic parties, he says, they amuse themselves with various games. Kaempfer says the women of the province of Figen (qu. Fizen) are the most beautiful of all Asia.

It has been already said that the literature of the Japanese includes the works of many female authors. There are three women whose memory is especially illustrious among them for excellence of a different kind. At an early period of the Japanese empire, the reigning Mikado, having undertaken the conquest of Kiusiu, before that time not a part of the kingdom, died without accomplishing the object. His widow placed herself at the head of the army, and, leading it in person, completed the subjugation of Kiusiu, and afterward of a portion of Corea. She was deified after death, and is known in their history and traditions as the Amazon. At a later era, the Ziogoon Tayko having died, leaving a young boy heir to his office, as mentioned in the opening of this article, a powerful prince contested the boy's claim, and attempted to seize upon the dignity for himself. The widow of Tayko, who, some time before his death, had retired to a convent, came forth from her retirement, and, at the head of an army, carried on war with the prince, in support of her son's rights. She is called Ama Ziogoon, meaning the nun-general. The third is mentioned in history as the wife of Tchouya, and owes her celebrity to her prudence and resolution when her husband was arrested for a crime for which he suffered death. In Titsingh's annals is a circumstantial detail of the arrest, application of torture (customary in Japan), and execution of Tchouya and his confederates.

The Japanese have attained to the highest degree of excellence in some branches of mechanic arts and manufactures. They have, in general, a superiority of me-

chanical skill. Charlevoix says, "Every thing that comes from their hands is finished." Their engraving, gilding, and chasing is very much superior to any other. This writer, and the recent visitors to Japan, concur in representing that their swords have a temper superior to all others, not excepting the Damascus blade. Their silks, porcelain, and paper are much finer than the Chinese. They are skilful also in cabinet and joiner work.

The Japanese are exceedingly rigorous in the enforcement of their laws, and severe in their punishments. All crimes are punished with death. A delinquency merely, on the part of a subordinate, makes the principal liable to imprisonment. Since the reign of the Ziogoon Iyeyas, the usurper, who obtained the office by force, after the death of Tayko, or about the year 1640, the ports of Japan have been sealed against the world, except the limited intercourse which is allowed to the Chinese and to the Dutch, as already stated. This exception seems rather to have been made in favor of the Dutch East India Company than of the Dutch nation. They are restricted to two ships annually, and the Chinese to twelve junks;—and they are allowed to enter only one port of the empire, that of Nagasaki, on the western side of the island Kiusiu. This prohibition extends to their own citizens, who are forbidden to visit other countries, as others are forbidden to enter theirs. If a Japanese goes to another country, he must remain there, even if cast there by shipwreck, and he must suffer the punishment of death if he comes back. If brought back in vessels of other nations, they refuse to receive him. If any foreign vessel enters one of their ports contrary to law, and gets away again without permission of the Emperor, and without capture by the forces of the prince of the province or the imperial governor of the territory, the officer who is in fault suffers death. In the case of the English frigate Phaeton, which entered Nagasaki, and departed under these circumstances, the governor of Nagasaki avoided a public execution, which otherwise awaited him, by committing suicide by the *hara-kiri*, so called, or cutting open the abdomen, the universal mode of suicide, which is a very common act. Several of the military officers of the Prince of Fizen followed the example; and the prince himself, being at

the time residing at Yedo, in the opposite point of the empire, in obedience to the requirements of law, suffered one hundred days' imprisonment for the delinquency of those military officers, his subordinates, who had expiated their involuntary offence by their death.

In their education, literature, mechanical excellence, accomplishments and manners of the ladies, in their architecture, the expense and splendor of dress, fêtes, diversions, the Japanese have the marks of civilization and a high degree of refinement. Though in most respects differing widely from European modes, customs, and ideas, and with manners and civilization peculiarly their own, they cannot truly be said to be in any degree inferior in point either of manners or civilization. It would, perhaps, not be any more fortunate if all men, of all nations, were made perfectly uniform, like statues cast in one mould, and there should be a perfect, unvarying conformity of the mental, moral, physical, social, customary, and fashionable to one exact standard. If the European may boast himself over others in civilization, knowledge, and science, he has drawn the elements of these from many sources, and through long ages. The whole has not been eliminated from a small insular, isolated community. His sum of knowledge and cultivation is the result of the mind, experience, study, and united activity of mankind from the beginning, imparted from one individual to another, and from nation to nation, by exchange, intercourse, comparison, and tradition. The inhabitants of Japan have struck out nearly all for themselves, by themselves. Except what they had, possibly, at the founding of the nation, carried out from Babel, or a nearly contemporary place of sojourn, or what may have belonged to the Tartar race three thousand years ago, they have struck out all by their own genius, making a small allowance for what they may have acquired from their very limited Chinese and European intercourse. They must, in any aspect, be regarded as a remarkable people, endowed with the highest human traits, and possessed of a large share of genius and taste.

W. J. A. B.

ART. III. — POETRY.

A SUPPLICATION.

O LOVE Divine ! lay on me burdens if thou wilt, —
 Burdens to break, in mercy, my fond, feverish sleep ;
 Turn comforts into awful prophets to my guilt,
 Let me but at thy wondrous footstool fall and weep !

Visit and change, uplift, ennoble, recreate me !
 Ordain whatever masters in thy saving school ;
 Let the whole eager host of Fashion's flatterers hate me,
 So thou wilt henceforth guide me by thy loving rule.

I pray not, Lord, to be redeemed from mortal sorrow ;
 Redeem me only from my vain and mean self-love ;
 Then let each night of grief lead in a mourning morrow,
 Fear shall not shake my trust in Thee, — my Peace above.

Yet while the Resurrection waves its signs august,
 Like morning's dewy banners on a cloudless sky,
 My weak feet cling enamored to the parching dust,
 And, on the sand, poor pebbles lure my roving eye.

Ye witnessings of silent, sad Gethsemane, —
 That shaded garden whence light breaks for all our earth, —
 Around my anguish let your faithful influence be !
 Ye prayers and sighs divine, be my immortal birth !

Vales of Repentance mount to hills of high desire ;
 Seven times seven suffering years earn the Sabbatic Rest ;
 Earth's fickle, cruel lap — alternate frost and fire —
 Tempers beloved disciples for the Master's breast.

O Way for all that live ! heal us by pain and loss ;
 Fill all our years with toil, and bless us with thy rod.
 Thy bonds bring wider freedom ; climbing, by the cross,
 Wins that brave height where looms the city of our God !

O Sunshine, rising ever on our nights of sadness !
 O Best of all our good, and Pardoner of our sin !
 Look down with pity on our unbelieving madness !
 To Heaven's great welcome take us, homesick pilgrims, in !

Spirit that overcame the world's long tribulation,
 Try faltering faith, and make it firm through much enduring ;
 Feed weary hearts with patient hopes of thy salvation ;
 Make strait submission, more than luxury's ease, alluring.

Hallow our wit with prayer ; our mastery steep in meekness ;
 Pour on our study inspiration's holy light ;
 Hew out, for Christ's dear Church, a Future without weakness,
 Quarried from thine Eternal Beauty, Order, Might !

Met, there, mankind's great Brotherhood of souls and Powers,
 Raise thou full praises from its farthest corners dim ;
 Pour down, O steadfast Sun, thy beams on all its towers ;
 Roll through its world-wide spaces Faith's majestic hymn.

Come, age of God's own Truth, after man's age of fables !
 Seed sown in Eden, yield the nations' healing tree !
 Ebal and Sinai, Mamre's tents, the Hebrew tables,
 All look towards Olivet, and bend to Calvary.

Fold of the tender Shepherd ! rise, and spread !
 Arch o'er our frailty roofs of everlasting strength !
 Be all the Body gathered to its living Head !
 Wanderers we faint : O, let us find our Lord at length !

F. D. H.

THE WOODS.

" In the woods we return to Reason and Faith."

In the woods on an April day,
 When the-bluebirds whistle low,
 And song-sparrows trill
 Their quaint little ditty ;
 'Mid moss-covered trees,
 Over last year's leaves,
 I stroll, and my heart
 Leaps up and sings
 Like a bird in early Spring.

The little wind-flower peeps up to greet me,
 Seeming to laugh in the April sun ;
 The Hepatica opens its pale blue eye,
 And trustingly looks at the deep blue heaven.
 I look up too ; I cannot say why ;
 For the tide of joy, and the springs of hope,
 Flow from the earth, as from the sky.
 Below, as above, one Presence shines,
 Below, as above, one promise glows.

In the woods, in early June,
The oriole pipes so clear ;
From meadows below
The bobolink pours
His frolicsome lay ;
And over me sing
The cat-bird and thrush,
To whose jubilant notes
My heart keeps beating time.

The promise, now fulfilment grown,
The Presence in dear Summer glows ;
Its beauty is more than heart can hold.
The leafy ocean overhead,
The flower-girt shore on which I stand,
Alike are infinite in forms
Of change ; in beauty infinite.
In vain I strive to drink all in,
In vain to utter all I feel.

When under August suns
All nature faints, I wander
To the woods, and dream
In the deep, cool shade ;
While the vireo calls,
And cicadas shrill
'Mid the branches tell,
In their well-known tones,
Of the heat I no longer feel.

From the woodland swamp a lazy breeze,
Stealing along with noiseless step,
Brings the white-robed clethra's breath,
And the velvet apios' grape-like odor ;
Nor song of bird, nor sight of beauty,
Fills the heart with more calm delight.
Through every sense I draw in bliss ;
Each sight, each sound, each odor, tells
Of one all-loving Presence there.

To the woods October calls
My willing feet, to find,
'Mid the golden-rod,
And the falling leaves
Of the maple-tree,
With their varied hues,
Or of scarlet oaks,
Or the crimson gum,
The crown of the beauteous year.

In the rich, ripe leaves of the autumn woods,
 After the Summer's pride is o'er,
 A glory glows like a sunset sky.
 All change is glorious; in the work
 Of the world's Builder naught turns back;
 Each change brings in new excellence.
 The sunset of the year foretells,
 To the trusty heart, a sunrise glad
 In the woods, in the coming Spring.

To the woods, to the woods I go,
 Whate'er my frame of mind;
 And find my heart
 Is there attuned
 To holy thought.
 In woods I see,
 And forests wild,
 A husbandry rare;
 And the husbandman is God.

In the Presence there, my soul awakes,
 Each passion cools, while faith grows strong.
 My little plans of life forgot,
 I live for the time in the life of God,
 With him I tend each tree and plant,
 Each creature feed, all nature fill;
 Then, strong in energy divine,
 Back to my little sphere return;
 Lo! He comes with me,— makes it His.

T. H.

ART. IV. — THE ERRORS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

[Being the Dudleian Lecture delivered in the Chapel of Harvard College, on Wednesday, May 11th, 1853. By GEORGE W. BURNAP, D. D., of Baltimore, Md.]

“And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.” — Acts xvii. 30.

It is my duty to-day, according to the will of the founder of this Lecture, to address the students of this University on the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome. This of course is the language of antagonism,

the deep sentiments, as well as the deliberate convictions, of a Protestant and a Puritan. It was the language of a man living in a community, all whose institutions and modes of thought were the genuine offspring of the Reformation. He rejoiced in what he felt to be the emancipation of the human mind, and in the successful achievement of civil and religious liberty.

He was desirous, therefore, to perpetuate among the sons of the Pilgrims the opinions and sentiments of their fathers, those great principles of civil and ecclesiastical freedom, for which their ancestors had crossed the ocean and subdued the wilderness. He feared that, breathing an atmosphere perfectly free, and sitting every man under his own vine and his own fig-tree, they should become indifferent to those great truths and institutions which had made them what they were. It was therefore that he established this rotation of lectures, at this source of moral and intellectual influence, that the young men who went forth from this seat of learning might carry with them a just appreciation of the results of that great struggle which had shaken Europe for more than two centuries.

I scarcely know an instance of greater sagacity, or of a broader or a more comprehensive wisdom, than was shown in the selection of the subjects of these lectures. Such a discrimination did Paul Dudley possess of the transient and the permanent in opinions and institutions, that, at the end of a century, three out of four of them are now more interesting to the American mind than they were at the period of their institution.

Within that century vast changes have passed over the world, and, though wholly unanticipated by the founder of these lectures, most of them have contributed to add to their interest. At that time Catholicism was the dominant religion of France. A bloody revolution has since swept it away. Although partially restored, it has never regained its ancient authority. In our own days we have seen the Holy Father himself driven from the Eternal City, by an outbreak of democratic enthusiasm, and restored to the Papal chair by a republican President of France. The splendor of the triple crown was for a while obscured, and its far-reaching dominion seemed to be crumbling at the centre. At that day, the

Papal power was unbroken throughout the wide colonial dominions of Spain in the Western World. Now, that power has gone to decay. These things Paul Dudley did not foresee.

Neither did he anticipate the reverses and disasters which have since befallen the Protestant cause, which have proved almost as favorable to Catholicism as its own misfortunes were adverse. Protestant Germany was then a believing country. No one could foretell the results of that analytical criticism, which has nearly annihilated Christianity in attempting to find out what it is. The staid Germans were the last who would be expected to develop a destructive philosophy, which would dig up and unsettle the foundations of all belief. Least of all was it to be expected that the Episcopal Church of England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, should relax the indignant frown which she was accustomed to cast on the mother she had repudiated and reviled, and with reverent hand restore those rites which she had before cast out as utterly abominable. The quiet lawyer, as he trod the streets of the neighboring metropolis, could have had no idea, that, before a century had elapsed, a steam-ferry would be established between Europe and America, and that nations should emigrate almost in a mass, and transport Europe to America almost bodily and unchanged; that a larger Catholic population would throng the streets of his native city, than was then found within her precincts of every name and denomination; that a convent would rise within sight of the spires of Harvard, and a Catholic College be established in the very heart of Massachusetts!

Much less did he imagine that a Catholic population of more than two millions would be found within the borders of what were then the colonies of Great Britain; that vast cathedrals would rise in every city, in which would be revived the pomp and ceremony of mediæval worship; that provincial councils would be held, and bishops from the east and the west, the north and the south, would assemble, march in solemn procession, and array themselves in a costume more appropriate to Oriental monarchs than republican citizens, or the successors of the lowly fishermen of Galilee.

How little did he think, that the time would so soon come, when the Episcopal and Roman Churches would draw so near together, that an American bishop would travel to Rome to make his submission at the chair of St. Peter!

Such things we have seen in our day. Who then shall say that the Catholic Church and its relations to Protestantism have not increased in interest on this side of the Atlantic within the last hundred years? The subject begins to have a civil and political bearing. A population of two millions begins to tell at the ballot-box. Sectarian interests begin to interfere with our system of public education, and it is demanded that the children of the Roman Church shall not mingle with their Protestant neighbors in the exercises and companionship of our common schools. When such ground as this is taken, the quadrennial homily that is ordained to be given in this place becomes a word in season more than it ever was before.

It is my purpose to-day to address you on three fundamental errors of the Church of Rome;—in the first place, its ultra-conservatism; in the second place, its corporate spirit; and in the third place, its unfriendliness to the diffusion of the Sacred Scriptures.

Let it be understood, however, that in handling these topics I shall abstain from every thing sectarian and personal. Accustomed to associate in the daily intercourse of life, for more than a quarter of a century, with the members of the Catholic communion, I should be false to truth and to the courtesies of Christian charity, were I to indulge in any disparagement of the personal or Christian character of the disciples of that faith. A descendant of the Pilgrims has much to learn in this respect, when he leaves the keen atmosphere of Protestant New England. He will be surprised to find that all good men possess a common Christianity; that dogmas which he has been taught to denounce as pernicious and deride as absurd may abide for a lifetime in the mind quiescent and innoxious; that in the Catholic mind, more perhaps than any other, dogmas are laid aside to slumber, and really pervert the mind less than in some Protestant denominations, and the man is left to the guidance of the good impulses and rational principles of hu-

man nature. At any rate, in the spirit of reverence and a warm and active benevolence he will find some of the brightest examples in the Catholic Church. Having made these concessions, demanded by truth and experience, I proceed with the greater freedom to discuss what I deem the errors of our brethren of the Christian household in that communion.

And, first, the ultra-conservatism of the Catholic Church. Few things are more useless and unphilosophical than to censure the past, or to judge it by the standards of our own day. It is more just, as well as charitable, to deem every age to have been honest to itself, at least honest in intention. Men do not embrace falsehood knowing it to be such, nor do they adopt customs which they are conscious are wrong and pernicious. Previous to the commencement of the sixteenth century, the Catholic Church, as it then existed, was Christianity as men then understood it. It had become what it was by a species of moral necessity. No man, or set of men, had undertaken designedly to corrupt it. Why should they, what motive had they to do so, any more than the men of the present generation? Take, for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity, one of the first aberrations of the Christian Church in point of time. It was not a wanton and deliberate act which introduced this fundamental corruption into the pure monotheism of Moses and of Christ. Judaism prepared the way for Christianity, by establishing in a single nation the doctrine of a spiritual God. But the world at large remained profoundly ignorant of this fundamental truth. And although Christianity was first received and established among the Jews, it did not remain long with them. Soon it was handed over to the Pagan world. The converted Jew, though he committed no mistake as to the unity of God, committed an error almost as great in attempting to amalgamate his new religion with the old one, and, in violation of the precept of the Saviour, he undertook to pour the new wine of Christian principles into the old bottles of Jewish ceremonies: "Thou seest, brother," say the converted Jews of Palestine to Paul, on his return from a mission to the Gentiles, "how many thousands of Jews there are which believe, and they are all zealous for the law." And Eusebius tells us, that the

first fifteen bishops of the original Church at Jerusalem were circumcised Jews, and it seems that nothing but the total destruction of the Jewish nation and polity could have severed the new religion from the old.

If it was so difficult for the Jews to pass over from Judaism to Christianity without carrying their old opinions, usages, and prejudices with them into a religion which was cognate and analogous to their own, much less was it to be expected that the Pagan should abandon his old religion at once, with all its opinions, usages, and associations. The present is always the child of the past, and bears a strong resemblance to its parent, in its most prominent features. Christianity was not thrown into the stream of time at its fountain-head, or near its source. It was poured in as a small rivulet after it had swelled to a river. It was a long time before it could color or even tinge the whole volume of its waters. The pure light of the Gospel, in penetrating the thick mist which enveloped the heathen world, became itself discolored at once. The heathen stumbled at the threshold on the fundamental doctrine of the unity of God. Accustomed to worship a variety of deities, they felt no incongruity in exalting Christ and the Holy Ghost into the rank of divinities, and making them participants in the glories of the God-head. Accustomed to an iron rule and a rigid subordination in the civil organization of the Roman Empire, the Church, when it grew up as an outward institution, was formed by the Roman spirit upon the same model, and the same tendency to centralization, to conquest and domination, which had placed the Cæsars on the throne of universal empire, afterwards stretched the sceptre of the Pope over the civilized world. When I enter a Catholic church, every thing I see around me tells the tale of the ages through which that Church has passed. Its gorgeous rites, its splendid vestures, its dramatic representations, exhibit to me the pictorial Christianity of the Middle Ages, which was doubtless in all honesty adopted to impress through the eye the great facts and truths of the Gospel upon the hearts and minds of the semi-barbarians, when their understandings were wholly inaccessible to abstract ideas, or spiritual realities. In the sonorous Latin of the service I recognize the only language which lived on, and maintained a grammatical structure,

after the breaking up of the Roman Empire, and the Babel-like confusion of tongues which succeeded. So sacred and holy a thing is religion, that it consecrates every thing that it touches, and things indifferent are hallowed for ever by mere association with what the heart esteems the choicest of its treasures. We fear to change the emblem, lest some portion of the truth it symbolizes should be lost.

And the confessional, what shall we say of that? To me it seems to be a relic and a memorial of an age and a state of things now scarcely possible to imagine, at this period of the almost universal diffusion of books and the power to read them. It belongs to an age when almost the only means of enlightenment was oral and personal communication, when the distance between the teacher and the taught was all but infinite; when the priest was almost the only enlightened man in the community, and almost alone had the power to judge correctly of human actions, to discriminate between good and evil, and separate the clean from the unclean, the holy from the profane; when the masses were children in understanding, required minute direction, and were perhaps incapable of applying correctly the general principles and precepts of Christianity to the emergencies of every day. We can imagine a state of intellectual darkness, in which the weak, the timid, and the ignorant would crave such a counsellor and guide. In such an age, doubtless, the confessional sprang up, and in the hands of the wise, the humane, and the upright, it might have been the instrument of incalculable good. It was liable to great abuse, it is true, and perhaps in principle cannot be defended; but that it was adopted with dishonest purposes at first, is wholly improbable.

Asceticism, too, cannot be charged as a wilful corruption of Christianity. It was an error of the head, and not of the heart. It was an excess of misguided and mistaken piety. It originated in a philosophy which was older than Christianity, which had pervaded Asia from time immemorial, and had already cast its dark shadows over the Western world. It had made conquest of one portion of the ancient people of God. Originating in the philosophical dogma of the intrinsic impurity of matter, it found some countenance in the Jewish tradition of the

fall; it led men to despise the body and exalt the soul, and to forget that both are equally the workmanship of God, and are alike perfect for the purposes for which they were respectively constructed.

The influence of all these causes upon Christianity, its doctrines, its outward form and its mode of administration, was inevitable. Nothing but a perpetual miracle could have prevented it. "The light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." And they exonerate in equal measure the Catholic Church, that is, the Christian Church, the only Church which then existed, from the charge of intentional and deliberate wrong.

After the darkness of the Middle Ages was passed, after the revival of learning, the invention of printing, and the general diffusion of knowledge over Europe, a totally different state of things took place. That advancing light revealed great errors in doctrines which had long been innocently held, great abuses of administration, which a more sensitive conscience could no longer tolerate; and a ritual adapted to a rude and sensuous age was no longer edifying to an intellectual and refined one. The whole world became clamorous for reform. Beginning with a few brave and clear-sighted spirits, the voice of remonstrance spread among the multitude, it rose and swelled, till it became as the sound of many waters. And the burden of their cry was, Reform. "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

The Church was at length aroused, and assembled to take order on the altered condition of the world. At the Council of Trent, commenced in the year 1545, the Catholic Church took her final ground and decided her destiny. She had arrived at the parting of the ways, and her path was to choose once and for ever. The question was distinctly put to her, Would she belong to the future or to the past? Would she join the march of progress, or throw her whole weight against the cause of human advancement? She deliberately chose the latter alternative. She cast in her lot with the past, and made it henceforth to be her interest, and, as she conceived, her duty, to arrest and war against the progress of the human race. From that hour her relation to

mankind was completely reversed, and every thing with her has gone wrong. Up to that hour she had been the best friend that humanity had ever had. She had renovated the whole face of the civilized world. She had been the conservator of every thing valuable in the ancient civilization, which had survived the wreck of the Roman Empire. She had been the pioneer in all generous enterprises for the amelioration of the condition of the human race. She had been a patient laborer in the great field of human improvement. But when she had contributed to reform every thing else, she refused to reform herself. As a church, an association of fallible men, she was human, and of course liable to err; but she chose to assume the attribute of infallibility. Religion and the Bible are divine and unchangeable. But theology is human, a science deduced by fallible human reason from the Bible, the phenomena of man and the universe. It is a human production, and therefore capable of revision, and requiring amendment from age to age. But the Church of Rome claims for her theology an absolute infallibility. She demands, therefore, that it should be held immutable, and be placed on the same level with the Sacred Scriptures themselves.

Jesus Christ prescribed no specific or immutable form to his Church, or to that organization which naturally and necessarily took place among those who received his religion. This much he did ordain, that it should not be hierarchical. "Be not ye called Rabbi," said he, "for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give his life a ransom for many." It was to have no connection with the civil government. "Who made me," said he, "a judge or a divider over you?" "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

But every body must have some organization, and the

Christian Church was left to take that which circumstances might render expedient, under the control, of course, of those genuine principles which Christ himself had laid down. It first rose up in the synagogue. It adopted the forms of the synagogue. Its first official men, its overseers or bishops, were the successors, not of the Apostles, but of the rulers of the synagogue. Teaching was confined to no order. The first ritual was exceedingly simple. It was exhortation, prayer, and breaking of bread from house to house. It was long before a single temple was built for Christian worship. The early Christian assemblies were held in retired apartments, in caverns and tombs. But Christianity was a spirit plastic, creative, it could adopt any form, and so penetrate, animate, and inspire it, as to make it vital, energetic, and efficient. Slowly it emerged from the cavern and the tomb, and appeared in the light of day. Costly and splendid edifices were raised to receive it. It left behind the simple costume of the synagogue, and the unostentatious rites of its earlier days, and gradually arrayed itself in all the splendid habiliments of the Mosaic and the Pagan rituals. I do not deny that this was honestly done. It was doubtless thought expedient to outdo Paganism in her own way, and to awe the rude barbarians of the North by dazzling their senses with the pomp of gorgeous decorations, and the charm of an imposing ceremonial.

But the error lay in ultra-conservatism, in imagining that there was not the same freedom in laying aside, as there had been in adopting, the forms of outward administration. The mistake consisted in imagining that there was no difference between the tenth century and the sixteenth; that because the Church might be kept stationary, the world would remain so too; that because the human mind had had its infancy, it never could have its maturity and manhood. The Church overlooked the wisdom of the Apostle. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." The manhood has come, but, contrary to the law of nature, the childish things are not put away.

Such is precisely the case with the ritual of the Catholic Church in the United States at the present mo-

ment. It is an antique curiosity, and, looked at through any other eyes than those of traditionary reverence, it is a disintegrated relic of the Middle Ages, floated down among the things of modern times.

I now come to the second fundamental error of the Roman Catholic Church, — its corporate spirit. This, I am aware, is an awkward phrase, and perhaps needs definition. I mean by it, a disposition to sacrifice every thing to the interests of a gigantic and perpetual corporation. This was first manifested in the establishment of a hierarchy, in the continual elevation of the clergy and the depression of the laity, in the association of church with church, the subordination of provincials to metropolitans, and, finally, the subjugation of the whole Western Church to the Bishop of Rome; the establishment of religious orders, the vows of celibacy, obedience, poverty, and seclusion, the prohibition of marriage to the clergy, and the unreserved consignment of the priesthood, body and soul, as bondslaves of the Church; the submission of the individual conscience at the confessional, and the denial of the right of individual judgment in matters of faith, — all these things constitute a mass of sacrifices of the individual to the interests and ambition of a corporation, such as finds no parallel in the records of the human race. It is wonderful that it was ever submitted to at all, and still more wonderful that it has continued so long.

Nothing can be more certain, than that no such corporation was contemplated by Christ in the establishment of his Church, no such car of Juggernaut, rolling on through the ages, and crushing humanity to powder before it, as a thing of naught. The establishment of a hierarchy, and the institution of the celibacy of the clergy, produced the most disastrous effect upon Christianity. It corresponded to the institution of castes in India, and exerted the same blighting effect upon society intellectually and socially. It took theology out of the sphere of life, and out of the jurisdiction of common sense, and consigned it to recluses and ascetics. There it became as deformed, unnatural, and monstrous, as the human condition in which it originated. The ascetic doctrines, which found most favor in the cell and the cloister, obscured and perverted, instead of enlighten-

ing and strengthening, the moral sense of mankind. The superior sanctity of a single over a married life could not be asserted without casting reproach on the first institution of the All-wise Creator, and impeaching the wisdom of Him who made man male and female, and said, "Therefore shall a man leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." What power, either human or divine, has ever conferred authority on any man or woman to take a solemn vow of separation from the natural ties which God has ordained?

The religious orders could not be established without the most unworthy surrender of personal freedom, and the vow of obedience, so unjust and wrong in itself, was equally injurious to him who assumed and him who submitted to the unnatural authority. The very spirit of Christianity, which is justice, equality, and brotherly love, forbade the more than Oriental despotism of the convent and monastery. "The day that makes a man a slave," said one of the sages of antiquity, "takes away half his virtue." The abnegation of the human will reduces man from a spontaneous agent to a mere automaton. It makes whatever virtue he has left constrained and mechanical, and renders the whole character dwarfish, timid, and imbecile.

Not only was freedom of action broken down under the colossal organization of the Romish Church, but freedom of mind and thought was crushed under the same overpowering weight.

It was a stringent and all-embracing ecclesiastical organization, which led to the formation of creeds, and they were the instruments which gradually extinguished individual investigation, and made religion a public tradition, instead of a personal conviction. There is no propriety in making matters of faith the subject of legislation, or in entailing the opinions of one age upon all succeeding time. Had a creed been necessary, it is to be supposed that Christ would have prescribed one to his Church. The oldest we have is the simplest and the best, showing that legislation for the human conscience was a passion in all ages. And there is ever a tendency in Christianity, as there was in Judaism, to overlay its simple doctrines and precepts with the traditions of the

elders, till the mind is wholly absorbed in outward ceremony or metaphysical subtilty.

By thus adopting a stringent and unchangeable organization, the Catholic Church has numbered itself among the things which are destined to be outgrown; it has allied itself with the monarchies and despotisms of the old world, and is bound to share their fate. The tendency of this age is to freedom and individualism, and whatever will not go along with it is destined to be left behind. I was one day walking with a gentleman just returned from Italy, before a splendid Roman Catholic church, just then completed, and remarked to him, "Do you not fear for republican institutions, when you see this immense influx of foreign Catholics?" "O, no," said he, "not at all;—the Roman Catholic Church is in greater danger from republican institutions, than republican institutions are from the Catholic Church. In some communities, the Catholic Church is half converted already, for its administration of religion differs quite as much from the Catholicism of Spain and Italy on the one hand, as it does from Protestantism on the other."

I now come to my last topic, the unfriendliness of the Church of Rome to the free circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. This, I am aware, is in many quarters denied. But it is denied in the face of historical fact and daily experience. This is the crowning error—may I not say, sin?—of the Roman polity. He who shuts up the Bible from the masses puts out the moral light of the world.

It was not always so. The time has been when the Catholic Church was friendly to the circulation of the Scriptures. But it was when she reigned alone, when her unity was unbroken, and the whole Christian world was of one language and one speech. She was put in a false position in relation to the Scriptures, by the breaking out of the Reformation. The Bible was the magazine from which the Reformers drew their most effective weapons, and it was in vain that the Catholics arrayed against it the bulls of popes and the decrees of councils. It was natural that the Church should feel a hostility to a book which gave it so much annoyance, and this was the reason which is candidly given by Balmez, in his late defence of Catholicism, why the Bible

in the vernacular tongue was forbidden to the common people in Spain.

But nothing could be more mistaken than for the minister of religion, who has at heart the renovation and sanctification of the world, to reject the aid of such an auxiliary as the Bible.

The Bible is the mightiest moral agent that has ever wrought upon our earth. Men disagree and dispute about the nature and extent of its inspiration, yet the universal and involuntary homage that is paid to it is conclusive proof of the fact. "The wind bloweth whither it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." There are parts of the Bible which no one can read without feeling the divine afflatus, and being convinced that its wisdom and its power are not of earthly, but of heavenly origin.

The Bible is the best theological manual for the busy, toiling masses of mankind. It puts God into the world, and makes him the object of a saving faith and a sanctifying reverence. It points out his radiant footsteps throughout the universe. It gathers into the grand idea every thing that is sublime, commanding, attractive, and lovely. It makes us live as ever in the presence of the Holy One. It translates the laws of nature into the volitions of his will. It gives the human heart what it most craves, the comfort of a Father's care. It rescues the course of events from the blind guidance of a hopeless fatality, rolling on from the thick darkness of the past to the thicker darkness of the future, and places it in the hands of a benignant Providence, beginning in a plan of infinite wisdom, and having its consummation in a glory which the human imagination has never conceived.

The God of the Scriptures has been the motive power of the progression of the world, the central sun whose beams have warmed into life whatever of purity and philanthropy there is which elevates Christendom above the attainments of ancient or contemporary Paganism. Devotion, directed to such a Being, becomes the most powerful means of elevating the human mind and sanctifying the human heart. He who daily walks with the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, with that

Heavenly Father to whom Christ has taught us to pray, will go from strength to strength, from sanctity to sanctity, from glory to glory. Discard the Bible, and the love of the true God is eclipsed, and the mind will be prone to wander away and worship other and inferior deities, and will be apt to substitute in the place of "Our Father which art in heaven," "Holy Mary, Mother of God."

The Bible is the grand educator of the conscience. In it human duty is mapped out in its broadest features and its minutest details; it is prescribed with a spirituality so searching, and a definiteness so explicit, that it not only cannot be mistaken, but it cannot be escaped. It is exhibited, not only in the abstract, but embodied in the concrete. The history which the Bible details is the practical illustration of the principles it lays down. There is no vice whose odiousness and whose misery are not displayed in some real personage in the sacred history, and there is no virtue which does not shed its beauty and its peace over some actual life.

The Bible is the true confessional. No subtle ecclesiastic deals with the conscience with such searching power as the word of God. "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." He who reads the Sacred Scriptures finds his heart laid open before God, its inmost disguises are torn off, and the conviction is forced home upon the mind, that "there is no creature that is not manifest in his sight, for all things are naked and opened in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." No human language addresses us with such wise discrimination, or with such irresistible authority. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, as they read the Holy Oracles, are struck with the same conviction, that "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;

sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb: More-over, by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward." He who readeth them will "understand his errors, and be cleansed from his secret faults; he will be kept back from presumptuous sins, and they shall not have dominion over him, and he shall be innocent from the great transgression."

The Bible is the chief source of that purity of sentiment and refinement of manners, which distinguish modern society from the coarseness and sensuality of heathen antiquity. In this does it manifest that it had a divine, and not a human origin. It was not a human development, it was not the culmination of humanity in a cultivated and felicitous age. It was not a conception suggested by any perfection that man and society had anywhere reached. It was an ideal which came down from above, of supernatural, celestial origin. It was far in advance of that age, and though the Church has been ever since pressing on to realize perfection, the Bible still seems as far in advance of it as ever. Its daily reading in the family circle, and at the domestic altar, does more than any thing else to train up the successive generations of the young to sobriety, religion, and usefulness.

The Church of Rome, then, as it seems to me, cannot commit a greater error, than to permit her conflict with Protestantism to engender any real hostility to the circulation of the Sacred Scriptures. The mission of the Christian Church was most clearly pointed out at the very hour of its institution, "Go, teach all nations," "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature." When books were few, and the power to read them limited, this was a mighty task. Preaching, oral instruction, was almost the only means of sowing the divine seed in the soul of man; and how imperfect the power to comprehend the Gospel even in the most cultivated minds! What measureless aid, then, was brought to the cause of evangelizing the world by the art of printing! which places the Book of books in every dwelling, and gives the most destitute, the most isolated and obscure, the knowledge of the way of salvation. The very suspicion of unfriendliness to such a cause must weigh like lead upon the

advancement of any church in the light of the nineteenth century.

Finally, the time has been when the Catholic Church has boasted of the advantages it has derived by its ultra-conservatism, its corporate strength, its immutable dogmatism, paramount in authority to the Scriptures themselves, and superseding their use.

The time will at length come, nay, has already come, when these very characteristics begin to be a bar to its further progress, and may work its downfall. It is a dangerous position for any thing human to take, to say, "I can never change. I will ignore the great law of progress, I will live and act as if the world remained where it was six centuries ago." The Catholic Church has taken this position, and she must abide the issue. Her only hope is in stopping that advancement, or in reigning over that portion of mankind which she can detain among the shadows of the past.

This whole subject is coming home to her experience in this country at the present time. She has become strong in numbers, by the immigration of a multitude accustomed to her discipline, and not educated beyond the circle of her ideas. Can she keep them there? In crossing the Atlantic, that emigrating Church is placed in a condition of things entirely new. In coming to our shores, she finds the index moved at least two centuries forward on the dial-plate of time. She left a world of fixtures, she has come to a world of change. She left the quiet realm of custom and proscription, she has come within the turbulent domain of individuality and conventions. She was accustomed to repose under the shadow of authority. Here she is compelled to submit all to the searching scrutiny of intellect.

On the other side of the water, she ruled by the power of the overwhelming associations of the past. Here she has no past to back her authority, and she must stand or fall as do other forms of Christianity, by her utility alone. All that she teaches, and all that she does, must be subjected to the cool reason and keen-eyed utilitarianism of the American mind. The splendid processions and solemn pageants of the Old World will never be repeated here. Nothing that she can do or say will carry back this great nation one step towards the errors and

superstitions of the ages that are gone, and she must quietly submit to become one of the elements of the broadest and most comprehensive nationality that the world has ever seen, and suffer such modifications as her proximity to Protestantism must inevitably bring about.

ART. V. — THE CHARACTER OF ARCHBISHOP
CRANMER.*

It is not necessary to criticize Mr. Todd's little book, the title of which we give below. Its effect upon any unbiased reader is to remind one of the advice of Dr. Calamy to his pupils, "Gentlemen, before you raise the Devil, take care how you may lay him." Bringing into a condensed form many of the strongest objections to the Archbishop's course, its feeble, wordy, and illogical extenuations rather provoke one to greater severity of judgment. Most of the biographies of this leader of the English Reformation injure their subject in the same way: they omit to notice some of his saddest evasions of truth and duty, and offer, for those which they feel unable to pass by, excuses more dishonorable to themselves than profitable to him who would never have urged them in his own behalf. It surely cannot be necessary, in order to exhibit the signal service rendered to Protestantism by the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, to cloak over his many weaknesses of character, his servility to power, his readiness to persecute while so unwilling to be persecuted, his characteristic cowardice, or his final fall from a position which presented every motive for keeping one's faith to the end. The abundant evidence which we have as to his remarkable learning, especially in the canon law, his soundness of judgment and courtesy of manner, his industry and perseverance in religious

* *A Vindication of the Most Reverend Thomas Cranmer, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and therewith of the Reformation in England, against some of the Allegations which have been recently made by the Rev. Dr. Lingard, the Rev. Dr. Milner, and Charles Butler, Esq.* Second Edition. By the Rev. H. J. Todd, M. A., F. S. A., and R. S. L. London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy; and for A. Barclay, York. 1826. pp. 148.

affairs, his extraordinary forbearance and forgiveness of personal offences, rather deepens the shadow resting upon his public and political life. If he sinned, then, if he proved either sycophant or persecutor, he sinned against his own soul in every sense, against feeling, conscience, intelligence, example, and opportunity.

Is it not time that Protestants vindicated themselves by withdrawing the disgraceful pleas that have floated upon the surface of theological literature for these three centuries, which imply that acts of oppression or fraud performed in our behalf by the most intelligent minds of the time are justifiable, performed against us by cloister-bred bigots are beyond apology or extenuation? Related by partisan prejudice, Cranmer's final recantation takes the reader by surprise; it seems, as he is assured it is, the only deliberate falsehood in a long career of truth; he is tempted to change the conviction of experience, that every man dies as he has lived, and to suppose that the stream which all its way down has flowed as clear as crystal may empty into the ocean at its mouth waters as black as Styx. As his life is surveyed honestly, so many previous occasions are found to exhibit the same feebleness of character which made his latter days painfully notorious, that it seems the blindness of prejudice to charge upon Jesuit artifice or peculiarly severe seductions what was really the result of a character distinguished by lack of heroism from fiery Knox and stout old Latimer, from lion-hearted Luther and battle-loving Zwingle, from intrepid Ridley and martyr Hooper.

We begin our review of his public career by the first event which drew him into royal notice. It was, as all agree, in the year 1523, when Cranmer was thirty-four years of age. The conversation at a private tea-table turning upon the principal topic of the day, the divorce of Henry VIII. from his faithful Kate, so justly presented to us in her martyr constancy by Shakspeare, Cranmer suggested to Dr. Fox the ease with which the king could get relief by transferring his appeal from the Pope to the Universities. The suggestion was so shrewd we wonder it had not occurred before. The Pope was naturally loath to condemn a pious and Catholic queen, whose marriage his express sanction had made legitimate; the Universities had no such impediment against the effect

of English gold; they were poor, servile, and anxious for the patronage of a generous and powerful sovereign. When Henry heard of this promising means of self-extrication, he could not restrain his joy within courtly terms; "The man has got the sow by the right ear," was part of his characteristic oath. The seasonable and crafty counsel opened the path of preferment to Cranmer, made him royal chaplain, empowered him to write a treatise *cum privilegio* on Divorce, and sent him abroad to negotiate, first with his remarkable learning, second with his abundant gold, among the eminent divines of Europe.

Cranmer may have been sincere in believing the marriage of his sovereign with his brother's widow a violation of the canon law; it had been getting gradually unpopular in England; the Pope's authority for a reversal of the Mosaic statute was by many held to be insufficient; the king's father, who contracted the match upon his death-bed, charged Henry not to think of keeping the engagement; some of the Council, including Primate Warham, declared against it; Wolsey and all the distinguished English prelates, except the Bishop of Rochester, pronounced it illegal; the king's favorite author, Thomas Aquinas, was opposed to such near connections; and as the Mosaic penalty was childlessness, the repeated deaths of the royal children may have seemed to the superstition of the day a judgment. Cranmer may have looked no further: he may never have suspected, what subsequent events proved, that the real cause of this wounded royal conscience was that Catharine was six years older than her husband, of faded beauty and wasted form; and that her diseased person was brought in daily contrast with one of the most beautiful women in England, who was only too ready to take her place, so that it was with all the splendors of a queen.

Neither party upon a question then agitating all Christendom seems to have seen, that the reason why it was not well for a man to marry his brother's widow in the days of Moses did not apply at all to modern times; that the prohibition was in its very nature temporary and local, and was so regarded by the Jews themselves; that it was occasioned by certain peculiar exposures of

Oriental life, and ought to have terminated with them. The division of opinion was for the most part into Catholic and Protestant: devout Romanists, like Sir Thomas More, would die rather than admit that an innocent wife and mother should be put away upon grounds so trivial; earnest Reformers, like Zwingli, insisted that the marriage was so incestuous that it should be abandoned immediately, though not at the cost of the queen's dignity nor perhaps of her daughter's legitimacy.

No wonder that the mission of Cranmer made a sensation: a king's purse in his hand, a king's voice echoing his own; the flattering unction offered to the theological scholar that his word should help dethrone a queen and settle the religion of a kingdom; the thought springing unbidden in some minds that the right sort of decision might open to them the honors of a wealthy church and the splendors of ecclesiastical power. It is not strange, that favorable opinions were obtained by the ship-load,—more than were ever read, more than were actually needed. Oxford and Cambridge, perhaps from remaining attachment to the Papal See, were slow to speak; but the Universities of France,—Paris, Orleans, Toulouse, Angiers,—and those of Italy,—Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna,—hastened to send their encouragement to the grateful king. The sums paid for these services may seem very small, even when we take into account the depreciation of gold and silver since that time;—“to the prior of St. John and St. Paul's for writing for the king's cause, fifteen crowns; to the minister of the Franciscans for the same, twenty crowns; to the Milan doctors and for the journey there, thirty crowns.” At Ferrara, however, they were not to be bought so cheap, and their judgment upon the case was withheld, because they considered one hundred crowns not a sufficient recompense. In his *Life of Henry VIII.*, Tytler remarks, that “nothing but money was necessary to obtain the favorable opinion of Italian canonists”: and probably the men themselves were wretchedly poor, allured for the first time by the sight of pure gold, surrounded by people who were ready to give testimony any way for a mere song, and anxious to develop this new source of income as rapidly as possible.

Cranmer returned, to violate all decency by presiding

over a court which was to try a case already prejudged by himself, — to sit as the head of a tribunal instituted to inquire into a matter which he had already presented before Europe no less than England as a hired advocate of the stronger party. And, most remarkable, the friends of Cranmer acknowledge that he saw this abuse of justice, this outrage upon decency, and yet with some slight objections went to Dunstable, summoned the freshly-offended queen to the consistory, went through the farce of examining a case upon which he would not allow the possibility of more than one opinion, and when this mockery was over pronounced the wife a widow and the daughter illegitimate. It is astonishing that the natural humanity of Cranmer did not move him to pity one whose character never appeared so lustrous as under this cloud of unmerited disgrace: the brutal husband again and again was moved to utter his admiration of her whom he pronounces in Shakspeare "the queen of earthly queens." Her patient endurance of unprovoked wrongs, her sturdy maintenance of her daughter's rights, the entire absence of any weak outcries, the uncomplaining trust which she reposed in Providence, ought to have won the man to her side and inspired the Christian to her defence. But she seems in Cranmer's eyes only a worm that he must tread upon in his path to greatness: and yet his nature was tender, his affections easily won: nothing but his dread of that sovereign whom he afterwards names so profanely "that most godly prince," can explain his coldness, if not his cruelty, to Catharine.*

* It is gratifying to find that the English clergy were not stone-blind to their sovereign's sin; that some even were found to cast it in his teeth, with all the bravery of ancient prophets. One Peto, a simple man, but devout, preaching before the king at Greenwich, took for his subject the story of Ahab, and for his text the verse, "Where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, even there shall the dogs lick thy blood also"; "and therewithal," adds Stow, "spake of the lying prophets which abused the king." The next Sunday a more courtly chaplain justified the king's marriage, but was answered on the spot by another friar, who charged it upon the preacher, that "he was one of the four hundred prophets into whom the spirit of lying was entered, who were betraying the king into endless perdition."

The king was obliged to silence this second accuser himself, and to summon both before his Council, to whose threat of being drowned they bravely replied, "Threaten these things to rich and dainty folks, who are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hope in this world; for we esteem them not; we know the way to God to be as ready by water as by land."

The marriage with Anne Boleyn did not follow this deliberate baseness of the decree of divorce; it preceded its legal preparative. Sir Henry Ellis, in his "*Original Letters Illustrative of English History*," shows that the king was actually guilty of bigamy, Anne having been married about the 25th of January, not, however, "with the assistance of Cranmer," and Catharine divorced not until the May following. It was but a few weeks after this authorized separation, that the Princess Elizabeth was born, and Cranmer did not hesitate to stand as godfather to the future queen of England, though of such a conveniently tender conscience, that her own mother was to find him pleading some precontract of marriage as a reason for the king's casting aside the beauty of which he had grown weary.

His conduct to Queen Anne is enough alone to brand his memory for ever. He had become attached to her while a guest by the king's order at her father's house; he had reason for gratitude on account of her espousing so heartily the Protestant cause. Most of her enemies were Roman Catholics, enemies of the Reforming Archbishop as well as of the heretical Queen: the spies who surrounded her were the tools of religious bigotry; their charges were as petty as they were malicious, amounting to the imprudence of a pretty woman who forgot that she was a queen, and giving to her jealous tyrant no better ground of impeachment than that her handkerchief once dropped where a handsome courtier was too happy to risk his head by returning it to its gracious owner. Cranmer could not but have suspected that evident innocence to which Sir James Mackintosh has done eloquent justice in his *History of England*: the doubt must have arisen, in her sudden loss of favor, that her sin was no deeper than decay of beauty. Her pale face and feeble frame must have pleaded in her behalf, for these were the results of a second confinement for whose unhappy termination Henry reproached her brutally. And that failure was said by many to have been occasioned by her husband's faithlessness. Cranmer's heart, one would hope, bled for her: and yet, knowing that the king was lusting after another pretty face, having seen for himself that the virginity of Anne had been passed in purity, and that her womanhood had

shown no more indiscretion than youth, beauty, high spirits, and a French education might excuse, he went forward to hold his court at Lambeth, thirty-six hours after she was condemned to die, and while her brother was perishing on her account, that he might perpetrate the mockery of pronouncing her marriage null and void. Poor thing! She could not be suffered to die in peace. Her cup was not full until this last insult, which declared her daughter illegitimate, made it overflow. Then the Christian Archbishop gave over to the tormentors her to whom he had owed much, whose cause was his own, whose enemies were his too, — contenting himself with a single letter in her behalf, afraid apparently to peril his high office and royal favor by doing any more. The love of power and the habit of subserviency had certainly won a perfect victory, when the highest religious functionary in the land could see its queen hunted down by hired informers, tried without even the forms of justice, condemned with no other proof of guilt than the confession of an accomplice under the hope of pardon, and then murdered without mercy, yet make no brave effort in her behalf.*

There were peculiar reasons at that period, and in that reign, for wishing to maintain himself in the archbishopric. To fall from power under Henry VIII. was commonly fatal: seldom could the feet stop until they touched the scaffold. Those who triumphed over the ejected statesman could not sleep in peace unless their pillow was steeped in his blood. Were he suffered to live, even as a prisoner in the Tower, a sudden caprice of the king might change the captive into a prime-minister, whose first act would be a sweeping revenge. It is a singular comment on the brutality of the times to find nobles even and statesmen of remarkable ability recording some change of policy by perishing in consequence under the executioner's hands.

In Cranmer's case still another fact must have weighed

* Henry maintained his character so wonderfully to the last, that, when the great business of his queen was to kneel before him hour after hour dressing his ulcerated limbs, he was on the point of bringing her to the scaffold for a difference of opinion, when she turned away the axe ingeniously enough by saying that she had advanced the offensive views merely for discussion.

- upon his mind. We cannot blame him for not wanting to die a traitor's death, neither can we suppose him unaware that the progress of the English Reformation depended upon himself under God. He did not begin this movement in England, because Warham, his predecessor, approved of Henry's title as the Supreme Head of the Church; neither was he permitted to complete it. But it owed more to him than any acknowledged friend. His house was the Reformers' head-quarters, he urged the study of the Scriptures among his clergy, procured the printing of the Bible, prepared the English Prayer-Book, and threw the weight of the crown into the right scale whenever Henry would permit. While he kept his place, the good work was certain to go on: if he resigned for conscience' sake, like Bishop Shaxton and brave old Latimer, all he had so far gained would be lost; the Romish party would triumph, the Bible be burnt again at London, Popish ceremonies take the place of Scripture teachings, and the spiritual progress of mankind come to a stand. It is only fair to admit, that this sad reality was present before him, lifting its warning voice when he would have run any hazard by breasting the will of Henry, silencing his conscience when it should have spoken in thunder-tones, bringing some of his compliances within the circle of the natural weakness of humanity. And yet some of his deliberate acts seem to us far beyond this excuse, and out of the reach of any charitable construction.

The condition upon which he took his office implies more than even his weakness of character. No one pretends that Henry obliged him to become Archbishop, though possibly Cranmer was loath to assume a position of so much difficulty and peril. But he could take it under the authority of the Pope alone, yet would not acknowledge that authority. In this dilemma he did the worst thing possible: accepting the representative of St. Peter as his master in public, he disowned him in private; swearing fidelity in the cathedral crowd at his consecration, he swore disobedience in private, before Watkins, Tregonwel, Bedyll, Guent, and Cocke, in the Chapter-House of St. Stephen's College. His ceremonial inauguration by bulls from Rome was as Romish as possible; it announced him to the Church Universal

as a faithful servant of the Papacy, at the same time his own free hand was writing these dishonest words: —

“I, Thomas Cranmer, do by this present instrument expressly protest, that, while at my ordination I am obliged to take the oaths to the Pope for form’s sake, rather than for any obligation there is in the thing (*pro forma potius quam pro esse, aut re obligatoria ad illam obtinendam oporteat*), it neither is nor shall be my intention to oblige myself by said oaths to any thing which shall seem to be contrary to our most illustrious king.”

The inconsistency of his procedure must have been apparent to himself. Having real scruples about the Papal authority, he could not honestly receive its appointment, wear the robes it furnished, or depend upon its bulls for his episcopal sanction. But to give every sign of dutiful submission before the world, and expressly renounce its authority in the very question then dividing the public, and in presence of but five witnesses, is one of those very frauds denounced so unsparingly in the Jesuits. Here was the head of the English clergy yoking himself to the Pope’s carriage, while he was slyly slipping out the bolt that held it all together. No wonder that he is represented in the great dramatist as “one Cranmer, one hath crawled into the favor of the king, and is his oracle.” At the very moment that his mind ought to have been absorbed in dedicating himself to God, the world saw him surrendering up mind and heart to the successor of St. Peter; while a few friends witnessed an act which put his head beneath the king’s footstool, — which gave a pledge, amply redeemed afterwards, that no turnspit in royal kitchens could offer more obsequious service than the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury.

His manly resistance to the “Six Bloody Articles,” as they were termed, may seem an exception. Nearly unsustained, he contended against this oppressive enactment, for three whole days. But he was directly aimed at in this Popish measure; his marriage especially was condemned by one of them; their passage, by so large a vote as showed that the Reformation was still in a minority in England, obliged him to send his lady home to her German friends, in order that he might await the coming storm with naked masts and a clear

deck. The penalties he undoubtedly abhorred ; because, to condemn a man to death for not being orthodox regarding transubstantiation, when orthodoxy was perpetually changing with the king's humors on this very point; must have seemed the height of cruelty. Neither could he be sure that his own transition doctrine was not behind or beyond the royal standard at any time. It was plainly a matter of personal concern ; his own body might be chained to the fiery stake for believing too much or too little about any of these matters, as it was. Not to have opposed such a test with his utmost vigor, would have been to invite his own destruction. The king was not offended by it, but immediately sought to console him under his defeat ; neither stood he quite alone on the right side, for the Bishops of Ely, Sarum, Worcester, Rochester, and St. David's went with him against king and Parliament.

The year 1536 must have seemed an eventful one to Henry VIII. In it the faithful Catharine died, the girlish Anne was murdered for mere levity, and the beautiful Jane accepted a hand which was yet to be dripping with conjugal blood. She died the next year in giving birth to Edward VI. Then came another criminal contrivance of Cranmer's, about which his friends very wisely say not a word. Misled by portraits and reports of her beauty, and no less anxious than the Archbishop to secure a Protestant queen, Cromwell, the favorite of Wolsey, raises himself by espousing his sovereign to the homely Anne of Cleaves. Personal beauty was evidently the main thing with this grossest of kings. Other attractions might secure a wife's influence, but she was certain to be rejected like his first wife, or murdered like his second, if homely, or even faded. Anne, good-natured and even-tempered as she was, seems to have been very unfortunate in form as well as face ; but she had the good sense to see it was better to let herself gently down into private life with a princely pension, than be thrown for some imaginary crime upon the scaffold. So she submits with the best possible grace. And Cranmer and his clergy march forward, at the word of command from their sovereign, to declare dissolved as solemn a contract as was ever made, on account of a pretended precontract with a prince of Lorraine. Well does Burnet

call it, in his *History of the Reformation*, "the greatest piece of compliance that ever the king had from the clergy," — to break a marriage covenant merely because one of the parties was not quite content with the other's appearance! If ecclesiastical courtiers found, as they must have done by this time, that Henry's passions were uncontrollable, they should have washed their hands of all complicity, and not have seemed to sanction his excesses by hiding them under their episcopal robes.

No opposing voice was heard anywhere; no bishop or curate valued his conscience more than his place enough to suggest a doubt. The Convocation seemed even more zealous to relieve the king than the sycophantic Parliament. But Cranmer was more guilty than the rest, partly because of his superior learning, partly that the conscience of the king lay somewhat in his hands; and if he had been innocently misled by casuistical subtleties to favor the first divorce, if his eyes had been holden by the rumored guilt of Anne Boleyn, here the cloven-foot of appetite showed itself beyond a doubt, — here was a revelation of royal abandonment, which, as a Christian minister and a representative of an intelligent, independent clergy, he was bound to expose and denounce. Alas! two archbishops and eighteen bishops hastened through a bill, which, if the prohibition of divorce in the New Testament means any thing, brands them as partners in adultery.

Cranmer had little occasion to try those "pregnant hinges of the knee" before Henry any more. Seven years passed after what the courtly Burnet terms "the greatest compliance of the clergy"; and a really Protestant prince held the throne. And, except Cranmer's extorting the execution of some poor heretics from the tender-hearted Edward, his character receives no new stain until the close of this brief reign, so full of exaggerated promise and unfounded hope. Here the Archbishop heads with his name a paper which was nothing less than a pious fraud; whose purport was to deprive Mary and Elizabeth of their lawful rights as the heirs of King Henry, and place the crown upon the head of Lady Jane Grey, heiress of the ambitious house of Suffolk. Cranmer did not originate this memorable piece of injustice; probably it came from Northumberland, who hoped

to reign in the name of this innocent young woman. But had the prelate really possessed that exceedingly squeamish conscience, which could not admit Mary's mother to be a lawful wife after a marriage of twenty years, it might have reminded him, that the far higher claims of Elizabeth he had himself authenticated by serving as godfather at her baptism, and that she was the very best of Protestants. So that, even if he could imagine it within the power of the king and council to change the succession on religious grounds, this was no excuse for conferring upon an indirect claimant, because of her creed, what belonged to one of the same opinion by the right of a birth sanctioned by all the clergy of the realm. Had Cranmer withheld his assent, as was his duty, his last sufferings might have been spared; at any rate, we should have felt differently regarding them than is possible now, while he labors under the justly incurred charge of treason.

We come now to the close of his career. Mary was justly exasperated at this second attempt of Cranmer to blacken her mother's memory. He was one of the first whom she sent to the Tower. He evidently had no right to ask favors of her. It became him, as there were so many reasons, personal, political, and religious, why he must suffer, to gather his robes around him and fall gracefully at the altar which no longer could bear any offering from him save his blood.

He was not treated harshly at first. Others who had injured Mary far less were more severely handled. He expressed the greatest surprise at being charged with high treason; but his amazement only reminds one of that of the drummer's boy, who remonstrated against being tried for fighting on the wrong side when his music had only encouraged others to fight. All state trials at that period were little better than excuses for executing their victims; to be thrown into the Tower was notice for a man's enemies to appear against him, for perjured witnesses to lend their aid, for judges to vie with one another in servility, for the hangman to get ready his axe.

The immediate occasion of Cranmer's imprisonment was what Hume terms "his indiscreet zeal" regarding a rumor that he had celebrated mass in the Canterbury

Cathedral. Considering how many of the clergy of that time were mere turncoats,* how entirely Cranmer's conscience had hitherto bowed before his sovereign's will, and that a Romanizing priest of his own appointment was actually doing what was charged unjustly to himself, we are rather surprised at Cranmer's excitement of mind, and at his preparation of a paper which declared the mass to be "full of horrid blasphemies," and ascribed the retrograde movement, then directed by the queen, to the prompting of the Devil.

His trial, which might better be called the ceremony of his condemnation, gave occasion to but one insult, when his persecutors robbed him in miserable rags in imitation of his episcopal dress, then stripped him of article after article with opprobrious words, and Bonner cried, "He is no longer my Lord! He is no longer my Lord!"

The treatment which he received after the sentence of death was passed may have been artful, but cannot be well termed cruel. As we see by the remaining "Bill of Fare," luxuries as well as necessities were furnished, the opportunity of public vindication was given, and even some facilities for appealing to the mercy of the queen.† The kindness of the Popish party during his long imprisonment, in elegant entertainments, amusements like the bowling-alley, and peculiar tokens of respect, it is easy to charge to fiendish malice, because it led the way to his recantation. Had he been denied suitable food, deprived of air and exercise, and needlessly enfeebled by imprisonment, it would have been much easier to have attributed his fatal weakness to mere debility. Believing, as the great majority of his enemies did, that

* Dr. William Mose, Master of Trinity, Cambridge, a special favorite of Cranmer, a man of ability and learning, was distinguished for this facility of faith. His first preferment was given to him as a Protestant. Forfeiting his office on this account under Mary, he obtained it again as a Romanist. In Elizabeth's reign he lost his mastership at Cambridge on account of his religion, but, becoming a Protestant again, obtained a prebend in the church of York. Nay, the first tidings of Mary's success against Lady Jane Grey turned him from a zealous Protestant in a few hours to an equally zealous Papist; moreover, he was always ready to persecute others for opinions which he had just renounced himself and would accept again whenever they promised preferment.

† Strype, Book III. Chapter 21. "He was entertained at the Dean of Christ Church his lodging: there they treated him with good fare: they got him to Bowls with them."

their views were absolutely essential to the peace of his soul, it is not dishonorable to them that they used every means to gain him over. Less interest in his conversion would have cast doubt upon their own sincerity. It was no common case, and it demanded uncommon effort. Many a man's faith was pinned on his lawn sleeves; could they be changed to the coarse serge of a friar, priests as well as people might look back wishfully to the ancient Mother of Christendom. And had Romanism been content with this reconciliation to itself, had not personal revenge in the queen got the better of manifest interest, had the heart of the English Reformation been seen year after year beating under Romish robes, in other words, had not Providence made the great Protestant calamity its signal blessing, all their labor would have been rewarded. The recantation was certainly as thorough, as public, as fervent, as could be asked. It left no loophole for evasion, no possibility of a double meaning in his words, no constraint upon his hand in the act. His last renunciation but one is one of the strongest things of the kind in history. "I, Thomas Cranmer, late Archbishop of Canterbury, do renounce, abhor, and detest all manner of heresies and errors of Luther and Zwinglius, and all other teachings which are contrary to sound and true doctrines. And I believe most constantly in my heart, and with my mouth I confess one Holy and Catholic Church visible, without the which there is no salvation, and thereof I acknowledge the Bishop of Rome to be supreme head in earth, whom I acknowledge to be the highest bishop and pope and Christ's vicar, unto whom all Christian people ought to be subject." And this was followed by a profession of faith in transubstantiation, the six sacraments, and purgatory; a frightful falsehood closing the declaration: "God is my witness that I have not done this for favor or fear of any person, but willingly, and of my own mind, as well to the discharge of my own conscience as to the instruction of others."

One who takes the pains to read his many letters to Mary, endeavoring to excuse his own conduct and appease her indignation, and then weighs the earnestness and energy of his five other recantations,* will conclude

* One point upon which Mr. Todd has cast some light, or rather darkness, is this matter of such numerous recantations. As four of them bear date from

that Cranmer's terror made his outcry louder than even his enemies asked. But their triumph was complete, had they only been content to let him drag his dishonor heavily into a peaceful grave; their great antagonist was not only fallen, but irretrievably disgraced; neither learning, fame, Protestant associates, prominent position, nor advanced years enabling him to face a death of violence with serene trust. The weakest woman whom he had burnt for believing too much or too little, in one case for anticipating by a few months his own opinions, was far stronger than this champion of the English Reformation.*

No wonder that his wretchedness was intense, when he discovered that all this degradation would not open his prison-doors; no wonder that he became the victim of remorse, as death breathed its fiery blast upon him; that he paced his cell weeping and groaning out, "I have pierced myself with many wounds, I have denied the faith"; that he thought himself to have cast away God and crucified Christ; that his body wasted, and his mind was all but maddened. Had not conscience acted in so flagrant a case, we should almost have denied its existence.

Once, in this miserable prostration, the worm turned against the heel that crushed it. The Romish party were so blinded with success, and so confident of their victim's cowardice, that they dared to bring him into a crowded church just before his execution, there to acknowledge before the multitude his conversion to Rome. The meanness, as well as madness, of thus parading their conquest, deserved the retribution it received.

the 14th to the 16th of February, it is very probable, as he suggests, that the later ones were signed, because the earlier were rejected as insufficient. Todd's Vindication, p. 122. We were led to the same view by observing that some of these declarations are almost copies of others.

* It was a fair retort of Cranmer's most noted victim, Joan Bocher, "You burnt Anne Askew for a bit of bread, and yet you yourself came soon after to believe the same doctrine for which you burnt her." The heresy for which Joan herself died is stated to have been the believing "that Christ did not take flesh of the Virgin, because the flesh of the Virgin, being the outward man, was sinfully begotten." A very dangerous doctrine surely, and needing to be stifled as speedily as possible in heretical blood; especially as it was held by an uneducated girl, of no influence, but of blameless life! And it was her death-warrant which Cranmer extorted from King Edward, invoking her blood upon his soul, which some thought fulfilled by his own martyrdom.

When summoned to address the people, after Dr. Cole's sermon, his voice was choked for some time by tears, which moved at last many to weep with him. When he commanded himself enough to read what they supposed would be a most pitiful plea for life, on the ground of his being a reconciled member of their Church, their disappointment had the sublimity of a Divine judgment. "Now," said he, at the close of his long harangue, "I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that ever I said or did in my life; and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth. Which here, now, I renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and writ for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be; and that is, all such bills which I have written or signed with my own hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished. For, if I may come to the fire, it shall first be burned. And as to the Pope, I refuse him as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine."

His enemies were beside themselves with rage; their last engine smote them down with its recoil; the victory they had been at so much pains to win was given back to their victim at the last moment. All Christendom saw that a Protestant was to die because of his opinions. As soon as his judges recovered from their amazement, they charged him with dissembling. "Alas!" said he, "I have always been a man that loved plainness, and never dissembled till now against the truth, which I am most sorry for."

Here the priests and friars broke in upon his discourse, dragged him down from his seat, pulled him into the street, and hastened, *en masse*, to the greenwood-stake. All his dejection had disappeared, his form was now erect, his face radiant, his eye kindled, his strength renewed. It seemed a pleasure to him to remove his outer garments, and prepare for the exchange of worlds. As fire was set to the green fagots around him, stretching forth his right hand he held it in the hottest flame, exclaiming, "This hand hath offended." As the fire came

nearer, he seemed more cheerful; not a groan escaped, not any trace of pain, and he was frequently heard to say, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" His sufferings were soon over. The testimony of a Romish eyewitness shows that the spectators were deeply impressed: "Nothing in his life, we may well say, became him like the leaving of it."

The accounts which have come down to us of the effect produced even upon Catholic minds by his execution, the fact, too, that many suffered, like Rowland Taylor, in districts of the country where they were almost adored, shows to whom we are really indebted for the establishment of Protestantism in England. When Mary came to the throne, a feeble minority, and those chiefly among mechanics and merchants, favored the Reformation; when she yielded up the sceptre in death, her people were ready to dethrone her, from horror at her insane bigotry. No other English Parliament can ever be where her first Parliament was, ready to swear allegiance to Romish doctrine and ritual; no other English people can be so aroused to the horror of that Romish sway which hallowed the spot where the martyrs died for perpetual memorial. If Elizabeth found her Commons receiving with acclamation the proposal of a Protestant Church, it was because Mary had thrown away the opportunity of reconciling her people to her own faith; her gloom, her bigotry, her severity, her disregard even of Catholic counsel, when it tried to moderate her course, alienated the body of the nation from her Church as well as herself, and presents one of the finest morals upon the suicidal nature of persecution, as well as a noble illustration of that Providence which

"From evil still educes good,
And better thence in infinite progression."

F. W. H.

ART. VI.—HERESY IN ANDOVER SEMINARY.*

THE pamphlet whose title we have placed below is one of marked significance. We regard it as a decided omen,—whether auspicious or not, whether of better or worse things to come, our readers can judge for themselves,—but which, in a journal designed, like this, to note the varying aspects of theology, could not properly be overlooked. Its author is a divine of great purity and worth, and of long and devoted professional service. The person whose position and influence it tends especially to affect is an eminent and highly esteemed professor, and is among the most eloquent and effective preachers of his own or any other denomination. The Theological Seminary, for which it expresses deep concern, and whose interests it represents as being in jeopardy, is the oldest, most richly endowed, and in many respects most influential in our country. If to these considerations we add the relation it bears and the devotion it breathes to the cause of Christian truth and righteousness,—that great and general cause which soars above and reaches beyond all the lines of demarcation between sects and subdivisions of sects, and which all holding the same Gospel alike profess to have at heart,—we surely need offer no further reasons for the brief notice we now propose to take of the Remonstrance before us.

In order to a just comprehension of its purpose and bearings, it is necessary first to glance at some facts in the origin and history of the Institution to which it relates.

By an act of the Legislature passed in the year 1807, the Trustees of Phillips Academy, Andover, were authorized to hold funds for the establishment and support of a seminary for theological education. Previously, a portion of the resources of that Academy had been appropriated to aid theological students in pursuing their preparatory studies, as the custom then was, with some settled clergyman or college professor of divinity. This,

* *A Remonstrance addressed to the Trustees of Phillips Academy, on the State of the Theological Seminary under their Care, September, 1849.* By DANIEL DANA, D. D. Boston: Press of Crocker and Brewster. 1853. 8vo. pp. 24.

among other circumstances, might naturally suggest that as a suitable stock on which to ingraft the new institution. The means requisite for its commencement, which from different sources — in particular by the fostering munificence of Bartlett — were afterwards largely and nobly increased, were forthwith obtained, and it soon went into successful operation. Its founders were, no doubt, actuated greatly, in their efforts for establishing it, by a strong sense of the need, then extensively felt, of more systematic and thorough preparation of young men for the duties of the sacred profession. But they were also influenced in no small measure by apprehension of the spread in various parts of New England — the eastern sections of Massachusetts especially — of what they deemed rank heresy in the shape of Unitarianism. To secure their Seminary from this dreaded foe, to preserve it untainted and unharmed by this as they believed soul-destroying error, they in the outset framed and adopted a Constitution and Statutes, which they regarded as an embodiment and safeguard of sound orthodoxy.

“The Constitution [and we here quote from the Remonstrance of Dr. Dana, who, as a Trustee of the Institution from its beginning, and as having been intimately associated with its Founders, might well speak with some assurance] provides that every Professor in the Seminary shall be a man of sound and orthodox principles, according to the system of doctrines denominated the Westminster Assembly’s Shorter Catechism. Every Professor must, on the day of his inauguration, publicly make and subscribe a solemn declaration of his faith in Divine Revelation, and in the doctrines of the Assembly’s Catechism. He must solemnly promise to defend and inculcate the Christian faith as thus expressed, in opposition to all contrary doctrines and heresies. He must repeat the declaration and promise at the close of every five years; and should he refuse this, or should he teach or embrace any of the proscribed heresies or errors, he shall be forthwith removed from office. Such, as you well know, are the provisions of the Constitution. The Associate Statutes are in perfect accordance. They provide, indeed, an additional Creed, but a Creed in entire harmony with the Catechism, and nowise designed to supersede or invalidate it. Such was the design of the venerable Founders of the Seminary, — a design, not only easily understood, but impossible to be misunderstood. If there are words in the English language which

can make any thing plain, the Founders have made plain and undeniable their intention that the doctrines of the Assembly's Catechism, which they viewed as the doctrines of the Bible — that these and no other doctrines should be maintained, defended, and propagated through the instrumentality of their Seminary."

Now it is plainly stated and strongly argued in the Remonstrance, that this Constitution has not had its legitimate influence, and not been conformed to in fact and spirit by some of the teachers holding office under it. It is distinctly declared, that a minority only of the preachers who have recently gone forth from their care have upheld the doctrines of the cross, and the distinctive principles of the Andover creed, and that this minority is steadily decreasing; also, that doctrinal "collisions" — so termed — between different Professors have been well known by the students, as well as others, to exist, and that such differences have been carried into the chapel pulpit; and it is more than hinted, that the conservative influence of a former Theological Professor was to a great extent supplanted, in the formation of doctrinal views among the students, by that of another Professor, more popular, brilliant, and radical. As regards the position of Professor Park, it is stated in the following terms: —

"The present Professor of Christian Theology has, agreeably to the Constitution, solemnly declared and subscribed his assent to the doctrines of the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and solemnly engaged to teach them, to the exclusion of all opposing doctrines and errors. That Catechism recognizes the doctrine of *original sin*. Is it consistent in the Professor to hold and teach that our nature is not sinful, and that original sin is not sin? What though it be admitted, in the case of infants, that they need atonement and regeneration, in order to enter heaven? Are not atonement and regeneration, where there is no sin, obviously supernumerary and absurd? The Catechism recognizes a Regeneration, involving a real renovation by the Holy Spirit, and a restoration of the divine image. Is it consistent to hold and teach that Regeneration consists in a *change in the balance of the susceptibilities*; or in a change from sinful action to holy action; or even in a change from a *nature* [not sinful] inclining to sinful acts, to a *nature* [not holy] inclining to holy acts?

"The Catechism brings distinctly to view a covenant made by God with Adam, the father of the race; a covenant including all

his posterity. Can it be consistent, in a Professor who has taken the Catechism as his creed, to explode the doctrine, by teaching that there is no evidence of any covenant of works between God and Adam, as the father of the race; or with Adam, including his posterity? The Catechism declares an Atonement, such as involves a full satisfaction made by the Redeemer to the offended law and justice of God. It speaks of Christ as 'undergoing the wrath of God,' (meaning, the *manifestations* of his wrath,) 'and the cursed death of the cross.' With what consistency can a Professor, who has declared his adhesion to the Catechism, maintain that it cannot be said that Christ's passive obedience frees us from punishment; and that, in the case of the penitent, the demands of the law are *evaded* or *waived*? In fine, the Catechism declares most explicitly, that we are justified by the righteousness of Christ, imputed to us, and received by faith. Where, then, is the consistency of maintaining that Christ needed obedience for himself, and could not perform a work of supererogation for others; that if Christ obeyed the law for us, we need not obey it ourselves, for that the law does not require two obediences; neither, in this case, is there any grace in our pardon; that Christ's obedience being imputed to us, involves a double absurdity, &c. If, in one sentence, or rather the *limb* of a sentence in the Catechism, there is found a *double absurdity*, what a *mass of absurdities* must be chargeable on the whole system. Yet the Professor has solemnly received it as his creed."

The views here attributed to Professor Park are, we think, fairly drawn from his published writings, and from what is generally understood to be the tenor of his preaching and instruction. At the delivery and on a careful reading of his Convention Sermon, there seemed to us to be in it a pervading vein of thought and tone of feeling, widely varying from both the letter and spirit of the Constitution under which he holds office. Beneath the brilliant rhetoric, the glowing imagery, and the stirring train of sentiment, we conceived — if we did not actually discern — a mind far from at ease, in view of the harsher features and rigid requirements of the system of theological teaching to which it was obliged to conform. When he spoke of "a confession of faith, over which, in my deliberate perusal, I stagger and am at my wit's end," a feeling nearly akin to sympathy rose within us, heightened not a little by the fear that the words might too truly picture the author's frequent official experience.

And when he said, "The impassioned heart recoils from a contradiction no more than the war-horse of Job starts back from the battle-field," we were somehow, possibly by our impressions of the difficulties and perplexities he must encounter in attempting to reconcile his speculations with his creed, led to recur to another illustration he elsewhere borrows from Scripture, — that of Samson grinding in the prison-house of Gaza. In the controversy between him and Professor Hodge of Princeton, he appears to us to have effected nothing in the way of substantiating his orthodoxy, if that is to be judged by the Andover creed. Indeed, apart from his assailing some of its chief and distinguishing articles, we should have little confidence in or hope for his soundness of faith as tested by that, were it only for the ground he takes in favor of theological progress. He says, in an article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the last year: — "New England Theology is Calvinism in an improved form. It does not pretend to be a perfect system. Both Edwards and Hopkins reiterated the wish and hope, that their successors would add to the improvements which the Genevan faith had already received." Now this improving the form, or substance either, of Calvinism, is not an easy, hardly a practicable thing. Calvinism has been compared to an arch, from which if you remove the smallest stone the whole tumbles in pieces. At least, when undertaken to be refined and improved, and set out on a progressive career, it may be compared to the launching of a ship, which is effected only by striking away some of the blocks which support it. Its soundness and consistency, if not its identity, will be gone and lost. The breach already existing between the strict and the liberal constructionists of the Andover Platform will, therefore, tend to widen rather than diminish, unless a strong reaction, altogether different from what is to be expected, should take place, and bring the wanderers back to a literal, or, we should rather say, actual compliance with its requisitions and principles.

How far that breach shall extend, or in what results the differences now existing will terminate, we pretend not to predict. We have no disposition, certainly, to question the conscientiousness of any of the parties concerned. But if words are to have a meaning, and the

words of the Constitution are to retain any thing like the sense in which they were used by the Founders of the Seminary, it is clear that a point may be arrived at and is not unlikely, at no very distant period, to be reached, at which the grave question shall be raised, whether the funds with which it was endowed have not been forfeited to their natural inheritors. Dr. Dana, in his Remonstrance to the Trustees, does not shrink from thus explicitly stating this liability : — “ We have received from the Founders ample funds, together with the Constitution, Statutes, and Creed. If the latter be preserved inviolate, the former remain with us of course. If they are violated or disregarded, the funds are forfeited, and may be lost. In proof of this momentous point, I refer to the Constitution itself, in which the Founders explicitly declare that they give to the Trustees their buildings and fund, ‘ *on the express condition* that the Institution be for ever conducted and governed by them and their successors, *in conformity to the principles and regulations of their Constitution.*’ ” If the catastrophe here foreshadowed ever should, by negligence or necessity, — by the faults or errors of men, — overtake this cherished and important Institution, we trust that its numerous friends would rally for its recovery, and make it more useful and stable than before, and secure its greater stability as well as usefulness by ridding it for ever of the false principle of thralldom to a human and antiquated creed, which lies at its basis, and threatens the safety of its very foundations. Thus would a temporary evil be turned to a permanent good, and all the loss incurred be vastly overbalanced by the lasting gain accruing to religion and man.

That the fundamental principle with which the Founders of the Andover Seminary set out — that of making conformity to a certain set of opinions as its life-blood and essential to its existence — was a wrong and pernicious one, was clearly seen at the time, and has been proved so by reason and experience. Immediately after their adoption of it in the new Institution, it was analyzed and denounced in a searching and powerful article in the Monthly Anthology ; — the writer indignantly, and also prophetically of the difficulties which have occasioned the Remonstrance, declaring, “ You may make men use the same words, but it is beyond your power

to give them the same ideas." A few years after, on application being made to the Legislature for a grant of power to the Trustees to hold additional funds, that body would seem to have partaken of the general alarm for religious freedom and the security of the rights of conscience, which were felt to have been invaded by the Andover Constitution, — as a provision was annexed to the grant, that every student should be protected in the free exercise of his faith. This was in 1813, only five or six years after the Seminary went into operation, — when our legislators seem to have been aroused to secure to the students — what they had failed in the original charter to do for the professors — the untrammelled right of free inquiry. Professor Stuart, a few years later, in a dedicatory address, said: "We are aware that this arrangement [subscription to a creed by the Visitors and Professors, and by these last every five years] has excited much animadversion"; and then, singularly enough, places the right of the Founders to require this on the ground of Christian liberty. That the Trustees have not been insensible to some of the claims of that liberty appears from the fact, that several years ago they passed an act exempting the Professors of the Associate Foundation, constituting the majority of the Professors, from subscribing the Assembly's Catechism; — though strong reasons are given in the Remonstrance against the legality of this proceeding. It is not strange that compassion should have risen above loyalty to their Constitution, in inducing them to remove, as far as with any show of reason they could, the intellectual and moral dangers, the constraint, apprehension, suspicions, temptations, which gather about subjection to creeds of human device: Think of a violence done to the soul, of which the bed of Procrustes — on which the limbs that were too long for it were lopped off, and those too short were stretched to the requisite length — is a faint illustration! Think of a mind of rare endowments, panting for knowledge, most earnest to receive and communicate, in largest measures, of divine truth, — inspired from without by the noblest influences of nature, amid the free air, magnificent prospects, an almost boundless horizon, with richly stored libraries to allure to and aid at once the freest and profoundest investigations, face to face, daily and hourly,

with a chosen band of youths, who are aspiring to the heights of all excellence, and longing to imbibe a sublime faith and an all-conquering love, — living and moving amid all the impulses, excitements, triumphs, objects, and limitless prospects, of the present age, — in this high noon of the nineteenth century, — with all its light of liberty, knowledge, art, philanthropy, religion; — think of such a mind, at such a time, and under such circumstances, bound, so long as it retains its place of power and usefulness, to a quinquennial assent to a system of doctrines framed two centuries ago by fallible men, that lived in a time, compared with the present, of gross darkness and ignorance, and teeming with all sorts of errors and superstitions! This is not fancy merely, but fact; and it presents a living illustration of the inconsistency and folly, the absurdity, nay, cruelty, of all attempts, in theological schools, and churches too, to bind the present and coming generations to the uninspired and in many respects inferior wisdom of those which are past and gone. It is in no spirit of irreverence, that we so speak of the past. Neither would we be wanting in just appreciation of the learning and labors of many who have studied and toiled under undue spiritual restraints. We desire to welcome the light of truth and love from whatever quarter it may come, even though its rays shine from behind the bars by which men have sought to confine the immortal intellect. Still the free air is better beyond comparison than the atmosphere of a prison-house, and the light of the sun more to be desired than any reflected or earthly light. Wholesome checks there are and must be to the inquiries pursued on sacred as on all other subjects. We are not insensible to the deplorable evils attendant on the train of reckless speculation. We are ready, however, to ask for the inquirer in religion, as in every thing else, that he be freed from every weight not absolutely imposed by reason, conscience, and the word of God, — that he have a fair and open field; and we feel assured that in such alone can the highest triumphs be won.

C. T. T.

ART. VII.—THE DOCTRINE OF REGENERATION.*

WITHIN the last few years a vast deal has been written and spoken by Liberal Christians about the need of a truly Christian Theology, a Science of Religion built upon the facts and assurances of Scripture and illustrated by the experiences of the human heart, a Theology rather positive than negative. A conviction, which can never have been utterly lacking, has of late gained more strength and a wider prevalence, that true progress must in the end be fulfilment rather than destruction; that although the builder may give some days to the removal of rubbish, he must come at last to the work of construction or of reconstruction, and pile upon the broad and strong foundation the fair and stately walls. We long to believe more, not less, than our fathers, to gather from the disclosures of the great Teacher a deeper and richer faith, and we are satisfied that we have missed the way, if what we call progress leads only to a highly illuminated, but cold deism. We are no more inclined than ever to accept the Catechisms of Trent or of Westminster; it would be strange if we were, at a time when the allegiance of many who have been their stoutest advocates is so plainly declining. But we do long to realize more entirely our long-cherished aim, and to increase the number and importance of our Christian affirmations. These are the most precious fruits of Christian study, the best "apologies" for Christianity, the best safeguards against that shallow rationalism, which visits the Church like a periodical epidemic, just as in the days of barbarism and bloodshed, when the culture of the fields was neglected, the pestilence followed the famine. Our position, like every thing of the earth, has had its disadvantages and its sore perils. It would be idle to claim that nothing but good has come of the Liberal movement. But on the whole, we have no reason to be dissatisfied; and if we have made no progress it has not been for lack of opportunities. Freedom we have had, under the inevitable and blessed restraint of Gospel authority, free-

* *Regeneration.* By EDMUND H. SEARS. Printed for the American Unitarian Association. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 248.

dom providentially controlled; — could we have asked any thing more? He must have had only the least possible love of the truth, who has ever felt himself hindered in our communion from seeking it in every direction. Certainly the friends of the old way have no cause to complain of barriers set up on their side to cut off advances, for amongst our much esteemed writers and preachers have been men who from first to last have inclined to that old way. Broad Christian statements, which recognize, though they do not attempt to explain dogmatically, the mysteries of life and of the Gospel, are not only tolerated, but favored, amongst us. Now this is a condition of things which is eminently favorable to reverential Christian inquiry, and many cheering signs indicate that this inquiry will issue in a practical Christian Theology, fitted, not to perplex the intellect, but to strengthen the heart.

Sometimes, when there has been much urgent pleading for a Theology, the rejoinder has been, "Go and make one; let us have a specimen of the thing which is so much desired." There was wisdom in the requisition, and the book by Mr. Sears, to which we are calling attention, and others that might be named, are proofs that men every way competent to the task are nobly endeavoring to meet the demand. And according to our hope, the new work is done in a new, fresh way; the life and vigor of original and earnest laborers separate the results from the dreary order of fossil relics. The thoughts breathe and the words burn again. The imagination is called into exercise, not to furnish substitutes for truth, but to clothe everlasting verities in new and fair forms, according to the wants of the present day.

We do not hesitate to appeal to this treatise on Regeneration as a most encouraging *fact*. Here is something done, and well done, in the best possible direction. Here is a book which deserves to be read because of its wisdom, and which is sure to be read because of its attractiveness. Without being shallow, it is practical and intelligible, and whilst it is admirable for its affluent rhetoric and its beautiful illustrations, it is distinguished for clearness of statement and breadth of view, and is no mere piece of fine, but meaningless, aimless writing. After a careful perusal of the book, we can safely say that

we are moved to commend it, and earnestly too, not because it is "printed for the American Unitarian Association," but because it seems to us so thoroughly wise and earnest. We are persuaded that multitudes in so-called Orthodox circles, if only the work comes under their notice, will pass the same sentence upon it, and will affirm, not by way of complaisance and compliment, that they hold thus much to be the meaning and essential element of Orthodoxy in the matter of Regeneration. Our readers must study the book for themselves. If they have any capacity for growth, they will grow thereby. We can give them no idea of its elevated and elevating tone or of its exceeding beauty, but if they will bear this in mind, we will endeavor to trace the outlines of the plan, and bring to their notice the leading trains of thought.

The contents of the book are distributed into three grand divisions, "The Natural Man," the being to be changed or regenerated; "The Spiritual Nature," the Holy Spirit, within us and around us; "The New Man," the details of that procedure through which the spiritual is made to pervade and hallow the natural, and man is born again. With the Origin of Evil as an *ultimate* question, the author has no concern; he has wisely avoided that perpetual rock of shipwreck, as he has many others. But he does properly ask how there came to be so much evil in us, because the origin of evil studied to this extent may suggest a way of deliverance, — because, if we can learn through what law it came, we may learn through what law it shall go, and because the subject is presented to us in the Bible under this aspect. The first chapter describes the two theories of human nature from which the author dissents, on the one hand the doctrine of the Westminster divines, on the other hand that of Pelagius, the former affirming that, having all sinned in Adam, we inherited from him sin properly so called; the latter maintaining that in this respect we are entirely disconnected from the past, and bring with us into the world pure natures, and are perverted by the evil circumstances that meet us at our coming. Both of these views failing to satisfy, we are brought to yet another, — that whilst "hereditary sin or transmitted guilt is an idea which cannot be conceived without conflict of thought, or expressed but in terms of self-contradiction," yet "*trans-*

missive dispositions and proclivities to evil, coming down along a line of tainted ancestry, and gathering strength and volume on their way by every generation that transmits them, is a fact that is universal, and so an irreversible law of human descent." If we look at the race, we find it not one, as it should be, but divided, and each part is corrupt,—shall we not say degenerate? We find, moreover, that each race has its type, its prominent qualities, its distinguishing marks, and that these are steadily transmitted. Only gradually does education modify these peculiarities, and it can do no more than modify them. This law of descent is seen in the degradation of species human and merely animal, in the transgressions of fathers visited upon the minds and the bodies of children "unto the third and fourth generations," in transmitted family peculiarities of mind and feature.

Is it said, that evil in us is but the voluntary perversion of natural good? Let it be noticed in reply, that we find such a destruction of the right balance and true harmony of our faculties, such an exaltation of the baser over the nobler part, as constitutes real depravity; and, moreover, acquired and transmitted evil instincts, and, yet again, depraved affections, for example, pleasure in the infliction of pain, which cannot be regarded as the perversions of any thing good. Furthermore, we have the testimony of consciousness to the fact of depravity. Childhood is next questioned, and is seen to present the germs of evil as well as of good. The fear of death is then adduced in testimony to the sting of death which is sin.

"This calamity is peculiar to man. The inferior tribes know nothing of it. They obey the laws of their life, and so they have no dread of what is to come. The lamb gambols alike through the green pastures or to the place of slaughter. Up to the last flutter of her wings, the bird ceases not to trill her matins upon the air. But the only immortal being upon the earth lives in dread of death. The only being to whom death is an impossibility, fears every day that it will come."— p. 47.

"And how mysterious are the shapes in which the spoiler appears! He comes not like an angel of peace, but seizes his victim as his prey. He comes in a grisly train of diseases and sufferings, the seeds of which the infant brings with him into the world. Yes, the infant that never knew sin has the tender fibres

of his frame torn by the destroyer, and the death-agonies are received with the very boon of existence." — p. 48.

"Can it be said that a human nature which has all this inheritance of disease, suffering, and immortality, has the soundness of its primal state, and that no taint has fallen upon it?" — p. 48.

"This flesh which we wear is the foliage of an unseen and an immortal life, and there is no reason why it should not fall away in its season, still and peaceful as autumn leaves, that this interior life may flower forth anew in the glories of unending spring. There is no reason why it should not steal on the decaying senses without a pang, so that while the mortal fades away, the immortal appears, one waxing as the other is waning, every entrance into the spirit-world being with a train of light lingering on the mind, sweet and mellow as that which rests on the hills at eventide." — pp. 49, 50.

Passing now to a famous passage in the Epistle to the Romans, we gather the doctrine, that as sin brought all into the fear and horror of death, so the Gospel can relieve us all from that dread; that as the first man began the work of ruin by beginning to sin, as the descent began with him, so the ascent began with Christ; and thus, with a vindication of the law of descent, as a law of good as well as a law of evil, the First Part closes.

We turn now to a more cheering side of man and of his life. The human being is made in the image of God. He is fitted to enjoy the Divine Influence, *general*, always, everywhere and for all, *special* in the Church of the Son of God. We are ever encompassed by this mysterious Presence; sometimes the eager soul pierces with its sharp gaze the thin veils of sense, and sees heavenly visions. In childhood, heavenly affections stir in the heart, and in obedience to the Divine command, and under the Divine blessing, they are transmuted from natural into spiritual qualities. Often the cleansing stream which bursts forth amidst the defilements of mature life may be traced back to a sweet fountain in the young child's heart, and memory is blessed of God as an instrument of conversion. The Saviour was once a child, and consecrated childhood. As days are added and clouds rise in our sky, the Spirit of God is light in our darkness, and makes us long for the true light. Thus, though we have no original goodness, we have an original capacity for goodness, and by a profound acknowledgment of God,

the Enlightener, and through a daily dependence upon him, we shall increase in spiritual and moral stature.

What, then, have we in human nature? Three classes of qualities: 1st. That which is wholly evil; 2d. That which is good or evil according to the ends which it seeks or promotes; 3d. The capacities by virtue of which we receive the Divine light and life. Fail to take the last of these three into your estimate, and you can prophesy for man only ruin; but who, save the most unmitigated theorist, can omit it? Is not the difference between the old waning orthodoxy and this view mainly here, — that this allows as a possibility, though a possibility not often realized, a regeneration begun in childhood, and does not condemn the child to a long and dreary orphanage? And now, partly to gather up results already attained, and partly to advance towards fresh conclusions, we commence "Part Third," and ask, What does Regeneration imply?

1st. "A reception of the Divine life"; 2d. "A restoration of the natural powers and affections to their appropriate service"; 3d. "A cleansing away of all hereditary corruption." These aims reached, we enter into life, into heaven; these aims missed, we enter into death, into hell, be it in the body or out of the body. As characteristics of this change from death to life, we find an entire change of motives, a new kind of worship, hearty, not formal, God being our life and joy, a change even in our features and in the aspects of nature, and moreover a new morality. And the means are, an earnest choice between God and mammon; a clear consciousness of duty; a wise use of those self-revealings which come to us through temptations and trials, — making the strong sensible of their weakness, and convincing those who fancy that they are whole of their need of a physician; temptations and trials of *Divine appointment*, not those which are devised by ourselves, and which prevent self-knowledge; a scrutiny of the heart in its *spontaneous* workings; an earnest, reverent heeding and study of Divine revelations, immediate and mediate, inward and outward, in the soul and in history, — Divine revelations, unobstructed by any human devices whatever, — Divine revelations interpreted by our experience, which alone supplies the key that unlocks the

golden gate; furthermore, conflicts, struggles to obey; yet again, a faithful employment of the ministry of the *Mediator*, the Divine Man who joins heaven to earth, the inmost principle of whose natural being was the effluence of the Divine nature, who departed from his Church in outward presence that he might all the more fill it with his Spirit, ("If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you," and "Much more, we shall be saved by his life,") — the New Spirit which renovates society, the "Holy Ghost and Fire," the *Mediator*, especially the tempted Mediator, the Christ who was willing to enter into our depraved nature, (a fact which is proof enough that there can be no sin in having a depraved nature,) and gives us a human example, and in other ways advances thereby his great work of Redemption. In short, through him we have at-one-ment, reconciliation, not *substitution*, which is unscriptural and would have saved no suffering, but would only have transferred it from the guilty to the innocent; *reconciliation*, and not merely an expression of the Divine hatred of sin, though the cross does express this, and our own hearts respond to the lesson; *reconciliation*, through some satisfaction of the claims of the Divine order, and by giving us in Christ, through processes which baffle our minds, but are clear enough to our hearts, a true spirit of peace. We are sustained by *faith in him*, no matter how explained.

And so we have as the end of all a new heavens and a new earth, realized through a repentance which is more than a godly sorrow, even its great result, a sorrow that has issued in a new life.

"From this exposition of the nature of repentance, a lesson comes to us which is most important and solemn. There is a constant tendency in the unregenerate heart, to seek some substitute for the new creation, in obtaining Divine favor and pardon. Sometimes it is a mystic faith, sometimes it is mystic emotion, but all ending short of new moralities. Hence the pernicious habit of delay in religion, under the delusive idea that the regenerate man is a sudden and miraculous creation out of nothing, never considering, that not only a new heaven is to be created, but also 'a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.' There is a class of mental exercises known as 'death-bed repentances,' the nature and efficacy of which may now

be pretty clearly distinguished. We know, for we have seen, the spiritualizing influence of sickness upon the heart and character. We have stood by the bed of death, when the spirit seemed unclothed gradually and gently, as by an angel's softest touch, and finally passed away like a wave scarcely breaking upon the immortal shores. But what we now refer to is the sudden and radical change that is supposed to take place in impenitent men who have postponed the claims of God and the angel-call, when thought and feeling are deemed a sufficient equivalent for a new life. It is evident enough that even godly sorrow could not now become repentance. Character can no more be built on thought and feeling, than a house can be built on air. Prayer may be fervent, but prayer at that hour can only be spoken, not acted. Penitence may be deep, but it cannot be turned into fact. Truth may be contemplated, but it cannot crystallize into conduct. Good purposes may be formed, but they cannot go into execution. Once the feet might have moved swift on the errands of love, once the hand was strong to do its work. But the feet will not now bear up their load, and 'the graceful right hand has lost its cunning.' God may bend over him the new heavens, from which shine the eternal stars, and may breathe around him celestial ethers that play into his heart, but the new earth cannot now be formed out of them, and without both no man is a new creation. So that the dying man wakes up unchanged among spiritual realities, his baseless imaginations all vanished like the fast-fading hues of sunset clouds, when the blackness of night is all that remains. No truth is ours till the arm has given it a local habitation, and no emotion passes into a permanent frame until it determines into principle. No theology is saving that is not worked, no man is in the way to heaven who is not in the way of a good and a useful life. From a disregard of these truths, how many have sought heaven in vain through 'imputed righteousness,' and how many churches have become dead, and left high and dry on the barren downs, while the stream of history is sweeping by! Faith becomes separated from life, having no connection with week-day affairs, and the Church stands in the midst of society, having no more living relations with its business than the bones that slumber beneath its chancel-floors." — pp. 236 — 238.

We have endeavored to give some faint idea of the course of thought in this truly admirable book, and shall be content if we have succeeded in calling the attention of our readers to its glowing pages. It opens questions that might employ our minds and hearts during a much longer life than it has pleased God to appoint for us. It

brings before our mental vision much that can be contemplated only with extreme pain. It deals mainly in facts, and as it seeks, after a true scientific method, to build upon these, they could not be understated or smoothed over. There they are in our being, in our characters, in our lives, in our world; what shall we say of them? Evil as we see and feel ourselves to be, so early too in life, shall we say that we came with just this being from God, or are there reasons for a belief that a large measure of these fearful proclivities have been accumulated by human unfaithfulness? If the latter, then so much of the evil that is in the world is traced to man, collectively, if not individually, and the mystery, though not cleared up, is somewhat relieved. Moreover, there is a bright as well as a dark side of the picture. If we cannot blind our eyes to the evil that is within us, neither can we fail to recognize that moral power which is the exact measure of moral responsibility. If it is true that we are born into a dark world, it is equally true that "heaven lies about us in our infancy." If we cannot be saved by "education," a *drawing out* of what is within us, we must add thereto trust and prayer. And who will not thank God for a life, the prime necessity of which is a most unqualified reliance upon the Spirit that proceedeth from the Father and the Son?

Readers who have been at all familiar with the writings of the great Swedish theologian will recognize an element of Swedenborgianism in this treatise. We are not sure that this influence has been altogether happy in determining the *forms* and *expressions* of thought. We fear that a portion of the illustrations which are due to this habit of meditation will for some minds rather obscure than explain the essential meaning. But nevertheless, we could not spare the pure and elevated religious spirit, which, quite as much as any turns of expression, reminds us of the "New Church," and we are satisfied that our author has committed himself in his investigations to no human master, but to that Teacher whose large Gospel contains the peculiar truths of each sect and the favorite doctrines of each theologian.

R. E.

ART. VIII. — THE CRUSADES.*

THOUGH originally published more than thirty years since, M. Michaud's *History of the Crusades* is now, we believe, first presented to the public in an English dress. It is a work of considerable ability and great research, and is written with clearness and general impartiality. But it is somewhat deficient in the graces of style, lacks firmness of grasp and breadth of view, and is, upon the whole, inferior to the historical works of more recent French writers. It opens with a brief sketch of the history and political condition of Palestine previously to the Crusades, and then, taking up the main topic, traces the history of those remarkable enterprises through all their various stages until the downfall of the Christian empire in the East and the gradual extinction of the crusading spirit. Following this narrative portion of the work is a chapter of reflections on the state of Europe and the progress of society during the Crusades; and at the end is a voluminous Appendix of illustrative documents, and a copious Index. Numerous foot-notes are also given throughout the volumes, in confirmation of the statements in the text; and every important fact mentioned is supported by a reference to the original authorities.

Mr. Robson, the translator, has prefixed a feebly written Preface and a biographical notice of the author, and has also added a number of unimportant notes. But it must be confessed, his editorial labors are not entitled to much praise. His translation, on the contrary, is open to considerable critical censure both for its inelegance and its frequent inaccuracy. It abounds in Gallicisms and verbal infelicities, and is apparently the production of a writer who is neither the master of his own vernacular tongue nor altogether a competent French scholar. Still he deserves the thanks of English readers for undertaking the translation of a voluminous and elaborate work, which has hitherto been known to comparatively

* *The History of the Crusades.* By JOSEPH FRANÇOIS MICHAUD. Translated from the French by W. ROBSON. In three volumes. New York: Redfield. 1853. 12mo. pp. xxx. and 509, 493, 547.

few persons. With these remarks we would take respectful leave of M. Michaud's work, and proceed to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the wars which he has commemorated, and of the results that flowed from them.

From a very early period in the history of the Church, as is well known, pilgrims from different parts of Europe had sought the shores of Palestine, that they might personally visit the places consecrated by the labors and sufferings of Christ and his Apostles. With the growth of superstition and the decline of our religion from its primitive simplicity, these pilgrims had greatly increased in number; and instead of regarding their journey merely as the means of gratifying a pious curiosity, they had begun to view it as an act of penance fit to blot out the memory of many sins. "In an age so ignorant," as Burke observes, "it was natural that men should think a great deal in religion depended upon the very scene where our redemption was accomplished." Accordingly, in the dark period of the tenth and eleventh centuries these pilgrimages had come to be considered so meritorious, that the thoughts of nearly every awakened sinner were turned towards the Holy Land, as the one chosen spot where he might expiate his offences. Added to this, a general belief amongst all classes that the end of the world was at hand, served to increase the inclination to visit Jerusalem; and thither men and women directed their anxious steps in throngs. At first they had experienced few obstacles in their way other than those naturally incident to distant and protracted journeys in the Middle Ages. But much about the time that such multitudes began to pour into Judea, the sovereignty of nearly the whole of Asia Minor passed into the hands of the Turks. Unlike their Arab predecessors, the new masters of the land were less avaricious than bigoted; and for a general system of petty plunder they substituted a general system of tyranny and outrage well calculated to excite and embitter. With the natural disposition of travellers to magnify the wonders they have seen and the perils through which they have passed, the pilgrims took little pains upon their return to undervalue the hardships they had experienced. The monasteries and the palaces of Western Europe were filled with their complaints;

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Peter the Hermit.



and a spirit was quickly aroused which needed only encouragement to burst in fury upon the misbelievers. Such encouragement was soon to be afforded, and new fuel added by a skilful hand to this flaming zeal.

Among those who had visited Jerusalem was a French monk of obscure origin, but whose name was destined to fill a large place in history. Peter the Hermit had been a soldier; but in an age when the characters of priest and warrior were so often united, he readily passed from the pursuit of arms to the practice of the most rigid rules of a religious life. Though he soon gained a high reputation for sanctity by the frequency of his prayers and the strictness of his fasts, he yet felt that he could only hope for the remission of his sins after a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre; and thither he, too, bent his course with the multitude. In Jerusalem, he personally experienced the insults heaped upon the pilgrims; and in conversation with the Patriarch he heard many tales to arouse the military spirit that only lay dormant within him. Filled with indignation at what he saw and heard, he determined to arouse the Christians of Europe to a sense of the injuries inflicted upon their Asiatic brethren; and by his suggestion the venerable prelate wrote letters to the Pope and the princes of Western Europe, unfolding the sad tale of the dangers that environed the true believer in Palestine, and soliciting their aid. Upon his return to Europe, the Hermit sought an interview with the Pope, and, communicating to him the letters of which he was the bearer, zealously urged the cause of the Eastern Christians. Urban the Second, who then swayed the destinies of the Church, had been a disciple and follower of Hildebrand, and still pursued the policy which that great Pontiff had marked out. He remembered that, among the mighty projects which that capacious intellect had meditated within the silent walks of Cluny, and which became the groundwork of his policy when he ascended the papal throne, a union of the Christian nations against the Mohammedans had held a prominent place. Cherishing this recollection, and animated by a spirit somewhat akin to that of his predecessor, Urban gave a ready ear to the words of Peter and the solicitations of the Patriarch's letter. At the close of their interview, Peter's request was granted; and he was directed

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to set about the work of uniting the princes and people of Europe in the prosecution of a holy war against the Turks.

In the midst of the enthusiasm created by his preaching, Urban summoned a general council to meet at Placentia, which was followed by a second council at Clermont, and both of which were largely attended by the highest dignitaries in the Church. In the latter assembly the war was fully determined upon, and all the steps necessary to secure its enthusiastic prosecution were at once taken. "Every means," says Hallam, "was used to excite an epidemical frenzy, the remission of penance, the dispensation from those practices of self-denial which superstition imposed or suspended at pleasure, the absolution of all sins, and the assurance of eternal felicity." Thus inspired by the head of the Church on earth with promises of future bliss, and by those lower appeals which are addressed to the avarice and ambition of men, multitudes from every walk in life hastened to join the standard of the cross, and to place upon their garments the sign of their allegiance.

So eager were many to enter at once upon the war, that a vast and almost uncounted throng, refusing to wait for the knights and princes who had assumed the cross, placed themselves under the leadership of Peter the Hermit and of a Burgundian gentleman, known in history as Walter the Penniless. Setting out upon their march in the spring of 1096, they begged and fought their way through Hungary and Bulgaria, in the midst of constant misfortunes, until they reached Constantinople, a miserable fragment of what they had been when they left the banks of the Rhine. By the want of skill and forethought on the part of their leaders, and by their own imprudence, they had been reduced, it is said, to about one third of their original number. Still they had lost little of their former zeal; and after recruiting their strength under the walls of Constantinople, they determined to pass over into Asia Minor. They had scarcely crossed the Bosphorus, however, before they were met by the Turks and almost totally annihilated, in a single battle; and of the whole army only three thousand escaped to tell the mournful fate of their companions. Such was the speedy and disastrous issue of this ill-devised

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prelude to the first Crusade. But it did not delay for a moment the preparations that were making for the departure of the great army, or quench any portion of the general enthusiasm. Men were more anxious, indeed, than ever, to avenge the injuries that had been inflicted upon the Eastern Christians, and to that long-cherished sentiment they added a determination to wipe out the disgrace of this signal defeat.

The army which now took the field was composed of very different materials from the undisciplined and tumultuous throng who followed Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless. It was, however, divided into different bodies without a common leader, and was accompanied by an immense number of women and children. But it also embraced a large part of the best soldiers in Europe, and was led by men of tried and approved valor. Among its leaders were Godfrey of Bouillon, whose virtues have been immortalized by the rare genius of Tasso, in the poem which derives a part of its title from his name; Hugh, Count of Vermandois, justly surnamed the Great; the fiery but fickle Robert, Duke of Normandy, and eldest son of William the Conqueror; Stephen, Count of Blois, the wealthiest noble of the age; Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, a warrior of great experience, but of a stern and unbending temper; Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, a man of a soaring ambition, who had joined the Crusaders chiefly to improve his own fortunes; and his cousin Tancred, well described by Gibbon as possessing "all the virtues of a perfect knight." With them were many other knights and priests of less renown, but whose names are still preserved in history; as Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, the papal legate, and a man of noble character; Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, and his cousin Baldwin de Bourg, both of whom afterwards became kings of Jerusalem; and Peter himself, who, having escaped the destruction that had fallen upon his followers, was again ready for the contest. These independent leaders set out upon their march at different times in the course of 1096, and established their rendezvous at Constantinople. Here they spent considerable time in negotiations with the Emperor Alexius, who justly feared the approach of such immense numbers from the West, and in quarrels

among themselves. But at length they tore themselves away from the seductions of that luxurious capital, and entered upon scenes everywhere marked by the whitening bones of the first Christian army.

Their first exploit was the siege of Nice, which, after a stout resistance for seven weeks, yielded to their victorious arms. But the tortuous policy of the Greek emperor interfered to deprive them of some of the most important benefits which should have accrued from this victory; and when resistance was no longer possible, the standard of Alexius suddenly appeared on the walls of the city. This unexpected transfer of the sovereignty of the place, not only prevented the Crusaders from reaping the rich plunder which they had anticipated, but deprived them of an important link in the chain of European communication, and filled them with an indignation against the crafty Greek that they made no effort to conceal. The labor had been theirs; but the palm of victory had been borne off by another. This, however, it should be observed, was not the only instance in which the perfidious policy pursued by Alexius proved a serious obstacle to the entire success of the Crusaders. Nor was it from false friends and avowed enemies alone that they encountered difficulties and opposition. According to M. Michaud, "Foulcher de Chartres reckons in the camp of the Christians nineteen nations differing in manners and language." And he elsewhere tells us, that, "In the immense crowd of Crusaders, no count, no prince, deigned to receive orders from any one. The Christians presented the image of a republic under arms. This republic, in which every thing appeared to be in common, recognized no other law but that of honor, no other tie but that of religion." With an army thus constituted, we need feel no surprise that frequent rivalries and dissensions among its leaders should arise to thwart its triumphs and prolong its more unsuccessful contests.

After the capitulation of Nice, the Crusaders divided themselves into two armies, respectively headed by Godfrey, Raymond, and Hugh the Great, and by Bohemond and Tancred. Following different routes, they set out for the promised land, closely watched by the Sultan of Nice, surnamed for his valor Kilidge-Arslan, or the Sword of the Lion. On the second day after commen-

cing their march this skilful warrior made a furious attack on the army of Bohemond, which was upon the point of yielding to the superior numbers of the enemy, when the fortunate arrival of Godfrey inspired the Crusaders with fresh hopes, and turned the scale of victory. The Saracens, in their turn, were entirely routed; and their camp, with all its treasures, fell into the hands of the Christians. This narrow escape of Bohemond's army from total destruction taught them an important lesson; and after the victory they again united their scattered forces. Their march now lay through a country entirely unknown to them, and which had been devastated by the Turks in their retreat. Suffering alike from the extreme heat of the climate, the want of sufficient food, and the great scarcity of water, the combined armies were rapidly thinned by death; and new discords arose among the chiefs to add to their troubles. So frequent and bitter were these disputes, that Baldwin, brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, soon after withdrew from the main body, and, carrying his victorious arms to the banks of the Euphrates, founded the Christian principality of Edessa. There he reigned with a firm hand over a territory constantly increasing in size and importance, until he was called to succeed his brother on the throne of Jerusalem.

In the mean time the Crusaders continued their slow but victorious march towards Jerusalem, everywhere spreading terror by the report of their warlike achievements. They were, however, delayed for many months by the siege of Antioch; and it was only through the treachery of one of the Mohammedan captains that they finally became masters of the place, which they had besieged in vain from October, 1097, to June, 1098; and with it they obtained vast treasures, though the stock of provisions was small and was soon exhausted. This circumstance was of sad augury to them; for a powerful Egyptian army was approaching, and they had scarcely taken possession of the city before they were themselves closely besieged. Famine stared them in the face, and they were soon reduced to the utmost distress. Within the city was a strong citadel from which the Turkish garrison had not yet been expelled; and without the walls was an army alike formidable from its numbers and from

the skill and experience of its leader, Kerboga, Emir of Mosul. Thus environed by enemies, and suffering the severest pangs of hunger, they had wellnigh yielded to despair, when a pretended miracle revived their enthusiasm, and led to their ultimate triumph. In a vision, one of the French priests had beheld the Apostle Andrew, who informed him that in a certain part of the Church of St. Peter was buried the head of the spear with which our Lord's side had been pierced at the crucifixion. Search was made for this invaluable relic; and upon its discovery nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of the Crusaders. Issuing from the gates of the city with all the confidence of acquired victory, they rushed upon the army of Kerboga with invincible fury. For a time the issue seemed doubtful; but the appearance of St. George at the head of a legion of angels fighting upon their side gave fresh energy to the excited minds of the Christian army; and in the end it was only by flight that their enemies escaped total destruction. It was by such false miracles and mental illusions that the Crusaders were more than once nerved to victory in the hour of extreme danger. To their superstitious minds, indeed, no miracle seemed improbable; and in every battle they looked earnestly for divine help.

Several battles and sieges of lesser importance, and frequent feuds among themselves, also tended to delay their progress towards Jerusalem; so that it was not until the 10th of June, 1099, that they for the first time beheld the walls of the Holy City.

"Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light;
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appear'd in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts and acclamations sweet."

But this joy of the first view, which Fairfax has so quaintly rendered from Tasso's melodious verse, soon gave place to the active preparations for the siege. Their first assaults proved ineffective; and under the burning heat of a summer's sun they began to experience once more the need of provisions and water. Their courage

and zeal too began to fail ; and some even deserted a cause which seemed desperate. Alarmed by these signs, and feeling something of the energy which comes from despair, the leaders saw that their only hope of safety was in the immediate conquest of Jérusalem, and they determined to spare no exertions which could hasten this result. Timber was procured from a considerable distance, and with great trouble ; and by the help of some Genoese artisans, who had lately arrived upon the shores of Palestine, movable towers and other engines of war were constructed, which enabled the besiegers to scale the walls and carry the city by assault. On Friday, the 15th of July, 1099, they entered Jerusalem sword in hand, and began a frightful massacre of the Jewish and Moslem inhabitants. Of the latter it is certain that seventy thousand were put to death ; and no record has been preserved of the number of Jews who were slain. After thus satisfying their revenge, the whole army, with feet bare and heads uncovered, and singing penitential hymns, repaired to the Church of the Resurrection to perform their vows and render thanks for the victory.

Thus, in the conquest of Jerusalem, an event of which, as Gibbon observes, Urban did not live to hear, the main object of the Crusade was accomplished. But it still remained to provide for the maintenance and security of the Christian power. Accordingly, the whole attention of the victorious army was next directed to the establishment of a government, and the election of a king. After much deliberation and considerable delay, Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen ; and this wise selection gave universal and unalloyed satisfaction. Refusing to wear a diadem in the city in which his Master had been crowned with thorns, he nevertheless accepted the duties thus laid upon him. After freeing his territories from Mussulman invaders, he turned his attention to a work which reveals how much of wisdom and justice was combined with his martial prowess. In a solemn assembly of his principal men he ordained a code of laws for the new kingdom, and established the relative duties of each class in the community. Though reproducing some of the most pernicious features of feudalism, these laws on the whole exhibit a considerable advance over the European systems to which Godfrey had been accustomed, and must al-

ways be regarded as a creditable monument to the wisdom with which he laid the foundation of his kingdom.

But he did not live long enough to see the full fruition of his hopes. After a short but glorious reign, in which he did much to extend and strengthen his dominions, he died in the month of July, 1100, of a disease contracted in an expedition against the Saracens of Galilee, and was succeeded by his brother, Baldwin, Prince of Edessa. The new king was a man of a warlike spirit, in whom were united many of the virtues which chivalry so carefully cultivated; and in general he continued to pursue the wise policy that Godfrey had adopted. Though often engaged in personal quarrels with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, his reign of eighteen years was marked by a succession of triumphs over the Saracens; and at his death he left the Christian power in the East stronger than it was when he assumed the reins of government. His successor was Baldwin de Bourg, the commencement of whose eventful reign was signalized by his own capture by the Saracens, and by a great victory gained over them upon the plains of Ascalon. The history of his reign, however, is the history of victories in which he had no share; and during the reigns of his two immediate successors, the Christian power began to decline. Victory forsook their banner, discords sprang up and threatened to ripen into civil war, and the downfall of the principality of Edessa clearly indicated that, without further assistance from Europe, Palestine would again fall into the hands of the Mussulmans. After a single generation had passed away, a new Crusade had become necessary to preserve the fruits of those triumphs which the first had won, and to maintain a power which the descendants of Godfrey and his warlike companions were too effeminate to uphold.

The cry for help which was now borne to Europe by every returning pilgrim met with as ready a response as that which the exhortations of Peter the Hermit had called forth half a century before. Inspired with new enthusiasm by the powerful appeals of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, whose fervid imagination found a congenial employment in preaching the new Crusade, men again flocked to the standard of the cross with even more alacrity than their fathers had exhibited. So great, indeed,

was the zeal aroused by the impressive oratory of that great and remarkable man, that he could write to the Pope with but little of exaggeration: "The villages and the castles are deserted; and none are left but widows and orphans whose husbands and fathers are yet alive." Nor was this enthusiasm confined to the nobles and their vassals, as had been the case in the former Crusade. Oppressed with the recollection of his cruel punishment of the little city of Vitry, in Champagne, Louis the Seventh of France determined to join the Crusade. The Emperor Conrad, too, yielded to the common impulse, and placed himself at the head of the German Crusaders. These princes set out upon their march near the commencement of 1147, at the head of large and upon the whole well-equipped armies, and accompanied by many of the most distinguished knights of the age, with a retinue of ladies and troubadours. But ample as were their preparations, and ardent as was the zeal with which they entered upon the war, nothing but disaster and defeat awaited them. The army of Conrad, which was the first to enter Asia Minor, was surrounded and entirely cut in pieces by the Turks in the mountains of Cappadocia; and the emperor himself was obliged to seek a temporary refuge in Constantinople. The French were scarcely more fortunate; for after suffering an overwhelming defeat near Laodicea, Louis determined to leave behind him the pilgrims who had hitherto accompanied the army, and with a feeble remnant of knights embarked for Antioch. Proceeding thence to Jerusalem, he finally determined to give up all thought of recovering Edessa, which had been the grand object of the Crusade, and to undertake the siege of Damascus, with the aid of Conrad and the king of Jerusalem. At first the siege was prosecuted with much energy, and the Crusaders felt confident of success. But the jealousies of their leaders deprived them of the victory; and after several weeks spent in feeble and fruitless labors, the siege was raised, and the army retreated to Jerusalem. Without attempting any other exploit, the two Western monarchs returned to Europe, leaving behind them nothing but the recollection of abortive schemes, and without having accomplished a single thing to strengthen the kingdom of Jerusalem. The second Crusade had failed as signally

as the attempt of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penitens to open the way for the first Crusaders.

After the departure of Louis and Conrad, the Christian dominions in Palestine continued to maintain a precarious existence in the midst of constant wars and alarms, for another generation, until the numerous and rapid victories of Saladin again aroused the sympathies of Europe. This remarkable person was now in the full vigor of manhood, and had been endowed by nature with those powers of body and mind which best fit a man for the accomplishment of the objects which he had undertaken. With a muscular energy of body and a dauntless courage, he united a mind of singular clearness and force, and a resolute will, which surmounted every obstacle and bore him triumphantly through every danger. In his youth, indeed, he had given little promise of his future greatness, and had been more noted for his fondness for an idle and dissolute life than for any exhibition of marked talents. But with advancing years he cast off the follies of youth, and soon became widely known for the austerity of his life and his devotion to the cause of religion. Gradually rising into power and distinction, he at length became the most powerful and most famous of the Mussulman warriors, and made his name and fame familiar throughout Europe and Asia. Placing himself at the head of a powerful army, he overran and subdued all Syria, and finally completed the downfall of the Christian power by the conquest of Jerusalem itself, of Antioch, and of all the other places held by the Crusaders, except Tyre. Thus suddenly were all the results of the labors of Godfrey, Tancred, and Baldwin swept away by the genius of this great leader. The kingdom of Jerusalem had existed for a little less than a century; but so great had become the moral and physical degeneracy of the descendants of the first Crusaders, that it yielded almost without an effort in its defence.

The news of the fall of Jerusalem excited the profoundest grief throughout Europe; and everywhere men were anxious to wipe off this crowning disgrace to the Christian arms. Even the French and the English forgot their long-cherished animosities, and were ready to join in the common cause. "Several persons," says

Geoffrey de Vinsauf, "sent a present of a distaff and wool to one another, as a significant hint that whosoever declined the campaign would degrade himself as much as if he did the duties of a woman: wives urged their husbands, mothers their sons, to devote themselves to this noble contest; and they only regretted that the weakness of their sex prevented themselves from going also." Kindled into enthusiasm by the burning eloquence of William of Tyre, who left his native country that he might tell the sorrowful tale of her woes to the princes of Europe, Richard the First of England, Philip Augustus of France, and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, resolved to place themselves at the head of the new Crusade. Frederick, though far advanced in years, was the first to take the field; and with a powerful army, composed of carefully picked men, he commenced his march in the latter part of 1189. After wintering in Greece, he crossed over into Asia Minor, and gained a great victory over the Saracens at Iconium, which fell into his hands after a short attack. But his death soon shattered all the hopes which this brilliant commencement of the war had awakened. While marching through Armenia and overcome by the unaccustomed heat of the country, he was seized with a sudden disease, caused by bathing in one of the numerous small rivers which water that part of Asia, and died in a few hours after being taken from the river. His death caused the gradual dispersion and almost total extinction of his army. A few of his followers, indeed, remained in Asia under command of his son, the Duke of Suabia, and took part in the protracted siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, as it is called by Michaud and some other writers. But with the death of Frederick the progress of his army ceased to be marked by any important results for the cause of the Crusaders.

In the mean time the French and English kings, having completed their preparations, sailed for Palestine towards the end of 1190. After passing the winter in Sicily, in mutual disputes and even in open conflict between Richard and the Sicilian king, they arrived in the camp of the Christians before Acre, about Easter, 1191, nearly two years after the commencement of the siege. Their arrival imparted new courage to the besiegers; and

the siege was now pressed with greatly increased activity. But the city was defended with great ability, and in the frequent battles which took place under its walls the military engines of the Christians were often destroyed; and to add to their perplexities and discouragements Richard fell sick, and the besieging army was thus deprived of his valiant efforts at a time when they were most needed. At length all the resources of the doomed city were exhausted, and Acre capitulated to the combined forces of Guy de Lusignan, titular king of Jerusalem, and of the two Western monarchs. After its surrender, Philip, whose health had suffered greatly by exposure, and whose pride was offended by the overbearing conduct of Richard, withdrew from the field and returned to Europe, leaving to his great rival the labor and the glory of carrying on the war alone.

Undaunted, however, by this important defection, Richard began his march along the shores of the Mediterranean towards Ascalon. His progress was fiercely disputed by the Saracens, and was marked by a succession of battles, in all of which he was victorious, though he lost many of his men, and his army was greatly weakened by famine. The most important of these battles was that of Arsuf, in which the Saracens were completely routed, and Saladin himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. By this great victory the road to Ascalon and Jerusalem was at once opened to the Crusaders; but their jealousies and rivalries prevented them from taking advantage of their triumph. Their time was wasted in controversies, and in rebuilding the dismantled walls of Jaffa; and when at length they resumed their march towards Jerusalem, they had lost all the advantages which their victorious arms had gained. Nor could the terror everywhere inspired by the fame of Richard's personal exploits counterbalance the effects of this delay. After spending a still longer time in rebuilding Ascalon, and in various intrigues in relation to the throne of Jerusalem, he arrived in sight of the Holy City in June, 1192. But it was not deemed prudent to begin the siege with the small army then under his command, and after several insignificant battles in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, he began his retreat towards Ascalon. Broken down in health and heartily tired of the war, in

a few months he negotiated a truce with Saladin, by which the Christian pilgrims were permitted to visit Jerusalem, and started upon his return to Europe, leaving behind a greater and more terrible name than any other Christian warrior who had ever trodden the plains of Palestine. By the force of his arms he had wrested from the Turks a considerable territory to the northwest of Jerusalem, which had been conquered by them after the fall of that city. Beyond this, however, the third Crusade, magnificent as had been its promises, had produced no important result; and the Holy Sepulchre still remained in the hands of the infidels.

During the brief remainder of Saladin's life the truce into which he had entered with Richard was strictly observed, and the Christian pilgrims had free access to Jerusalem. Upon his death his dominions were divided among his sons and his principal followers; and weakened by this division and by the dissensions which had again broken out among the Moslems, their conquest seemed once more an easy matter. Accordingly, but unsolicited by the Eastern Christians, who were satisfied with the security which they now enjoyed, and who dreaded a renewal of the war, fresh armies of French and Germans resolved to become champions of the cross, and win glory and successful fortune in Palestine. Led by Henry the Sixth of Germany, and by Simon de Montfort, — a name ever to be held in detestation as that of the principal actor in the murderous crusade against the Albigenses, — they set out in the beginning of 1196. But Henry, caring more for the promotion of his private ends than for Asiatic conquests, turned aside from his avowed object and busied himself with the subjugation of the Christian kingdom of Sicily. After the accomplishment of this feat he returned to Germany; and though he was still regarded as the head of the Crusade which he had joined in preaching, he took no further part in it than to urge others to set out for the seat of war. In the midst of these events the remainder of his army, under the command of the Duke of Saxony, and assisted by the French under De Montfort, was waging a war of mingled success and defeat in the neighborhood of Jaffa. But this war lasted only a few months, and after the death of the Dukes of Saxony and Brabant, who were

killed in a battle fought under the walls of Jaffa with Malek Adhel, brother of Saladin, De Montfort concluded a truce with the Saracens, by which the Christian sovereignty of nearly the whole coast of Syria was acknowledged, and returned to Europe.

After his departure the sufferings of the Christians soon became so great, that they again turned their eyes to the West for help; and in answer to their solicitations, a fifth Crusade was invoked by Innocent the Third. The chief person to whom was confided the duty of preaching the new war was a French priest, known in history as Foulkes of Neuilly-sur-Maine. Like many of his priestly companions, he had in youth led a life stained by the grossest vices. But stricken with remorse for his evil practices, he determined, in more mature years, to forsake his former habits, and sought by every means in his power to bring others into the fold of the true Church. Like Peter the Hermit, he was gifted with that rude but earnest eloquence which is so effective upon the great mass of men; and sparing neither high nor low in his denunciation of vice, his preaching was attended by results which his contemporaries did not scruple to regard as miraculous, and which may even now call forth our admiration. Among the princes inspired by his eloquence to devote themselves to the cross were Thibault, the young and powerful Count of Champagne, Louis, Count of Chartres, and many others of inferior note. Thibault was chosen leader; and Henry Dandolo, the venerable, but wise, prudent, and energetic Doge of Venice, promised them his valuable aid. Every thing appeared to indicate a more glorious and successful war than any that had preceded it.

But many circumstances tended to delay the expedition; and before the Crusaders were actually ready to set sail, Thibault's sudden death deprived them of a leader in whose chivalrous character and youthful energy they placed great confidence. He was succeeded by Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, an able and valiant prince, who had already distinguished himself in the former wars against the Saracens; and in the spring of 1202 the various bodies set out for Venice, where they were to embark. By the treaty negotiated with the Doge, they had engaged, before proceeding to Palestine, to aid in

the reconquest of Zara, a large and opulent Slavonian city, which had been wrested from the republic by the king of Hungary a short time before; and to this work they first turned their attention. After a brief but vigorous defence the city surrendered, and was occupied by the united armies of the French and Venetians, who, as was usual with the Crusaders after every victory, passed the winter in petty jealousies and disputes. With the commencement of the spring, however, they resumed their voyage, directing their course, not to Syria, but to Constantinople, whither they had determined to proceed, and take part in the civil war then rending the feeble and tottering Greek empire. Arriving there early in April, they won several cheap victories over the Greeks, and, encouraged by these successes, they resolved to attempt the assault of Constantinople itself. After a short but fierce attack the city was carried by storm, and a large part of it given up to the flames, from a cowardly fear that some treachery might deprive them of the fruits of victory. This conquest was followed by the restoration of their ally, the deposed Emperor Isaac, and by various intrigues and battles growing out of the hatred and jealousy with which they were regarded by the Greeks. Finally, in April, 1204, nearly a year after their first conquest of Constantinople, they again sacked the city, and chose one of their own number, Baldwin, Count of Flanders, emperor. A feudal monarchy, in which most of the principal leaders became crown vassals, was thus established on the wreck of the Greek empire; and, busy with defending their new domains, nothing more was thought of the conquest of Palestine. Thus ended the fifth Crusade in the personal aggrandizement of its leaders, but without directly accomplishing any thing for the redemption of Syria.

The result had disappointed the wishes and expectations of the Roman pontiff; and with this virtual failure of the fifth Crusade, Innocent began to summon the faithful for a new attempt to recover the holy places. In the mean time, however, occurred two of the most remarkable events in the history of the Middle Ages,—the Albigensian Crusades and the Crusade of the Children. In truth, the annals of religious persecution offer no blacker pages to the historical student, than those which

describe the exterminating wars waged against the polished but gay and licentious heretics of Provence, by Simon de Montfort; and in the Crusade of the Children we have a still more remarkable illustration of the strong grasp with which superstition had everywhere seized the popular mind. But our limited space compels us to omit any further notice of these remarkable enterprises, though some knowledge of them is necessary to a thorough appreciation of the crusading spirit.

This spirit had, in these expeditions, reached its culminating point, and now began to decline. Nevertheless, Innocent zealously labored to prepare men for a sixth Crusade, which he was even desirous of leading in person to the Holy Land. After his death his successors, Honorius the Third and Gregory the Ninth, continued to urge on the work, but with only partial success. Finally, however, Andrew the Second, king of Hungary, placed himself at the head of a considerable army, and proceeded to Palestine. Here he remained only a short time, and, without accomplishing any thing worthy of notice, returned to Europe, leaving a portion of his army to aid in any enterprise that might be undertaken during his absence. After his departure John de Brienne, a French knight who had become king of Jerusalem by marriage, determined to carry his arms into the heart of the enemies' country, and at the head of a numerous force undertook the siege of Damietta, in Egypt. Success at first attended his efforts, and this important city, after a vigorous and protracted resistance, surrendered to the Christian army. But jealousies and dissensions again followed victory; and in the end the Christians were obliged to make a disgraceful peace and return to Palestine. At a little later period, but forming a part of the history of the same Crusade, Frederick the Second, emperor of Germany, though still under the papal ban, set out at the head of another considerable army. Arriving in Palestine about the year 1229, he at once entered into negotiations with the Saracens; and a treaty was soon concluded by which Jerusalem and the Holy Land were given up to the Christians. Thus victorious, Frederick entered Jerusalem in triumph, and, having married the daughter of John de Brienne, was himself crowned king. He might justly boast, when he thought of this

result, that by his policy alone, and without bloodshed, he had obtained for the Crusaders more than all the battles and sieges of his predecessors had won; and having secured this honorable means of retreat from a war into which he had somewhat unwillingly entered, he returned to Europe. But his peace gave little satisfaction either to his army or to the Eastern Christians, who regarded it as an insult that the misbelievers should be permitted to worship in the same places with themselves, and whose wishes all pointed to the extirpation of the Moslems.

Not long after these events, however, Palestine was overrun by the Carismians, a fierce and warlike tribe from the banks of the Caspian, who, flying before the advancing hordes of the Tartars, had spread themselves throughout Western Asia, everywhere carrying destruction in their path. In their incursion the feeble kingdom of Jerusalem received a fresh blow; and a new call for help to sustain its failing fortunes was raised. For a time this cry seemed likely to pass unheeded. But at length Louis the Ninth of France, a monarch in whom wisdom and superstition were strangely blended, and who was then slowly recovering from a bed of sickness, resolved to take the cross and lead an army into Egypt, the great stronghold of Moslem power, where he designed to form an efficient Christian colony. A number of English noblemen of distinction, and many of his own knights, resolved to accompany him; but so extensive were the preparations, and so numerous the delays, that nearly four years elapsed before the expedition was ready to set sail. Directing his course to Damietta, he arrived there early in 1249, and so eager was he to commence the execution of his plan, that, according to De Joinville, before his vessel reached the shore, "he leaped into the sea, which was up to his shoulders, and advanced to the land, his shield on his neck, his helmet on his head, and lance in hand." At first, success crowned his arms, and Damietta became an easy prize by the precipitate flight of the Saracen troops. But in the end disaster and destruction marked his progress. His march towards Cairo was attended by so many difficulties and dangers, that he was obliged to order a retreat; disease and famine weakened his daily diminishing force; multitudes were massacred by the Saracens, who hung upon his

march; and finally the king himself and most of his army were taken prisoners. His own release was only obtained by the surrender of Damietta; and for the ransom of his army an immense sum of money was also paid by the king. After his release he proceeded to Palestine, where he passed two or three years longer in rebuilding various places, but without accomplishing any thing to efface the sad memory of his Egyptian campaign.

Nevertheless, the crusading spirit had lost none of its power over his superstitious mind. Sixteen years later, when the Mamelukes had swept over Syria like an avalanche, bearing down every thing before them, alone, and almost unaided, he undertook the eighth and last Crusade. All Europe, indeed, grieved at the sorrowful tidings borne from the East; but, as Michelet observes, "St. Louis alone felt the wound at his heart." Placing himself at the head of a considerable army, he was led by adverse circumstances, and by the hope of converting the king of Tunis, to direct his course towards that hot and pestilential climate. Upon landing, the army met with little resistance; but it was compelled to be constantly on the guard against surprise; and unaccustomed to so warm a climate, disease, famine, and fatigue soon made terrible inroads upon it. In the midst of these troubles the king himself fell sick; and already weakened by his monkish austerities, he could not successfully combat the terrible disease which had fastened upon him. On the 25th of August, 1270, he died, lying upon a bed of ashes, covered with haircloth, and with words of pious joy still breathing from his lips. His death touched all hearts with sadness, and sounded the knell of the Christian power in the East. After his death his brother, Charles of Anjou, took command of the army, and continued the war for a brief period in Tunis; but he soon concluded a truce with the Moors; and abandoning the further prosecution of the Crusade, the remnant of the army returned home. In the mean time the Mussulmans were waging a successful war in Palestine, which was only temporarily checked during the brief presence in that doomed land of Prince Edward of England, afterwards known as Edward the First. After his departure, the few places which still acknowledged the Christian

supremacy fell into the hands of the misbelievers; and with the surrender of Acre, in 1291, the last bulwark of that kingdom which Godfrey had founded was destroyed. From that time the Popes labored in vain to revive the crusading spirit; and the followers of Mohammed remained in undisputed possession of the holy places. Various Crusades, indeed, were preached against the Turks; but none of them were pressed with much energy, or were more than feeble shadows of those remarkable enterprises whose history we have thus briefly traced.

Six generations had now passed away since Peter the Hermit preached the first Crusade. Men had thronged to Palestine from every portion of Western Europe, to wrest the holy places from the hands of unbelievers, or to defend the newly founded Christian kingdom. Thither they had gone from the pine-covered mountains of Norway, from the rocky fastnesses of Germany, from the seagirt shores of England, and from the sunny plains of France and Italy. Many millions had left their homes to fight for their religion in another continent, or to perish of starvation and disease upon its dry and barren plains. Their blood had been poured out like water; their bones had covered every spot between the Bosphorus and Jerusalem; and there was not a royal or a noble family, from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, which had not lost some of its brightest ornaments in these long-continued wars. Uncounted sums of money had been lavished upon the preparations, or been spent in the purchase of food or in profligate enjoyments after arriving in Asia. And now what had been the result of all this vast expenditure of life and treasure? If we confine our observation to the Eastern world, it will be difficult to say in what respect the inhabitants of Asia or the Christian pilgrims were benefited by the Crusades. The end of the eleventh century saw the Mussulmans masters of every part of Palestine. The close of the thirteenth century saw them reestablished in the same power. In the mean time war had devastated every portion of the land; cities had been repeatedly destroyed; and that frightful depravation of morals incident to the incursions of hostile armies had been witnessed to its fullest extent. Palestine remained a monument of the desolation and destruction which invariably follow in the path of religious wars.

But if from Asia we turn our investigations towards Europe, we shall find, in the state of civilization subsequent to the Crusades, many and remarkable evidences of the beneficial results flowing from them. It is from them, and from the peculiar condition of affairs to which they gave rise, that we can first trace those vast changes in the social fabric which tended to lead men out of the superstition and semi-barbarism of the Middle Ages, into the light of our modern civilization. It was in two distinct and clearly marked ways that the Crusades produced these changes, and introduced a new era. In the first place, the natural result of these protracted and costly wars was, in the end, to exhaust the resources and weaken the power of the feudal barons. In the next place, they constantly tended to build up the commercial classes; and these two effects operating together resulted to a very large extent in the transfer of power from the baronial hall to the city and the exchange. It was at this period that many of the free cities of Italy and Germany had their origin, and that others attained their highest degree of power and magnificence. Engaged in commerce or in industrial pursuits, and abstaining from any direct participation in these wars, their inhabitants were in a position to reap every advantage from the conflict, whether success or defeat attended the steps of the Crusaders. In the Eastern seas their ships carried on a profitable trade with all the cities of Syria, and found frequent employment in transporting fresh armies to the seat of war. At home, all those products of their industry which entered into the equipment of a knight reached to an unprecedented price; whilst the possessions of the barons were proportionally depreciated in value. Money became the first necessity of the Crusaders; and in order to obtain it, they were compelled to part with many of their most valuable estates and privileges, and even to yield the sovereignty of many important places. Nor was it the larger cities and more wealthy citizens alone who sought and obtained these privileges and civic rights. Many a little city throughout France, especially, purchased its freedom from some territorial baron; and with each successive alienation the power of the feudal system was weakened, and those rival institutions which were ere long to crush it gained a new weapon for its overthrow.

Other circumstances also contributed to weaken the barons and to strengthen the merchants. During the Crusades, the seignorial courts lost much of their authority; and by degrees many of the causes which had hitherto been determined in them were transferred to the ecclesiastical or municipal courts. With this transfer a new and complex system of judicature gradually grew up, to which the barons were entirely unaccustomed, and whose intricacies their uneducated minds could not penetrate. As the consequence they were compelled to yield up the dispensation of justice to men whom they heartily despised, but who had been trained in all the intellectual subtleties of the age. The changes in the structure of armies, and in military science, to which the Crusades gave birth, still further enfeebled the barons, by substituting for the independent bands composing a feudal army, a compact and disciplined body under one responsible leader. The baron thus fell from a leader himself into a mere captain; and his importance was again diminished by the greater military value placed upon foot soldiers after the experience of the Eastern wars. From that time the mounted knight and the common soldier were regarded as more nearly equal in battle than they had hitherto been considered.

On the other hand, the commercial body was strengthened by all these causes, and by the great impulse given to the arts of navigation. During the Crusades, ship-building and all maritime enterprises received an impetus which raised the commercial cities into new importance. In the pursuit of gain, many a Crusader forgot the cause in which he had embarked, and turned his thoughts to the prosecution of enterprises which should restore his wasted fortune. New routes were opened to the great Eastern marts; and by this means Venice, Pisa, and Genoa reaped a richer harvest than ever from their foreign commerce. As the Crusaders saw the wealth which the people of these proud and opulent cities enjoyed, they became anxious to share in these benefits, and upon the shores of the Baltic and in France rose many cities which owed their origin and rapid growth to the maritime enterprises which the Crusades directly fostered. The merchants thus became a new and important element in the civilization of the age.

It was in these two important respects that the chief results of the Crusades were witnessed. But they also tended to enlarge the sphere of human knowledge in various ways. A more correct idea of the geography of the East was brought back by the Crusaders, and from this time the crude notions which had heretofore existed in regard to the relative size and position of different kingdoms were dissipated. Historical compositions became more common, and were more carefully prepared. The philosophy of the East and of ancient Greece was more widely diffused. New facts in natural history became known to the men of science who accompanied the Christian armies, or who remained at home in their monasteries. Architecture began to flourish with the return of the Crusaders; and some of the fairest works of Eastern art were reproduced in the cities of the West. Many useful inventions were also introduced to the knowledge of Europeans by the Crusaders. And, finally, from this period we must date the decline of serfdom, which had hitherto been so striking a feature in the feudal system. Such, in general, were the results of the Crusades. They had been undertaken for the prosecution of a somewhat wild and visionary scheme. But in this they signally failed of success. Other triumphs were won than those contemplated by their preachers,—triumphs of which they never dreamed, and which they would have regarded with horror, if some prophet had unveiled the future to them. Other men reaped the harvest than those rough barons who poured forth from every castle to the fight. Still, it cannot be doubted that the results of the Crusades were far more beneficial to the general interests of Europe, than they could have been if every ambitious baron had founded a powerful principality on the shores of the Mediterranean or the banks of the Jordan, and Palestine continued a Christian kingdom.

ART. IX. — PROFESSOR FARRAR.

DR. JOHN FARRAR, formerly Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, died at his residence in that city on the eighth day of May. He was one of the last survivors of the brilliant circle of men of science and letters who were associated with President Kirkland in the chief places of administration of Harvard College. He had rendered important services to learning. He was an object of respect and cordial gratitude to the numerous persons whose studies he had directed, many of them still in active life. He had been most kindly accessible to all,—scholars or not scholars,—who wanted any knowledge to which he could help them; and not a few remember him gratefully for such aid. He had sustained all relations with an eminent conscientiousness. He had rendered generous services whenever he had the power, and that was very frequently. He had a large and warm heart. His virtues had an uncommon attractiveness and grace. His bright and strong mind had borne the fruits of an assiduous culture. He has left a void among the friendships, and taken an honored place in the memory, of good men.

John Farrar was born in 1779, in the town of Lincoln, Massachusetts, on a farm which has been in the possession of the family through five generations. Jacob Farrar of Lancaster, his progenitor at the fifth remove, was killed by the Indians in Philip's war, soon after their destruction of that town. The family trace their lineage to Robert Farrar, Bishop of St. David's, who suffered at the stake for his religion, March 30, 1555. Samuel Farrar, father of John, led a company of militia to the fight at Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, and afterwards served with credit in the Revolutionary war, especially in the siege of Boston and the campaign which terminated in the capture of Burgoyne. That business over, he changed his military title for that of Deacon, which he retained through life. Having educated his eldest son at college, he expected the two others to become farmers like himself. To John, the youngest, were assigned the care of the garden, and those offices

about home which made him particularly useful to his mother, whose darling he was. So his boyhood passed away, its even tenor broken by but one unhappy accident. Reared under the strictest Puritan regimen, he rarely joined in the amusements of the youth of the neighborhood. Once he was prevailed on to attend a dance at a friend's house some miles off, and, returning late at night, was thrown from his horse, and broke his arm. He kept on, stabled his horse, and went to bed, but not to rest, with his very uncomfortable secret. A night of bodily and mental pain taught him that it could be kept no longer; and the broken limb was considered as the wholesome and seasonable chastisement of an erring child.

Like Jesse's son of old, going with domestic supplies to the camp, the youngest hope of the Lincoln farmer's house was often sent on horseback to Cambridge with changes of clothes for his studious brother. The charms of learned leisure, however, had never seemed to tempt him from his garden and his mother, when on one of his missions he chanced to see the students practising with a fire-engine. This seemed to him in after years to have been what determined the course of his life. The pastime struck his fancy so agreeably as to lead him immediately to request his father to permit him to prepare for college. He was allowed to have his way, and was sent to Phillips Academy at Andover, then under the care of that distinguished teacher, the late Mark Newman. He was here an inmate of the family of the reverend Dr. French, with which an alliance subsequently took place, by the marriage of Dr. French's son to Mr. Farrar's only sister. Meanwhile his elder brother, who had finished the college course, and served a year as Tutor, was studying law at Haverhill. The correspondence which now took place between them is marked with the truest brotherly affection, and the ingenuous and respectful docility with which the younger received the elder's advice. The letters of the former indicate the high enjoyment which he had come to have in his studies, especially in the departments of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, destined to be the special employment of his riper age. A letter in which he gives an account of the examination for admittance opens a pleasant glimpse of old times.

"We took our books and set off, walked across the Common, and ascended four or five long winding stairs into a huge, dark, hot entry, and there waited until half past eleven, which was about an hour and a half, when the division that had been under examination removed to the Museum. We were called in, took our seats before Messrs. Barron, Hedge, Wells, and Kendall, and our names, ages, &c. were taken off. Then Mr. Kendall examined us in the sixth chapter to the Romans, Mr. Wells in the tenth section 'Pro T. Annio Milone,' and then we were dismissed until half past two, at which time we returned and waited until after five, when we were again called for. We took our places, and were examined in the fifth book of Virgil. We were then sent into the Museum to make Latin, which being examined, we were called in. Our names all being called, we were sent to the President, 'not a little comforted.' He was so unwell, he only looked over our Latin, and then said: 'I accept you all,' giving us an extract from the laws. We went to the steward, got our bond, and so got through about eight of the clock."

At this time Mr. Farrar was twenty years of age. His fixed habits of order, sobriety, and diligence secured him against the temptations of college life, and his mind was so mature as to afford him the full benefit of its means of improvement. Like other students of limited means, he kept school in some country town during the winter vacations; once at Groton, where he formed a friendship with the elder members of the family of Lawrence, which lasted through their lives. Among his classmates he was happy enough to find many as well disposed as himself, and with some he formed intimate friendships, which only death interrupted. With one of these friends he passed a vacation at Cambridge, that they might read Shakspeare together. The two characteristics of his mind, which predominated in its later manifestation,—the imaginative faculty and the aptitude for natural science,—appear to have been, at this period, in simultaneous development. The *detur*, or reward of merit, assigned to him in 1802, we find from the College record to have been "Bonnycastle's Astronomy." At the public exhibition in April, 1803, he presented a mathematical exercise. At the Commencement at which he graduated Bachelor of Arts, the Latin Theses prepared by him were in the department of Physics, and he pronounced an English Dissertation "on the Moral Ten-

dency of Representations of Fictitious Distress." This was one of only four *single parts*, and we suppose ranked second or third among them. The English Oration was spoken by the present distinguished President of the Massachusetts Historical Society; the Latin Salutatory, by Samuel Kirkland; and an English Poem, by Daniel Waldo Lincoln of Worcester, both persons of brilliant promise, who died in early manhood. Among other eminent members of the same class were the Hon. Lewis Strong of Northampton, Dr. Swan of Medford, and Edward Payson, Nathan Parker, Samuel Willard, and Asa Eaton, the much-honored clergymen respectively of Portland, Me., Portsmouth, N. H., and Deerfield and Boston, in this State. With the last-named gentleman, especially, his room-mate during the whole or most of the college course, Mr. Farrar formed a close and lasting intimacy.

After taking the first academical degree, he remained a few weeks at Cambridge, considering in what way he might accomplish his wish to pursue at Andover the preparatory studies of the Christian ministry, to which profession he had long before devoted himself. He had heard of some provision for the support of two students in theology in that place, and he wrote to his brother, who was now practising law there, to make inquiries respecting it in his own behalf and in that of his friend, Mr. Eaton. While Mr. Samuel Farrar was still quite young, he had become the object of what proved a very lasting and generous friendship on the part of Mrs. Phillips, wife of Lieutenant-Governor Samuel Phillips. That excellent lady, recently widowed, now extended her regard to the brother of her young friend, and offered the aid necessary to enable him to pursue his studies in her neighborhood. The brothers being thus united, the correspondence between them heretofore constantly kept up was discontinued, and with it written memorials fail for a period of two years. But Mr. Farrar was used in later life to refer to this time as filled with tranquil enjoyment, — his mind occupied with interesting studies, and his heart buoyed up with happy hopes of diligent service to God and men.

He was licensed as a preacher, and had already several engagements for the temporary supply of vacant pulpits,

when in the summer of 1805 he was unexpectedly appointed by the Corporation of the University to the office of Tutor in Greek. The proposal—such already appeared to be his delicate nervous organization—threw him into great perplexity, and, as he has been heard to say, even “anguish of soul.” To accept it, to the abandonment, or, at all events, postponement, of his purpose to labor in the sacred profession, seemed to him like “looking back after putting his hand to the plough.” He would have rejected it, but for the earnest dissuasion of his brother and their revered friend. He pondered, consulted, and prayed. The counsel which he received from deservedly trusted friends opposed his own preference, and it was after many sleepless nights and anxious days that he came to the conclusion which was to give a new direction to his life.

The correspondence with his brother, resumed after his departure for Cambridge, indicates the mental conflict which he had passed through, and which was scarcely so finished as not to leave misgivings and uneasiness. He did not yet apprehend the still more severe one, which before long was to come on. He continued still to receive evidences of the friendship of his benefactor at Andover, and returned messages of esteem and gratitude. Compared with the present, that time was the day of small things in Greek scholarship. But Mr. Farrar applied himself vigorously to his business, and in a short time doubled the amount of instruction in the department. Meanwhile he had by no means relinquished the expectation of a clergyman’s life, but frequently appeared in the pulpit,—almost always once, at least, in each week.

The further conflict to which we have referred shook the health of the young theologian, and for some time quite destroyed his peace of mind. Those great questions of Scriptural interpretation had now begun to be discussed, which tried and changed the creed of many earnest thinkers. In 1805, Channing and Buckminster had begun to attract admiring crowds in Boston. In that year, the elder Ware was chosen Hollis Professor of Divinity, and the controversy broke out, in its first form, which ultimately rent the Congregational Church of New England. Numerous fine minds at Cambridge were deeply moved by the new discussion. The rare talent

and accomplishments of Nichols, Frisbie, Thacher, and Norton, were enlisted in the support of the *liberal* school of Christian doctrine, and the Greek Tutor lived in their constant companionship. How much was due to surroundings, how much to his own independent investigation and thought, is a question which it would be bootless to entertain. But the result was, that after a long and sharp struggle he found himself separated in opinion from his earlier friends, and no longer able to satisfy their expectations as a preacher of the Gospel.

In this state of mind he was met by an appointment to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, vacated in the preceding year by the advancement of Professor Webber to the Presidency, and declined in the interval by Dr. Bowditch, and by Dr. McKean, afterwards the eminent Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. Chief Justice Parsons was then the leading spirit in the Corporation. He was the only member of it, whose authority, by reason of acquaintance with that department of knowledge, would have had weight in the choice of the Hollis Professor. We have understood, in former years, that it was his discernment in the young Greek Tutor of an aptitude for mathematical and physical learning, that led to the selection. It must certainly be regarded as an experiment. But, as circumstances then were, natural capacity and taste, coupled with ambition to excel and be useful, were necessarily all the qualification to be looked for in a candidate. In mathematics and physics there was extremely little learning in the country. There were probably not half a dozen persons in New England who knew the rudiments of the differential calculus. Webber's Course of Mathematics, beginning with Numeration, and closing with an elementary chapter on Spherical Astronomy, was the College text-book, and unless our memory is greatly at fault, even the end of that manual was never reached or approached by any class. Pure mathematics was a very unwelcome study. Nine tenths of every class had broken down in quadratic equations; seven eighths did not get so far. In physics, the book used in recitations was Enfield's Elements of Natural Philosophy, — an insufficient and unskillful compend originally, and already far behind the progress of discovery. With the

exception of Dr. Bowditch's contributions, the *Memoirs* of the American Academy at that period betoken the same low state of science. There are papers not without value, but their value consists for the most part in judicious observations, or ingenious inventions and conjectures. The higher walks of mathematics and physical philosophy were untrodden.

Mr. Farrar's services to science must be estimated with reference to these facts. He began a reform, prosecuted it with ability and diligence, and carried it far. He "organized victory"; he prepared the way for the triumphs which have since been won. He sprang to a place far above the level of his countrymen, and lifted others to it on their way to superior heights; and that is a great glory for any man. The early years of his official life were necessarily employed in the preparation of his own mind for its common duties; in fitting himself to be a competent teacher by bringing his own knowledge up to the European standard of the day. This done, he passed to a wider circle of enterprise and influence. In 1818, he published "*Elements of Algebra*," translated from the French of Lacroix, which was succeeded in the nine following years by eleven other works, translated from Legendre, Biot, Bézout, and others, on different subjects of mathematics and physics. These treatises were adopted for the course of instruction, not only at Cambridge, but at the United States Military Academy and other principal institutions of learning throughout the country; and, though since partly superseded in the progress of science, they introduced that very taste and knowledge which now require a more elaborate apparatus. They had the forming of the race of more mature scholars now upon the stage.

On his acceptance of the Hollis Professorship, Mr. Farrar, justly considering, that, in the new direction which his life had taken, he was not to fulfil the expectations of his benevolent friend, Mrs. Phillips, made haste to restore the money expended by her on his education, accompanying that step with the most respectful and affectionate acknowledgments of a grateful heart.

During the first six years of the *North American Review*, Mr. Farrar furnished some half dozen articles for

its pages, all of them on scientific subjects.* The only later contribution from his pen to that work is believed to have been a review of "Arago on Comets," in 1836. It was not long after this time that painful illness incapacitated him for such engagements. His papers embraced in the Memoirs of the American Academy are "Observations on the Great Comet of 1811," "Abstract of Meteorological Observations made at Cambridge from 1790 to 1813," "Abstract of Meteorological Observations made at Andover," "Account of the Violent and Destructive Storm of the 23d of September, 1815," and "Account of a Singular Electrical Phenomenon, observed during a Snow-Storm accompanied with Thunder." He was Recording Secretary of the Academy thirteen years, from 1811 to 1824, Vice-President in 1829 and 1830, and a member of the Committee of Publication in 1810 and the fourteen following years. In 1833, Bowdoin College gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

To speak frankly our own impression, and with none of the authority of an expert, Professor Farrar was the best lecturer we ever listened to, in any department. The apparatus of those days was rude and inadequate, and not suited to nice and intricate demonstrations. It was not in these, accordingly, that he excelled. But his fluency and grace, his easy mastery of his subjects, for all purposes at which he aimed, and — crowning all, and singularly distinguishing him — the poetical coloring and enthusiasm which characterized his treatment of them, gave an indescribable fascination to the exhibitions of his lecture-room. Of this last-named quality his printed pieces equally bear the stamp. They are over-pourings of the genius of a poet-philosopher.

Professor Farrar was always, from first to last, a rare favorite with the students. He was understood to be as strict and resolute in discipline as any of his associates; but his inborn artlessness, friendliness, and nobility of soul shone out in all his intercourse; he was full of the best of those qualities that most win the young. We clearly remember the time and place when, never having heard his name, we first saw him, on the day of

* *North American Review*, Vol. III. pp. 36, 285; VI. 205; VIII. 157; XII. 150; XIV. 190.

examination for admittance to College, and the strong impression of his character which we received at the first glance, — an impression only confirmed by many years of friendly experience. In the worst times of dissent between governors and governed, we never heard his justice or honor called in question, or his name uttered without respect. And this, too, while he had the most wilful and restiff subjects for his discipline. For he taught in the branch in which negligence and ignorance were almost a point of honor with spirited youth, less intelligent than now.*

We revert to some particulars of his more personal history. As early as the time of the publication of the first of his series of manuals from the French, he had so injured his eyes by imprudent study as to have but a partial use of them for two or three years. As an occupation suited to his weak sight, he made a large wooden model of a house which he was intending to build, with every door, window, closet, and staircase accurately finished. He had heard that gentlemen who undertook to be their own architects were apt to fall upon impracticable combinations; and he chose to put his own scheme to this test.

While a bachelor, he occupied apartments in the house (opposite to where now stands the Law School) owned by the College, and attached to the Hollis Professorship; the rooms not wanted for his own accommodation being let to such graduates or students as he liked to have about him. In his abstraction in his recluse pursuits, the old woman employed as housekeeper was so completely mistress of the establishment, that, on one occasion, having her compassion moved for a sick colored man with-

* As an illustration of this point, we may perhaps be allowed to ask forgiveness for the accessories, and quote a scrap from a College anacreontic, much shouted in those times, in which the poet had enshrined the established opinion concerning different members of the College Faculty:—

“ When to Farrar we drink, let no heel-taps remain,
For so worthy a soul we shall ne’er see again;
Who never grudged any the credit his due,
And like a true gentleman handled the screw.”

The “screw” will be remembered by contemporaries as standing, in the local slang, for the mystic torture applied to delinquent students in the recitation-room.

out a home, she took him in, nursed him till his death, and had him buried, without her employer knowing any thing of what had passed, till a friend asked him what funeral it was which had been seen moving from his house.

In 1820, he married that admirable lady, Lucy Maria Buckminster, sister of the distinguished young pastor of the church in Brattle Square, Boston. For a while they occupied the parsonage of the First Church in Cambridge, but in 1821, with Mrs. Farrar's three sisters, removed to the house of President Kirkland, changing the President's bachelor solitude for a domestic circle the constant resort of many of the choice spirits of the time, and which some persons still live to remember as combining every charm of brilliant and fascinating society. The President was then in the glory of his powers and his fame, and his house, like his heart, had a large hospitality. Too often for their own satisfaction, the evening guests had to miss Mr. Farrar from his welcome place among them. His diagrams and figures controlled his hours with a potent spell.

In the autumn of 1822, the ill health of Mrs. Farrar made it necessary for them to seek a milder climate. Accompanied by her eldest sister, they sailed for the Azores, and, having visited Fayal, established themselves at St. Michael's for the winter. The voyage and the air of the islands proved most salutary to the invalid, and her seeming restoration made their residence there delightful. The hospitable dwelling of the American consul, Mr. Hickling, the resort of all strangers, was always open to them. They passed the winter at his country seat, situated among hot springs, in the crater of an extinct volcano. In the spring of 1824, they returned to Dr. Kirkland's house at Cambridge, with a good house-keeper to relieve Mrs. Farrar of domestic cares. But the hopes which had been entertained of her recovery proved delusive, and, at Waltham, after frequent changes of residence during the summer, she died, about the middle of September, to the inexpressible sorrow of many friends.

Mr. Farrar returned to the President's house, where he was solaced by the society of his wife's sisters, and tried to master his grief by constant, and, it must now be feared, rash and excessive application to his studies. He would

sometimes keep at work all night upon the books which he was printing, and go to hear his recitations in the morning without having had a moment's repose.

His house having been finished early in 1824, he let it for a year, but at the end of that time took apartments in it, while the rest was in the occupation of a friend. This mode of life he continued, till, in 1828, he married Eliza, daughter of Benjamin Rotch, Esq., of London. She had been for some years residing with her grandfather, William Rotch, of New Bedford, and at his decease was to have returned to her family in England, had not a new tie held her here.

Mr. Farrar had been alone in his house the last year before his second marriage, and the solitude had weighed upon his spirits. In his frequent visits to New Bedford, it was obvious that he was a nervous invalid. During the first year after his marriage he would return from his College duties so exhausted as to be incapable of employing himself for the rest of the day. He could not read, nor hear reading; and his only resource was to walk, or drive in an open carriage, or, in winter evenings, to lie on a sofa, and listen to stories told by his wife. His health sensibly gave way under an increase of labors consequent upon arrangements made for a consolidation of College offices in 1827 and 1828.

In 1831, having obtained leave of absence for eight months, he went with his wife to England, where they passed the winter in the house of her parents. He made a short visit to Paris, and returned in April to Cambridge, where he gave his whole course of annual lectures in the remaining four months of the academical year. He now made arrangements for relinquishing one third of his salary, with his tasks in the recitation-room, continuing only to lecture. But even this proved to be too much for his strength. Frequent attacks of nervous debility and slow fever followed, until, in 1836, Dr. Jackson told him he must withdraw from his office, or suffer some terrible infliction of disease. Painful as the step was, to an extreme degree, he could not but see that there was no right alternative; and he presented his resignation towards the close of that year.

Contemplating now a more extensive tour in Europe, he embarked at New York for Liverpool, with Mrs.

Farrar and an agreeable party of friends. A tour to the English lakes and into Scotland was but half enjoyed, on account of his nervous depression ; but he rallied a little during a quiet winter spent in the house of his father-in-law, in London. The spring of 1837 was passed in Paris, where he revised one of his books for a new edition ; a work which would better have been left undone, as it brought back his malady with new force.

Two years more were passed in journeying in France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, and he seemed to have great enjoyment of both nature and art in a tranquil way. Besides himself and Mrs. Farrar, the party included an accomplished young American lady, and a young Englishman of great acquirements and antiquarian tastes. Unlike most American travellers on the continent of Europe, they were never in a hurry. They preferred viewing a few things well, to a mere glance at many. In the mode of journeying, and in other arrangements, careful regard was had to the state of Mr. Farrar's spirits and health, each of his companions feeling it to be a pleasure to minister to him.

At the end of the second summer passed in Switzerland, the party broke up, and, from apprehension of the effects of the winter climate of London, it was decided that he should pass the cold months at Nice, that ancient town, so romantically situated on the edge of the Mediterranean, at the foot of the maritime Alps. Several American families known to Mrs. Farrar were settled there for the winter, and formed a most agreeable society. Parties were made every day for excursions among the charming scenery of that picturesque country ; the ladies on donkeys and the gentlemen on foot would wander through orange-gardens and olive-groves to some romantic pass in the mountains, or to the ancient castle or monastery perched on what, at a distance, seemed an inaccessible height ; and, after a promenade of several hours, would return to a luncheon of bread and figs at one of their houses, and arrange their plans for the evening.

While leading this regular and agreeable life, Mr. Farrar was suddenly seized, on the 4th of February, 1839, by the nervous malady that attended him to the grave. The dry north wind, called the *Bise*, had now begun to

blow at Nice, and it was thought prudent for him to retreat from it to the South of Italy. Touching at Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia, he sailed into the Bay of Naples at sunrise, and his melancholy was relieved for an hour by the beauty of the scene. He revisited places that had charmed him the year before, but the power of enjoying them was gone. At the end of three weeks, in company with some American friends, he began a journey to England by the way of Marseilles. A very boisterous passage by sea to that place was succeeded by a disagreeable journey in the teeth of that dry north wind from which he had fled at Nice, and which now distressed his nervous system wellnigh beyond endurance, and almost entirely deprived him of sleep.

Arrived at Paris, he was again advised to use opiates, notwithstanding what had appeared to be their hurtful influence. The consequences were alarming, and Mrs. Farrar hastened with him to England, to seek the counsel and aid of her own family. A brother met her at Southampton, and conducted the sufferer to her father's house; but not to her father, the news of whose death had reached her at Marseilles.

The noise of London, and the change in the family occasioned by its recent bereavement, affected him so injuriously, that it was thought best to place him at a large establishment for nervous invalids, just opened under the patronage and control of a brother of Mrs. Farrar, in a delightful country, twenty miles from London. Here Mr. and Mrs. Farrar were received as boarders. A pony and pony chair were placed at their disposal, and the young friend who had travelled with them on the Continent, and who had similar and greater kindnesses on their part to requite, joined them in their new residence, for the purpose of helping to nurse and amuse the patient. Mrs. Farrar's brother, with his wife, did the same, and passed most of the summer with them. All the members of her family were by turns her visitors at Denham Park, and rides, walks, and picnic parties varied the employments of each day. But nothing could procure quiet nights for Mr. Farrar. His sufferings from want of sleep were great, and it was in vain to seek relief from opiates; they only aggravated his disorder.

The eminent medical gentleman under whose care he

continued for three months, had undertaken the case on the condition that neither the patient nor his wife should know what medicines were administered. He fell off sensibly from day to day, till the treatment, which proved to have been by the use of morphine, was discontinued; after which, by slow degrees, he revived. The first week in January, he left Denham for a furnished house, which had been taken for him on Hampstead Heath, where, in a good air, and surrounded by friends in the house and neighborhood, he spent two months in comparative ease, but still suffering from sleepless nights.

Mrs. Farrar's friends desired to retain her in England, and dreaded her leaving them, to sustain such a charge alone. But she hoped that a return to his home and early associations might have a good effect, and on the 1st of March they embarked in a London packet for New York. From various circumstances, the voyage was an extremely unpleasant one. His nerves were painfully irritated, and he required two weeks' rest in New York to recruit him sufficiently to bear the journey to Cambridge. While his house was preparing, he was a short time the guest of the late Dr. Henry Ware, Jr. and his excellent wife. He enjoyed greatly his reestablishment under his own roof, and for a few months his health seemed much mended.

Before leaving London, he had begun to feel a neuralgic pain in the back of the right hand; and his physician said, "You have the enemy now at arm's length, and you had better keep him there"; adding, to Mrs. Farrar, "No matter how much his hand aches, it will relieve his brain." And so it proved. As the pain increased, his gloom passed away, and during the long years of severe suffering which followed, his mind was cheerful and serene, and he had much enjoyment of his books and his friends. He became so great a reader, that it was difficult to keep him supplied with the books which he liked. History, biography, and travels, with some of the periodical publications of the day, furnished his favorite occupation. Of statistics he was very fond, and his memory for them was astonishing. Works in his own department of science he was obliged to avoid, as any attention to that class of subjects was sure to be followed by increased pain and wakefulness.

For the first four or five years of his illness, he took a great deal of exercise in walking; but as his limbs became feeble and unmanageable, he sought the fresh air in an open carriage, and made it his daily practice to ride two hours and a half before, and an hour and a half after dinner, at all seasons and in all weathers. The severest storms did not keep him within doors. The motion of the carriage soothed his nerves, and allayed the pain in his hands; and he would sometimes come into his own grounds two or three times before he could resolve to enter the house, so much did he dread the increase of pain which he knew would follow. For the last eight years of his life, he was in perpetual motion, being, when not abroad in his carriage, rocked day and night, as the only means of quieting his nerves and preventing a trembling of the limbs, which was another painful form of his malady.

His strong constitution struggled hard for recovery, and there were times when it seemed about to prevail. But one relapse followed another, and after each successive remission, he failed to reach the point from which he had fallen, till every muscle of his frame was affected, and the worn-out machine refused to perform the functions necessary to life. After fourteen years of infirmity and pain, he sank to rest without a struggle.

For twelve years he was watched with every night, and was never, day or night, alone. For the last seven years he was unable to feed himself, or so much as to brush a fly from his face. He was so constituted as to make this dependence on others, at first, excruciating to him. The trial was of the most searching kind. But he brought his mind into absolute acquiescence in the appointment of Providence, and bowed his will humbly to the Father's. No murmur, no questioning of the mystery of his heavy burden, ever passed his lips. He meekly kissed the rod, and went through his appointed work of exemplifying the fortitude of a philosopher and the patience of a Christian.

It is to be regretted that no good portrait of Mr. Farra has been painted; his bust by Powers is one of the most successful efforts of that distinguished artist.

The following resolution was passed by the American Academy, at its first meeting after his death, on the

motion of Professor Lovering, seconded by Professor Peirce: —

“*Resolved*, That the Academy are deeply sensible of the loss they have sustained by the long illness and recent death of John Farrar, LL. D., formerly Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard College. Although his inspiring presence has not been with us for a period of years which now equals two thirds of a generation, we still remember with gratitude his various official service to the Academy, and his valuable contributions to science in the flower of his life. We remember still the poetical ardor with which he cultivated his favorite sciences, the fervor and enthusiasm with which he taught them, and the rare fascination and eloquence with which he discoursed upon them. We also remember the silent eloquence which beamed from his countenance in sickness and even death. For his rich intellectual gifts and his Christian dignity and courtesy, which many of us enjoyed so long, we would ever hold him in grateful remembrance.”

J. G. P.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Writings of PROFESSOR B. B. EDWARDS, *with a Memoir, by* EDWARDS A. PARK. In Two Volumes. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 491 and 500.

WE have read nearly all of one, and the larger portion of the other of these volumes, with so much interest, that we shall endeavor, as soon as the needful hours can be secured, to complete our reading of them. We will confess, that, before these books came under our notice, we belonged to the number of those referred to in the Memoir who underrated Professor Edwards, and had been accustomed to look upon him chiefly as a very laborious and faithful, but excessively dry scholar, valuable to the literary world chiefly as a collector of facts, and to the cause of sacred philology chiefly as a skilful dissector of words and sentences. It was a foolish and unfounded judgment, and we are glad to have been delivered from it. Besides the valuable testimony of Professor Park, the writings of Mr. Edwards which are republished in these volumes abundantly show the incorrectness of such an estimate of his gifts and calling. The Memoir possesses a double charm. It is a beautiful portrait, and it portrays a beautiful life. We know of no writer of our time upon religious sub-

jects, who succeeds more admirably than Professor Park in abating the charge of dulness that has been so frequently urged against "good books." It is quite impossible to nod over his pages. He is able to make even controversial divinity attractive. Not until we chanced once to listen to him in the Andover Chapel were we disabused of the youthful prejudice that "Orthodox" preachers are always dry. We have been grateful even to Princeton for the stimulus that it has afforded by its antagonism to his sparkling mind and graceful pen. As a theologian he is the last man, unless we except Dr. Bushnell, whom we could follow. He seems to us less consistently orthodox than his theological opponents, but this does not hinder him in the least from fascinating us, when, leaving the niceties of dogmatics, he discourses of religion and of religious men. His writings evince great power of analysis, a fine spiritual sensibility, and an exquisite taste.

The Memoir is evidently a work of love, yet we find no ground for a suspicion that a deep personal regard has blinded the eyes of the writer to the defects of the character which he delineates. He loved one who was *worthy* of love; a true Christian scholar; a believing, loving, laborious, earnest student; no mere bookworm, no selfish recluse, no scoffing *littéraire*, but a child of God and a disciple of Jesus, toiling early and late, and, alas! beyond his strength, in the field of good learning, for the honor of his Master, and for the relief of man's estate. Professor Edwards was one of those men, who are "built upon the foundation of the apostles and the prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone," and the structure was neither wood, nor hay, nor stubble, but golden, though Calvin had more hand in the work than was to have been desired. He was born and nurtured in a genuine Puritan home, under the most invigorating influences, and strong minds that are true to such a training always leave their mark. His opportunities for intellectual culture were not the best which New England then afforded; but any deficiency in this way was more than compensated by his excellent gifts and earnest diligence, and he became one of our best philologists and most accomplished general scholars. Imagination was certainly not his prominent faculty, yet he seems to have appreciated poetry, and to have had a fine taste for art. We think, judging from the specimens of sermons which are contained in the first volume, and from the description of his person and utterance by Professor Park, that he could never have been singularly useful as a preacher, though his words must have carried conviction, as the expression of a deep and sincere Christian experience, even to those who had little personal knowledge of him. The only drawback upon

our satisfaction in reading the Memoir takes the form of an inquiry, whether a man so earnest, penitent, and exemplary as Mr. Edwards ought not to have found more encouragement in Christianity; — whether the merciful, friendly Saviour, and the genial, hopeful, brave Paul, would not have done more than his faith seems to have done to establish his heart in a Christian joy. We do not mean to write any thing uncharitable, but we cannot refrain from alluding to what seems to us a very common error of religious guides, we mean the practice of applying the same side of Christianity to all classes of minds. We would not utter a syllable for the encouragement of that prevailing laxity which believes only in a God of love, and takes the easiest possible view of man's responsibility to a righteous Judge, and might learn a lesson from the words of Mohammed, "The heavens and the earth were not made for sport." And yet there are minds and hearts that need to be taught rather to trust in the mercy revealed by Jesus, than to dwell for ever upon the disorders and perils of the soul in its sad estrangement, — minds and hearts that are liable to be crushed, or at least darkened, by a too strenuous application of the fearful sayings of the Great Book. Certainly the passage through which the subject of this memoir passed from death to life was not enough illumined by the Gospel radiance; not that his penitence was excessive or morbid, not that good nature or decent morality is to be mistaken for the renewed heart of the Christian, but the darkness prevailed too long over the light. "His public consecration to God," writes Professor Park, "did not fully restore the cheerfulness which formerly marked his intercourse. Indeed, he seems never to have altogether recovered the buoyancy of his earlier life." We find him during his seminary life at Andover, at one time, "without the least hope of his final salvation"; and we must believe that an exaggeration of the sterner lessons of the Gospel, as well as the too great pressure of intellectual duties, brought him into this despondency. We must not forget that Jesus came to save *rather* than to destroy. Yet better so, better the darkest and saddest experience, better years of tears and agony, than the flippancy which treats salvation and everlasting life as a thing of course. How many escape the fears that haunted this truly Christian soul, not by a larger measure of wisdom, but by an exceeding shallowness and hardness of heart!

The papers that compose the second volume are able and timely, well filled with solid facts, skilfully arranged, and carefully argued. Some of the subjects are, "The Roman Catholic Religion in Italy," "Slavery in Ancient Greece," "Roman Slavery in the Early Centuries of the Christian Era," "Slavery

in the Middle Ages," "Female Education," "Early English Versions of the Bible," "Authenticity and Genuineness of the Pentateuch"; all exceedingly valuable and worthy to be rescued from the paper covers of periodicals, and sheltered behind the wooden walls of a solid book. We commend the *Essays on Slavery* to every clergyman and layman who would understand the relations of the Gospel and the Church of Christ to this ancient and fearful evil, and realize what has been done, and what is yet to be done, by our divine religion, for its removal from the earth which it has so long cursed. No one can read these papers on slavery, and say, that our Saviour has not fulfilled the words of Isaiah: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to proclaim deliverance to the captive"; — no one can read them, and yet question whether the race of man has been the gainer by the Gospel.

There are pages in these volumes which will have little value save for the personal friends of Mr. Edwards, and for their sake they are rightly found where they are. As a whole, the volumes are of permanent worth, and we confidently predict for them a hearty and wide acceptance. Every student of theology will do well to master their contents, and to strive after the spirit which breathes through the words.

The Old and the New; or the Changes of Thirty Years in the East, with some Allusions to Oriental Customs, as elucidating Scripture. By WILLIAM GOODELL, Missionary in Constantinople of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. With an Introduction by Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1853. 12mo. pp. xx., 240.

THIS book is a disappointment, yet not a failure. Its real intent is to quicken faith in the missionary work, to which the author has given his life. This it does by its fervent zeal, even more than by its encouraging details of unexpected success; by its self-sacrificing spirit, rather than by its trustworthy account of converted churches.

It will hardly be credited, yet it is not to be questioned, that for a great part of his life Mr. Goodell has been living at a short distance from Jerusalem, yet never felt able to take the mission time and money and gratify his earnest desire of seeing the Holy City. At Beirut, he was less than a hundred and fifty miles from Mount Zion, yet never permitted himself a fortnight of relaxation through the years of his residence at that flourishing seaport of Syria.

A less fervid spirit would have been cast down by the discouragements and driven off by the obstacles of a Protestant mission in Turkey. It is well known that our religion is looked down upon as irreligious by the Mussulman; it has not so frequent prayers nor so severe fastings as his own,—conversion to it would be infamy, and frequently death. Another difficulty was, but is not now, the entire insecurity of property and life, during the tyranny of the Janizaries, the incursions of the Arabs, or the extortions of irresponsible Pachas. A yet remaining obstacle is, that every Turkish missionary has to be a polyglot. Five languages are required for preaching every Sunday at Constantinople, in the mission chapel, English, German, Greek, Turkish, and Armenian; and not every one obtains such facility in any other language beside his native tongue, as will enable him to preach with power. Another trouble in Constantinople has been the perpetual change of residence; in twenty-nine years, from fire or similar necessity, our veteran friend has been obliged to move thirty-three times! He hardly alludes, in his self-forgetful spirit, to a yet severer sacrifice,—that of being obliged to send his children away from his sight, to be educated in a land of schools and Bibles.

Through all these drawbacks and difficulties, this little band has toiled on, until now there are abundant signs of harvest: the Armenian churches have become interested in a purer Gospel than their own; semi-Catholic priests have been converted; whole congregations, though probably small ones, have adopted Protestant, congregational worship; the persecution of missionary converts has generally ceased; the government has pledged itself to befriend our American brethren in their labors; property and life are now as safe as they were endangered before; the printing-press is doing wonders, especially in the education of the young; and Mr. Goodell and his fellow-laborers feel abundantly rewarded for their sufferings and sacrifices. Some of the names of their Armenian helpers are a little fanciful; Miss Morning-Star is one of their school-teachers; Miss Wisdom has recently married Mr. Glad-Tidings, a native preacher; another Armenian Christian minister is Mr. Resurrection, and another hopeful lady Miss Good-Works.

The only drawback from the interest of the book is, that a number of public addresses are inserted, not for their own value or acceptableness, but evidently to “make a book,”—when one so much better could have been written upon those “Oriental customs” to which hardly any allusion is made.

Poems. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Boston : Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. 16mo. pp. 190.

THE very high and nearly unanimous praise bestowed on these poems by the English journals has caused their republication in this country to be looked for with much interest. In the main, the favorable opinion formed from the extracts given in the different notices has been confirmed by a careful examination of the volume. Certainly, no other first volume of poetry in our time has been so rich in promise, or exhibited so much of power and beauty in its actual attainment ; and considering the extreme youth of the writer, — only twenty-one, it is said, — we are justified in entertaining the highest hopes of his future excellence. The freshness of his images, and their wonderful variety, the fervor and strength of his imagination, and the frequent terseness of his expressions, can hardly fail to give him a high place among poets, when he shall have gained greater practice in the art of versification, and his style shall have been chastised by a more mature taste. But at present his powers are cumulative, rather than constructive. He heaps together a succession of images of rare beauty, it is true, but he fails to fuse them all into an artistic picture. His poetry, therefore, cloyes by its affluence of imagery, without leaving a clear and vivid impression on the mind. Taken in detached portions, nothing can be finer than many parts of his *Life-Drama*, — the longest poem in the volume before us ; and in proof of this we might give copious extracts, in which every one would recognize the marks of a true poet. But as a whole, it leaves a very vague and unsatisfactory impression, and lacks that organic completeness which should mark every perfect work of art.

The volume contains only three poems and six or eight sonnets ; but small as it is, it contains more true poetry than many voluminous collections, and if the longer poem had been made even shorter, the volume would have been improved, though we should have lost much that is beautiful. One of the most important lessons for our poet to learn is, that too great an affluence of imagery wearies the reader almost as much as an entire absence of ornament. The book, however, is one of so much merit, that we will try to forgive some very grave faults that we find in it, not only for its promise, but for its own excellence.

Thalatta : a Book for the Sea-Side. Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 16mo. pp. 206.

For this beautiful compilation, we are indebted to the poetical taste of the Rev. Samuel Longfellow and the Rev. T. W. Hig-

ginson. As its title indicates, it comprises a collection of poems relating to the sea, and is chiefly designed for summer reading by the sea-shore, though it will always be esteemed as a choice collection of poetical gems. In the execution of their task, the editors have shown excellent judgment; and the reader will recognize in their selections nearly all the most familiar and most beautiful pieces suggested by their grand old theme. In addition to these are many other poems hardly less beautiful, though less generally known, and several original pieces. There are, indeed, very few pieces in the volume which are not fully entitled to the place they hold; and no true lover of poetry can read it without pleasure.

Correspondence of the American Revolution; being Letters of Eminent Men to George Washington, from the Time of his taking Command of the Army to the End of his Presidency. Edited, from the Original Manuscripts, by JARED SPARKS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. Four volumes. 8vo. pp. 549, 554, 560, 555.

THESE elegant volumes are the proper companions of the twelve volumes which bear the title of the "Writings of Washington." They will henceforth fill an honored place in any library which has even a single shelf devoted to our national literature. Though the laborious and most judicious editor of the letters and papers of Washington had shown a generous consideration for his readers, in illustrating that noble work by notes and appendices in a way to satisfy the curiosity of any one who might wish to have all the important matters referred to in the text made more clear to his mind, yet some readers were anxious for still further information. As we perused the letters of the commander-in-chief, we were constantly meeting with references to incidents and persons, to exigencies and plans, which connected themselves with the other parties to the correspondence. The editor must have felt a great degree of embarrassment from this very source, while preparing his former work for publication. On comparing the two works now, we find that the pith of many of the most important letters in the volumes before us had been skilfully extracted in the notes to the "Writings of Washington."

There are three methods by which historical facts may be presented, so as to make a written record the vehicle for conveying information to after ages. The first is that to which the title of a History is generally applied; where a narrative is constructed from an examination and a harmonizing of all the doc-

umentary materials that have a bearing on the subject. Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Bancroft, and Hildreth have given this shape to their labors. The next method is that which gathers together all the documents and prints them chronologically, giving us a *broadside*, a letter, a newspaper article, and a legislative act, on the same page, or on successive pages. The large and cumbersome volumes called "The American Archives" are formed upon this method. The third method, one which has many advantages to commend it, though there has never been a specimen of it actually produced, would be realized in a collection of all the correspondence that passed between the movers and actors in any great event. The nearest approach to this method has been made by President Sparks. If all the correspondence relating to the American Revolution, which he has edited, were arranged in a series of connected volumes, allowing every existing letter bearing upon each incident or subject to appear, through some convenient disposition of chapters and sections, with the aid of variations in typography, we should have a perfect specimen of the third historical method. If he does not finally put the results of his own labors into this shape, some other person, at a time not very distant, will doubtless attempt to carry out the plan.

These new volumes are richly stored with anecdotes, and with illustrations of character, as given in the letters of men who wrote just as the excitements of passing scenes called out all their individualities. The pages also exhibit, with unerring and undeceiving fidelity, some of the little jealousies which could not but have arisen amid the agitations of the time, even in some of the noblest breasts. Here we find that remarkable letter of the Rev. Jacob Duché (Vol. I. pp. 448-458), who figures in the engraving now to be seen in many dwellings, of the opening of Congress, officiating as chaplain. With the instinct of an unerring discretion, which was so marked a trait in the character of Washington, this mischief-fraught letter was sent to Congress. The patriotic letter which Francis Hopkinson addressed to this clergyman, who was his brother-in-law, another letter written by Mr. Duché from England to Washington, and the dignified reply of the latter, in Washington's Writings, are likewise to be read in this connection. The puritanical fervor of Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, utters itself in his epistles, in some sturdy sentences of a resolute spirit. General Lee is the only one who seems to have ventured upon a humorous vein in writing to Washington. There is a rollicking, cavalier-like freedom, and an occasional coarseness almost profane in some of his expressions. Lafayette's hearty admiration, his almost reverential love of his friend, shows itself in an intensity of utterance,

which makes even his French ardor sound like homely English feeling. His letters make a very rich element in the volumes before us.

Some sentences from General Arnold, upon *honor* (Vol. I. p. 355), read strangely under the dark shadow cast upon them by his subsequent treachery. We would refer our readers to a few sentences on page 204, Vol. I., describing a scene in Boston harbor, as a touch of the endurances of patriotism in the Revolution. A long and admirable letter from President Reed (Vol. III. pp. 15-28) seems to present a perfect daguerreotype of the sombre aspect of affairs in the midway period of the strife, and to prove that only through the persevering energy and the undaunted resolution of a few noble spirits of the time, could the protracted conflict have been carried to a propitious result.

A reader of these valuable and instructive volumes will be impressed anew, over almost every page, with admiration for the character of Washington. The deferential respect which he from the very first moment of his command secured from all who came into any relation with him, the expressions of entire confidence which every one who knew him made as a matter of course, and the ardent tributes of love and loyalty, never in danger of being confounded with flattery, which those who were privileged with his intimacy paid to his noble virtues, will continually lead a reader to withdraw his eye from the printed page, that he may muse upon the wisdom and goodness of God in giving to our nation this *providential man*. Who but Washington ever has received such tributes for such services, amid such risks and trials?

Three months after Washington had been put at the head of the army yet to be raised, Richard Henry Lee wrote to him (Vol. I. p. 52), "Your labors are no doubt great, both of mind and body, but if the praise of the present and future times can be any compensation, you will have a plentiful portion of that." Philip Schuyler, no doubt, caught some magnetic influence of patience from his commander, when after writing about "the barbarous complication of disorders" visited upon his body, and "the scandalous want of subordination" among his soldiers, he found grace to write: "If Job had been a general in my situation, his memory had not been so famous for patience. But the glorious end we have in view, and which I have confident hope will be attained, will atone for all." (Vol. I. p. 54.) After the battle of Monmouth, Henry Laurens, President of Congress, wrote to Washington: "Love and respect for your excellency is impressed on the heart of every grateful American, and your name will be revered by posterity." (Vol. II. p. 155.) A true prophecy.

The character of these volumes will be evident to our readers, even from the wholly inadequate account which we have given of them. To any one who would have a clear idea of the current of events in the American war, of the position, views, and services of the several prominent actors, and of the way in which many incidents and events contributed to impede or to advance the great result, these volumes will be indispensable.

The Life and Letters of STEPHEN OLIN, D. D., LL. D., late President of the Wesleyan University. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 361, 486.

WE have here an adequate memorial, not of a man great or remarkable in any particular, but of one who had the distinction of goodness, and who deserves the praise of devoted usefulness. The record of his early and of his college life, the sketch of his ministerial labors in different regions of this Union, his journals and letters while abroad, and his services to the literary institution over which he presided, warrant the expressions of regard for him from friends which are given in these volumes. We remember to have met with him in Italy, while he was struggling, as he did for years, with feeble health, and to have been pleasantly impressed by his sensible remarks on various subjects, and by his unpretending bearing. Such memorials of men who, after all, do the real work of a Christian life more effectively than do those of more shining endowments, are of value in quickening the right spirit, and in showing the way of right effort to all sympathizing readers.

A History of Jesus. By W. H. FURNESS. A New Edition, with an Introduction and Notes. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 315.

A REPERUSAL, in its new edition, of this unique performance, does not avail one whit towards reconciling us to what we regard as its extremely fanciful and wholly untenable theory of the Life of Jesus. The exquisite grace of the writer, the sweetness and beauty and earnestness with which he sets forth his theory, and the evident satisfaction which it affords to his own mind, engage, and, we may add, delight us on every page. If we were at all inclined to admit that the faculty called *insight* is equal to the office and the authority which the transcendental philosophy ascribes to it, we should say that Dr. Furness had indulged it more reverentially and lovingly, and to much better account, in

his theme, than has any other writer known to us. His attempt to elucidate his subject by allowing its marvellous facts, while he divests them of their marvellous aspect, shows an ingenuity which tends only to mystify a reader. He would bring the life and miracles of Jesus within the compass and range of nature. Of course, in one sense, all will assent to this, because nature may be fairly viewed as the scene and material within and through which God works all that is wrought. But if Jesus stands alone as such a manifestation of the resources of what is natural, if he has no successor, no rival, no equal, no duplicate, he becomes a phenomenon to be distinguished from the category of the *natural*, as that term is used in ordinary speech, and at that point Dr. Furness's theory fails.

That theory will by no means meet so much as one half of the recorded deeds ascribed to Jesus, and it is utterly inapplicable to every thing involved in his Messianic character as the Christ prophesied and provided for in the religious literature and institutions of the Jews. Dr. Furness's view is wholly generated by his own mind,—*subjective*, as the term is. The life of Jesus presents problems not soluble by any theory that rests with the resources of *nature*, unless his own integrity or the trustworthiness of the writers of the New Testament be denied. Jesus was either something less, or a vast deal more, than this view presents him. Yet while thus expressing, in so decisive a way, our own opinion, we ought to add, that no writer on this theme whose views are known to us has ever presented a more reverential and affectionate exhibition of the life of Jesus interpreted rationalistically. The difficulty to our mind is, that such an exhibition is and must be inadequate. The literal construction of the record gives us the best explanation of the undeniable facts of the case. Allow a God, to whom "all things are possible," to have sent his "Anointed" into the world to be a Redeemer and a Saviour, and we may spare ourselves all the labored ingenuity of rationalistic criticism. If the Christian religion does not involve that fact, it is time that the world gave over its interest in the matter.

Discourses on the Unity of God, and other Subjects. By WILLIAM G. ELIOT, JR., Pastor of the First Congregational Society of St. Louis. Printed for the American Unitarian Association. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 168.

Of the ten Discourses embraced in this volume, five have a direct bearing upon the principal theme expressed in the title, while the others are devoted to subjects on which the view taken

of the Divine nature will more or less affect the opinions of every professed Christian. Mr. Eliot has eminent gifts for an effective treatment of the topics which he has here dealt with. His style is simple, earnest, and very direct. He does not overburden his arguments by abstruse reasoning or by an excess of illustrative matter. He addresses persons of ordinary intelligence, and has the faculty of conveying his meaning in a way that makes his statement of it to carry with it a large portion of its proof from Scripture and from reason. In dealing with *proof-texts*, Mr. Eliot avails himself of principles of criticism which respect the authenticity and the authority of the record, while they show conclusively that the whole warrant of that record goes with anti-Trinitarian and anti-Calvinistic doctrines. We commend the volume, as admirably suited to meet the wants of inquirers into our views, and as vindicating all that is essential to a fair sectarianism, without bitterness or hostility of spirit.

Voices from the Mountains and from the Crowd. By CHARLES MACKAY. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. 12mo. pp. 373.

THIS handsome volume first domesticates among us a poet already known for several years to the lovers of living poetry throughout America, by the universal circulation in newspapers and magazines of many of his fugitive pieces. Of all living poets, there is none for whom we cherish a warmer or more grateful regard than we do for Charles Mackay; and we gladly haste to do for his volume what we should doubly rejoice to do for him in person,—step forward to greet its appearance on our shores with a thrice-hearty welcome. The joyous innocence, the yearning humanity, the lyric fire, the gushing sentiment, the rhythmical music, the ringing clearness, the rich, glad spontaneity, the noble thoughtfulness, and the perfect purity which so remarkably characterize these productions, make it at once a joy and a profit to read them, a privilege and a duty to recommend them. If any gentle-hearted, imaginative person would have the springs of childhood's purest feelings touched, and the aspirations of manhood's noblest moods strengthened, let him read the sweet poems of Charles Mackay. If any strong-souled reformer, battling with evil times and selfish men, would feed the fountains of his faith and charity, and brighten the visions of his choicest hours, let him read the glorious poems of Charles Mackay. Mr. Mackay's writings are not the poetry of agony, of metaphysics, of tradition, or of heroic tragedy. His verse is the poetry of happiness, of beauty, of nature and truth, of man

and reform. It is preëminently the poetry of the times, ringing in native music, whose thrilling appeals stir the blood like a trumpet's blasts, and whose tender suggestiveness melts the eyes like an *Æolian's* melancholy, the wisest lessons, the best characteristics, the chief duties of the present age.

Lack of space now keeps us from justifying our estimate of these poems by arguments and illustrations. The rapid sale of the present volume will soon induce the publishers to issue another containing the author's later effusions. We shall seize the opportunity then to devote to Mr. Mackay an article more commensurate with his merits.

The Life and Works of Thomas Cole. By L. L. NOBLE.
New York: Cornish, Lamport, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 415.

By common consent Thomas Cole stands among American landscape painters without a rival. The two well-known series of pictures by him, the "Course of Empire," and the "Voyage of Life," are transcendent works of genius. His character was one of rare purity and interest. No person of sensitive heart can peruse the story of his struggles with poverty and neglect, his sufferings from cold, unappreciating, and selfish men, his self-denying toils, and his triumphs, as narrated in this work, without being deeply moved. We are surprised at the interest of the memoir Mr. Noble has given us. We will thank him for it by expressing our earnest wish that it might be extensively circulated and read among the classes of the gifted and of the wealthy in our country. The lessons inwrought with it would do much to foster both the cultivation of fine art, and the patronage of deserving artists.

Poetry of the Vegetable World: a Popular Exposition of the Science of Botany, and its Relations to Man. By Professor SCHLEIDEN, of the University of Jena. New York: Newman & Ivison. 1853. 12mo. pp. 360.

THIS is an American republication of an English translation from the German. The aim of the work is to set forth the chief scientific facts and æsthetic phenomena of the vegetable world in such a style as should at once interest and instruct the popular mind. The design is an excellent one, and the success of its execution is admirable. Beginning to examine the book for the purpose of writing some notice of it for these pages, we were

led to read every word of it to the very end, with as much interest as we should have given to a novel, and we need not say with how much more profit. What a blessed thing it would be if the people would accustom themselves to the perusal of such works as this, and the *Life of Cole*, noticed above! They would soon grow so acceptable as to displace the trashy fictions which now swarm from the press, and a harvest of the best results would be reaped.

The Child's Matins and Vespers. By a Mother. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 32mo. pp. 163.

WE have long had a delightful volume of "*Matins and Vespers*" for adult minds by Bowring, and it gave us great pleasure to see the same title of a book for children. It embraces a series of meditations for morning and evening; next, a selection from the Ten Commandments, with useful reflections upon each of them; then we have "*Blessed Promises selected from the Holy Bible*"; and, finally, a series of "*Prayers*" for every day in the week. The conception is a happy one, and well executed. It is pleasant to see an earnest effort like this to inspire a reverence for the Scriptures, never so much needed as at this moment. We like, too, the manner in which our Saviour is alluded to, and the frequent references to his life and spirit. We think highly of the method adopted by the writer, of blending with her work the glories of nature, — the rising sun, the modest lily, the fragrant rose, the limpid and living waters, — so much like the teaching of the Master. Childhood should be filled with this pure imagery, for it is a barrier to corrupt tastes and the vices of sense, and it lifts the heart insensibly to the Father.

When we add that touching sentence from the Dedication, "*This little manual was written for my own dear children,*" we can do nothing more to insure for it a cordial reception by all the little ones who love and would become like the Lord Jesus.

The Birthright Church: a Discourse by the late REV. SYLVESTER JUDD, of Augusta, Me. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 49.

WE have read this Discourse under sensibilities tenderly quickened by affectionate regard towards its distinguished and la-

mented author. The evident care and elaborateness with which it is written, the directness of its argument, and the force with which it makes every incidental consideration bear upon its main purpose, would sufficiently prove that its theme lay very near the heart of the author, and had long occupied his strong mind, even if the Discourse had not come to us with a commentary confirming that fact. The theme, simply stated, is the right of children born in a Christian land to be regarded as members of the Christian Church, and the consequent obligation of their elders to train and to treat them as such. "The Gentiles are truer to their religion than Christians are to theirs." "Gentilism deals better by its children than Christianity does." These sentences sum up the statements by which Mr. Judd showed, that, while all the children of Buddhists, Brahmins, Jews, and Mohammedans are respectively recognized as disciples of those religions, the children of professedly Christian people are not really recognized or dealt by, or enumerated as Christians. He traces the source of the error on this point to the doctrine of *total depravity*, and then pursues a train of remark which we desire our readers should peruse in his own pages.

The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century. A Series of Lectures. By W. M. THACKERAY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 297.

WE were among those who listened, with approbation and pleasure but very slightly qualified, to these Lectures of the eminent living satirist. We expected to have something in the vein which predominates through them. Nor did we see in them only the bitterness, the worn-out sentiment, or the superciliousness of which they have been accused by some critics. We suspect that Thackeray understands those men and their times better than does any one else. As we now read the pages, the copyright of which was purchased, as far as the case admitted, by the Harpers, we are very grateful for the notes with which they are enriched. There is no single volume better filled with faithful sketches of the men here portrayed.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Messrs. Harper have published the sixth volume of their beautiful and every way satisfactory edition of Coleridge's Complete Works. This volume contains his "Church and State," and his "Table Talk." In the former, Coleridge gives his ideal of the constitution of the Church and State, when they are brought into what he regards as just relations to each other, and exercise a qualifying influence mutually over their respective functions. In no work of the author are his peculiarities of fancy and theory more apparent than in this. We have already spoken in high terms of the excellence of this edition of Coleridge, as being the best to be had on either side of the ocean. We are grateful to the publishers for producing it, and would again commend it to all who wish to possess the works of the distinguished author in a convenient form.

The same firm have published a Translation, by M. A. Garvey, of Ranke's History of the Civil Wars and Monarchy in France, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. No one, not even excepting Guizot, is better qualified to treat this theme with ability and fairness, than is the accomplished historian of the Popes and of Germany. The reputation of the author stands high, both for research and for candor.

"Memorials of the English Martyrs, by the Rev. C. B. Tayler," is the title of a London book, reprinted by the same firm. This volume does for the confessors of the Established Church of England, the same grateful service which Mr. Miall, in his "Footsteps of the Fathers," recently noticed by us, performed for English Protestants in general.

"The Old House by the River," is the title of yet another publication of the Messrs. Harper, containing a narrative, well written, of incidents that enter into the routine of household life, and stamp themselves in the memory in after years as its tender and thoughtful treasures.

Messrs. Silas Andrus & Son, of Hartford, have published, in two large octavo volumes, a third edition of Cotton Mather's Magnalia. It is now just a century and a half since the work was originally published, in folio, in London. Thirty-three years ago, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Robbins superintended an edition of the work in two volumes octavo, in Hartford, and he has repeated his editorial task in the volumes before us. His former edition was disfigured by many and grievous typographical errors, especially in the quotations from foreign languages, and in dates. We have not had time to compare the new edition, in those respects, with its predecessor, but presume that more care has been exercised upon it. Very many antiquarians and collectors of libraries will rejoice that so famous a work is now within their reach, for it has become very rare, and commanded a high price. We know one, and he the most distinguished and able of our antiquarians, who, if

he had the power, would gladly destroy every existing copy of the *Magnalia*, because of the false statements, the petty malice, and the pedantry and conceit that abound in it. We ourselves could have wished that, if the work must have been reprinted, a very careful commentary should have accompanied it. But there will be purchasers enough to exhaust even a fourth edition.

"*Arbell: a Tale for Young People*," by Jane Winnard Hooper, is the title of an interesting and improving story, richly illustrated, and published by the Messrs. Francis, of New York.

"*Father Brighthopes; or an Old Clergyman's Vacation*," by Paul Creyton, published by Phillips, Sampson, & Co., is a genial narrative, which will interest old and young persons. Some most excellent lessons, often perilled as to their effect by the mode in which they are taught, are here conveyed through a most inviting medium.

James French, of Boston, has published in an exquisitely neat form, admitting of being carried even in the vest pocket, yet in very clear and readable type, an edition of Gray's *Poetical Works*; also, a devotional work by the Rev. T. A. Taylor, entitled "*Zion*."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Western Unitarian Conference.—The second annual meeting of the "Conference" of the pastors and delegates of the Unitarian churches at the West, was held in St. Louis; assembling on Thursday, the 28th of April, and closing on the Monday following. The Conference, as organized a year ago at Cincinnati, comprises about twenty churches, from eleven different States. At this meeting, the delegates numbered from fifty to sixty, while the number of hearers in attendance at all the gatherings was very large. As the distinct purpose of the Conference is to unite and strengthen our societies at the West, the brethren at the East do not feel themselves called to so great a distance, and for so long an absence from home, unless circumstances favor, and there seems a special reason. At this time, though several intended going, only one clergyman and one layman from New England were present,—the Rev. E. B. Hall, D.D., of Providence, R. I., representing the American Unitarian Association, and the Hon. John Prentiss, of Keene, N. H. This circumstance is not to be taken, and was not there regarded, as any indication of want of sympathy or hearty interest in the objects and influence of this Western enterprise. We well know the difficulties and discouragements which our distant brethren encounter, and if we cannot be personally present with them, they shall have all the aid we can render, and our earnest prayers for their social and spiritual prosperity.

The exercises of the Conference began with a preliminary discourse in the "*Church of the Messiah*" (Mr. Eliot's), by Rev. J. H. Heywood, of Louisville. The next morning, after an hour spent in prayer, with singing and brief addresses, the regular Conference convened in the chapel, Rev. Mr. Eliot, the President, yielding the chair to Wil-

liam Greene, Esq. of Cincinnati, one of the Vice-Presidents. The first Secretary, Charles Harlow, of Louisville, having died during the year, the minutes of the last meeting were read by Rev. Mr. Webster, of Wheeling, Va., the surviving Secretary. In accordance with the suggestion of Mr. Eliot, the morning was then passed in hearing from all the pastors, or representatives of churches, such accounts of their past and present condition as they were ready to give, written or oral. These accounts were full of interest, and for the most part very encouraging. Every one present felt that a good work had been begun in many places, and needed only perseverance at home, and sympathy from abroad, to carry it on to large results, — large spiritually, if not outwardly. With the spirit manifested, we were more impressed than with any statements of growth in numbers, though such statements were not wanting. The most remarkable instance, in both views, is that of the church in St. Louis, so modestly reported by its pastor. As we remember when he stood, not many years ago, in the pulpits of his Eastern brethren, asking aid to erect a humble house of worship for the little company of liberal believers whom he had brought together in that remote city, — and as we see him now in one of the largest and most beautiful churches to be seen anywhere, just built, at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars, — and not only paid for by his own people, but *filled*, morning and evening, — all in perfect harmony with each other from the first, more and more attached to their pastor, and liberally sustaining the institutions of religion at home, while they aid other feebler societies at the West, — proving, moreover, the sincerity of their faith, as well as the fidelity of the teachings they hear, by being led recently to emancipate their slaves, and give to all the true and large liberty which they claim for themselves ; — in view of all this, it seems to us one of the most remarkable instances on record of solid growth and early and blessed fruits.

Next came the Report of the Executive Committee, prepared by Rev. Mr. Livermore, in whose absence, from ill health, it was read by Mr. Eliot. It gives a list of the societies composing the Conference, defining its plan of action to be the “ distribution of books and tracts, missions, aid to struggling societies, and to young men preparing themselves for the ministry ”; recommends the establishment of a book depository in each large city, toward which something has been done already ; speaks of two missionaries whom they have employed the past year, — the Rev. Daniel Boyer, of Cannelton, Ind., now deceased, and Rev. William Bradley, still in the field, at Jackson, Michigan ; refers to the importance of the Theological Seminary at Meadville, to the monthly periodical now published there under the title of the “ Christian Repository,” and likewise to the recent publication and wide circulation of a volume of doctrinal Discourses, by Mr. Eliot, and of his Lectures to Young Men and Young Women, each a separate book, calculated to do great good. This whole Report shows how much has been done in a short time, and how much waits to be done. We quote a part of it : — “ The call from all quarters is, Give us men. If we had twenty good preachers and pastors to-day, they could at once be placed in stations where they would find Unitarian churches already gathered, waiting for a pastor and longing for the bread of life ; or where the materials exist for such bodies, if there were any skilful hand to bring them together. — We must never indulge the pleasing but delusive hope, that the great,

ponderous masses of the Christian world will ever be thrown into the scales of a nominal Unitarianism. Our name is too odious and branded, perhaps our zeal is too cool and our confidence too infirm. But we do see, and we may hope for more and more of, a gradual change and amelioration of theology as a science, and a new progress and perfection of religion as a life, both in individuals and in communities. We would fain believe that such works as those of Channing, Dewey, and Ware cannot be in vain, so long as men have minds to reason, hearts to feel, and souls to trust. We witness a large and growing sect of Universalists, casting off Trinitarianism and the popular Calvinism. We behold the vast spread in the West of the Christian and Campbellite bodies, both Unitarian in much of their spirit and doctrine. We see half the Quakers becoming Hicksites; Free-will Baptists seceding from the close communion; Protestant Methodists coming from the Episcopal; New-School Presbyterians from the Old; and we ask, What do all these changes betoken, but in fact the tendency to reject human systems, authority, and dogmas, and to revert to Christ as the sole Master, and his Gospel as the sufficient creed? May such a reformation go on! May we have hands holy enough to bear up the ark of such a cause!"

On Friday evening, a large congregation assembled in the church, and a discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Hall, on the characteristics and design of the Christian Church. Saturday morning, another prayer-meeting was held, from eight to nine o'clock, and then the business of the Conference was resumed. A full and valuable report, or more properly discourse, was read by Rev. Mr. Heywood of Louisville, as the result of the deliberations of a committee appointed the last year to consider "the best modes of promoting vital and practical religion in our churches." This paper is very carefully written, and our readers are referred to it as published at length in the Register and Inquirer. We can give here only the Resolutions with which it closes:—

"1. *Resolved*, That the highest interests of our churches demand that the Pulpit should present religion distinctly and positively as of supreme importance, not merely desirable, but absolutely *essential*; that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'

"2. *Resolved*, That thorough religious education should be made a more prominent object than it is commonly made; that, in addition to the Sunday School classes already in existence, it is desirable that classes be formed of young men and women, as well as of persons in mature life, for the study of the Scriptures, and of such works as Ware on the Formation of the Christian Character, &c.

"3. *Resolved*, That greater attention should be paid to family worship than has heretofore been paid, and that measures be taken to supply our congregations with interesting manuals of devotion.

"4. *Resolved*, That earnest efforts should be made to interest the members of our congregations in the Christian ordinances, and to impress upon their minds the importance of taking a decided religious stand, and of uniting with the church."

On these large topics, The Pulpit, Religious Culture, Family Worship, and the Christian Ordinances, viewed in connection, as "the means of promoting vital religion," a full and earnest discussion ensued, occu-

pying the forenoon, and shared by the Rev. Messrs. Eliot, Shippen, Webster, Hall, Conant, Bradley, Hosmer, and also by Judge Pirtle of Louisville, Mann Butler, Esq. of St. Louis, and the Hon. John Prentiss of Keene, N. H. The Conference then adjourned for the afternoon, and in the evening a discourse was preached by the Rev. Mr. Shippen, on overcoming evil with good.

On Sunday, the regular services were conducted, morning and evening, by Mr. Hosmer and Dr. Hall, — the afternoon being devoted, as usual in that church, to the communion service, on the first Sabbath of the month. The whole body of the house was filled, there being several hundred communicants present. At the beginning of the service, seven or eight new members were received to the church, by assenting to a simple covenant, and one adult, and a number of children of different families were baptized by the pastor. In the participation of the Supper, it is Mr. Eliot's custom, begun when the church was small, and still continued, to carry the elements himself to each member, they sitting in such a way as to be easily accessible.

Monday, after the devotional exercises of the morning, was spent in the election of officers for the ensuing year, and in disposing of all the remaining business. Two resolutions were offered by Mr. Hosmer, commending to the favor of liberal believers the new "Antioch College," lately established in Ohio by the Christian denomination; and likewise the Meadville School, whose first fruits were already seen in the character and success of several of the young ministers present. A statement was also submitted by Mr. Heywood, in behalf of the Executive Committee, expressive of their views in relation to the spirit and doctrine of the missionaries they employ. This, again, was an important paper, of a decided character, — showing that the Western Conference mean to look well to the Christian faith of those whom they send to preach the Christian religion. "In spirit and aim, the Conference would be Christian, not sectarian; and as it would be itself, such it would have its missionaries to be. Therefore it does not require of them subscription to any human creed, the wearing of any distinctive name, or the doing of any merely sectarian work. All that it requires is, that they should be Christians, and do Christian work; that they should believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, as one who spake with authority, and whose religion is the divinely appointed means for the regeneration of man, individually and collectively; and that they should labor earnestly, intelligently, affectionately, and perseveringly, to enthrone this religion in the hearts, and make it effective over the lives of men. These are the only two conditions on which the Conference insists. On these it does insist, as fundamental, essential."

The following resolution was also offered and advocated by Judge Pirtle, of Louisville: — "As there is misunderstanding of the views of Unitarian Christians on important subjects, it is deemed proper to make some declaration in reference thereto: *Resolved*, That we regard Jesus Christ, not as a mere inspired man, but as the Son of God, — the Messenger of the Father to man, miraculously sent, — the Mediator between God and man, — the Redeemer of the world. That we regard the miracles of the New Testament as facts, on which the Gospel is based." There being no time for a fair discussion of these resolutions, they were referred to a committee of three, — Judge Pirtle, Mr. Heywood, and Mr. Eliot, — to consider and report upon them to the next Conference.

After a tribute of respect and profound sorrow, in view of the death of Rev. Daniel Boyer and Charles Harlow, Esq., the Conference finally adjourned, to meet next year in Louisville, Ky. The whole occasion was closed by a collation in the evening, when a very large company assembled and remained to a late hour, listening to brief addresses, and enjoying the easy and abounding hospitality of our friends in St. Louis.

So passed the second Annual Convention and Conference of Unitarians at the West. And remembering that it was only the second, that it was held in a place but lately considered a frontier settlement, that our brethren there are so widely separated, and many of their societies so new and feeble, we regard it as one of the most efficient and profitable occasions that we have known in our denomination. Nowhere have we seen a more earnest purpose, a better agreement in all essentials, or greater freedom in all else. Never have we seen a better *lay* element. The laity were well represented in all the meetings, many having come hundreds of miles for this object alone, and many of the most active business-men of St. Louis giving the best part of the day to the conferences for devotion or discussion. Then, too, there was abundant evidence that our brethren and friends in that vast region are thoroughly awake, and diligently at work, in their several fields of labor. Some of those fields we personally visited, after the Convention; and were more and more convinced, that the seed scattered over the West, and the aid we have given them in men and money, so far from being lost, are bringing forth fruits as early and as abundantly as any had reason to expect. In some places, we know, there have been failures, — the apparent extinction of a good promise, and the loss of much labor. But these cases have been few, and the encouragement in other places has been more than enough to compensate. Moral results are not always visible, still less can they be measured. We may have to wait long and patiently for the harvest; but a richer soil, or more untiring and unselfish laborers, than there are at the West, we believe are not to be found anywhere.

We could say much of some of the topics discussed at these meetings, particularly of the last, presented by Judge Pirtle. It raises the same question that was immediately afterwards agitated at the anniversaries in Boston. It is a question fairly before us now, and it is useless to attempt to evade or silence it. We may differ widely in our mode of defining it, and we should not ourselves use exactly the language of the resolution offered at St. Louis, — language which admits of large and various interpretation. Still, the chief points are really these, — whether Christ was "miraculously sent," or was in any peculiar sense "the Messenger of the Father," and whether the miracles of the New Testament are "facts." That last word expresses more than any other used in the discussion. Are the miracles *facts*, or are they a fiction and fraud? The one or the other they must be, and the difference is fundamental. It is not a difference between the value of this or that kind of testimony. It is *not* a question as to the place which one miracle or another, or all miracles, shall hold in any man's estimate of the evidences of Christianity. It is raising a false issue, to insist that we are attempting to measure and judge a Christian by his placing or not placing the authority of Christ on this single basis. The question is, Does he admit any authority at all, beyond that which every man possesses, and every *truth* in literature, science, or nature? Does he believe

that he himself, or any other man, can say all that Christ said of his origin, power, mission, and visible resurrection? Does he allow that there was any resurrection, — that there was any Christ, — that he told the truth, — that *any thing* in the Gospel history can be relied on? For it is worth considering, whether the evidence which leads a man to accept the Gospels at all, and to believe assuredly that such a being as Jesus Christ lived and died, will not of itself involve the proof, and in any reasonable mind compel the belief, of Christ's resurrection, with other superhuman facts, inseparable from the beginning, the progress, and the present existence of the religion. The man who accepts the history of Julius Cæsar, and yet denies the reality of every battle which he is said to have fought, and every incident or prominent event connected with his life, would be about as consistent as he who talks of Christ, speaks in his name, and reasons upon his truths, while he repudiates every remarkable work or alleged fact in the record of his ministry.

The merit or demerit of belief or unbelief, in individual cases, is one thing, — and one which we are not only willing, but constrained, to leave wholly with God. The truth or falsity of a whole history, the admission or rejection of all that is distinctive in kind, or peculiar in degree, or material in fact, is another thing, — and one, in our view, absolutely essential to any inquiry as to the name and reality of a believer.

Anniversary Week. — The conviction has for many years been strengthening in our minds, that a large portion of the possible benefit which might result from the exercises of Anniversary Week is sacrificed by the multiplication of its meetings. The very knowledge that there are to be so many occasions demanding one's interest induces, by anticipation, a sense of exhaustion which unfits one for entering upon any of them with a composed mind, while the distraction that attends them impairs the real enjoyment of them. Many of these meetings, too, depend largely upon the electric influence of sympathy, wrought by the knowledge that all who — speaking according to our wishes — ought to be present, are there, ready to coöperate, to listen, to unite in a profession of strong interest in some common cause, and to swell the current that is to bear it on. But in most, if not all, of the meetings of the week, are seen many loiterers, many hurried, hesitating persons, who look in, sit out a longer or a shorter portion of the time appointed, and rush away to treat some other occasion in the same manner. We are clearly persuaded that, if there were only half of the present number of distinct meetings, all the objects contemplated by them would actually receive a more just recognition; there would be more concentration of thought and interest; less of distraction and weariness would weigh upon us at the close of the week, and we should have the satisfaction of feeling that some good causes had been advanced. As things now are, we cannot even review the week with any great comfort.

We were almost painfully impressed with a sense of the unintentional slight, and of the real injury, done to a sacred cause by this multiplication of meetings, while we were in attendance upon the Anniversary of the Sunday School Society, on the evening of May 25th. Measured by any scale which should graduate justly the relative importance of the various objects for which meetings are called together on Anniversary Week, the interest that might be expected to attend the Annual Meet-

ing of this Society would yield to that of no other occasion. Yet the attendance was very meagre, and the aspect of the church threw a disheartening spirit over the whole proceedings. The morning meetings for conference and prayer were well attended on the four appointed days, and a fervent interest was excited by them. The meeting of the Bible Society was a good one, though not marked by any brilliant speeches. The Unitarian Collation in Faneuil Hall, on May 24th, was, as usual, a thronged and a happy occasion. The Hon. Thomas G. Cary, of Boston, presided. Speeches were made at the tables by him and by the Rev. Dr. Burnap, Deacon Greele, the Rev. Mr. Shippen, the Rev. Dr. Hall, the Hon. John Prentiss, the Rev. Dr. Hedge, the Rev. E. T. Taylor, the Rev. Mr. Conway, Deacon Grant, and G. W. Warren, Esq. The Rev. Dr. Stebbins, of Meadville, Pa., delivered the Theological Address before the Ministerial Conference, and the Rev. T. T. Stone, of Boston, delivered that on Moral Reforms. At the Convention of the Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts, the Rev. Dr. Young was elected Preacher for the year 1855. The sermon at the communion service was preached by the Rev. E. B. Willson, of West Roxbury.

American Unitarian Association.—The business meeting of the Twenty-Eighth Anniversary of this Association was held in the church in Freeman Place on May 24th, and, by adjournment, on May 26th. The Rev. Dr. Lothrop, President of the Association, being in the chair, the Rev. Dr. Burnap of Baltimore offered prayer. The Annual Report was read by the Secretary, the Rev. Calvin Lincoln, who, on closing it, resigned his office. It was with great regret that the Association accepted his resignation. Mr. Lincoln has discharged his arduous duties to the entire satisfaction of all whom he served. The dignity, courtesy, and urbanity of his manners, the sweetness of his spirit, and the ability and high success of his Christian labors, have extended through our denomination the enviable regard which had been entertained towards him among all to whom he had been previously known in narrower circles.

The officers of the Association chosen for the ensuing year are as follows:—Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, D. D., President; Hon. Stephen Fairbanks and Rev. E. B. Hall, D. D., Vice-Presidents; Hon. Albert Fearing, Rev. George W. Briggs, Rev. William R. Alger, Rev. Calvin Lincoln, and George Callender, Esq., Executive Committee; Henry P. Fairbanks, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. Henry A. Miles, D. D., Secretary.

At the Public Meeting of the Association in the Federal Street Church, on the evening of May 24th, prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, and speeches were made to the following Resolutions, respectively, by the Hon. J. G. Palfrey, the Rev. W. R. Alger, and the Rev. H. W. Bellows:—

“1. *Resolved*, That the Divine authority of the Gospel, as founded on a special and miraculous interposition of God for the redemption of mankind, is the basis of the action of this Association.

“2. *Resolved*, That, while to a large extent we unite with our fellow-Christians of every name in laboring by common means for common ends, we have also a *distinct work*, whose essential importance and adaptedness, alike to the deepest interests of pure Christianity and the

wants of the age, demand our continued existence and zealous action as a *distinct Denomination*.

"3. *Resolved*, That, while many of the signs of the times are so auspicious for the rapid spread of Liberal Christianity, our denominational memories and hopes, blending with our sacred obligations to the truth as we hold it, should conjoin and animate us with new zeal, and send us forth to cheerful labors, in the light of glorious promises, to make the waste places of humanity rejoice and bloom under the renewing power of the religion of Christ."

The Report of the Association for this year was one of unusual interest. The Committee by whom it was offered were impressed with the conviction that they might to advantage recognize the existing state of things among our churches as a call upon them for some general statement of theological opinions, so far as that could be made in consistency with the principles of thorough Protestantism, and the well-known jealousy entertained among us of any thing in the shape or nature of a creed. Of course this Association cannot speak as the organ of all Liberal Christians, so called, nor even of all Unitarians. But as a corporate body, composed of individuals called Unitarian Christians, collecting funds for certain specified uses, and sending ministers under its sanction to occupy Christian pulpits, the Committee felt that they might make in its behalf a statement which, properly guarded from all the assumptions of an authoritative creed, might stand as a general exposition of Unitarian Christianity. The word *Christians* in the first article of the Constitution of the Association is a recognition of the Messiahship of Jesus, and therefore of his miraculous mission, as the subject of prophecy, and the medium of an especial divine revelation. The Report, therefore, affirmed, "We believe in the supernatural authority of Christ as a Teacher, in his Divine mission as a Redeemer, in his moral perfection as an example." Had any person proposed himself as a member of the Association when it was first formed who would have objected to this declaration, a debate would doubtless have arisen similar to that which followed the reading of the Report this year. What is involved in that declaration was evidently taken for granted at the origin of the Association, and is indeed implied in the first article of the Constitution. When the Report shall have been published, we may see occasion to recur to it again. The rumor which has been circulated in some quarters, to the effect, that the Association had adopted a *creed*, is wholly without foundation. A sort of summary was made of the negations and positive views which for more than a quarter of a century have been published by the Association in its monthly Tracts; introduced, however, by a most careful statement, averting the construction of it as a creed. Our jealous care for religious freedom in its broadest sense is not one whit impaired.

Installations. — The Rev. JOSEPH H. PHIPPS, late of Framingham, was installed as Pastor of the First Unitarian Society in EAST BRIDGEWATER, on March 20th. The Sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Hedge of Providence; Selections from Scripture and Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. Mr. Ballou of West Bridgewater; Prayer of Installation and Address to the Society, by the Rev. Mr. Knapp of Brookline.

The Rev. EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, late of Trenton, N. Y., was installed as Pastor of the Unitarian Society at TROY, N. Y., on April 27th.

Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Brown of Trenton, N. Y. ; Selections from Scripture, by the Rev. Mr. Young of Burlington, Vt. ; Sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H. ; Installing Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Medford ; Charge, by the Rev. Dr. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y. ; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. Mr. Bellows, of New York ; Address to the People, by the Rev. Mr. Angier, late of Troy.

The Rev. RUFUS ELLIS, late of Northampton, was installed as Pastor of the First Church in Boston, on May 4th. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham of Salem ; Selections from Scripture, by the Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge of Boston ; Sermon, by the Rev. G. E. Ellis of Charlestown ; Prayer of Installation, by the Rev. Dr. Frothingham, late Pastor of the Church ; Charge, by the Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston ; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston ; Address to the Society, by the Rev. Chandler Robbins of Boston ; Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Young of Boston.

The Rev. A. B. FULLER, late of Manchester, N. H., was installed as Pastor of the New North Society in Boston, on June 1st. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. Amos Smith of Leominster ; Selections from Scripture, by the Rev. T. S. King of Boston ; Sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H. ; Prayer of Installation, by the Rev. Dr. Lothrop of Boston ; Charge, by the Rev. Dr. Barrett of Boston ; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge ; Address to the Society, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston ; Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. R. Hassall of Mendon.

The Rev. JAMES THURSTON, late of South Natick, was installed as Pastor of the new Church and Society gathered in the Allen Street Congregational Church at CAMBRIDGE, on June 14th. Introductory Prayer and Selections from the Scriptures, by the Rev. A. B. Muzzey of Cambridge ; Sermon, by the Rev. G. E. Ellis of Charlestown ; Installing Prayer, by the Rev. William Newell of Cambridge ; Charge, by the Rev. John Pierpont of Medford ; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. J. F. W. Ware of Cambridge ; Address to the Society, by the Rev. A. R. Pope, of Somerville ; Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. Professor Francis of Cambridge.

Ordination. — MR. JOHN M. MASTERS was ordained as Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in WOBURN, on April 28th. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. A. M. Bridge ; Selections from Scripture, by the Rev. W. R. Alger of Roxbury ; Sermon, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston ; Ordaining Prayer, by the Rev. Calvin Lincoln ; Charge, by the Rev. A. B. Fuller ; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. W. R. Alger ; Address to the Society, by the Rev. T. S. King ; Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. F. N. Knapp.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CLXXIX. FOR SEPTEMBER, 1853.

Writers.

- ARTICLE I. — Rev. J. H. Allen Bangor, Me.
,, II. — Mrs. Louisa J. Hall Providence, R.I.
,, III. — Rev. R. P. Stebbins, D.D. Meadville, Pa.
,, IV. — Rev. W. R. Alger Roxbury.
,, V. — Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D.D. Boston.
,, VI. — Rev. Oliver Stearns Hingham.
,, VII. — Rev. George E. Ellis Charlestown.

,, VIII. — Notices of Recent Publications.
,, IX. — Literary Intelligence.
,, X. — Religious Intelligence.
,, XI. — Obituary.

. Under the present law, postage on periodicals is *one cent for three ounces*, and *one cent for each additional ounce*; but, when paid quarterly in advance, a deduction of one-half is allowed.

The "Examiner" weighs not over *eight ounces*. The postage is, therefore, *six cents per number*, and, if paid *quarterly in advance*, but *three cents per number*, or *eighteen cents a year*.

CROSBY, NICHOLS, & Co., 111, Washington Street.

itor of "The Bible and the People," and George
Jacob Holyoake, Esq., Editor of "The Reasoner."

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

ART. I. — EWALD'S HEBREW HISTORY.*

WE are sorry that we cannot preface our notice with some more distinct account of the remarkable scholar whose name we introduce to our readers in the title of the work given below. By many of them, he will be recognized as the most profound and accomplished of living men in his own department, — one, we were ready to say, who has neither equal nor second in it. Those acquainted with his several works † know how he carries through them all the same strong individuality of thought, the same intensity of conviction, marvellous confidence in his own results, scorn of all criticism, and profound religious feeling; and how his incomparable and masterly learning is accompanied by a religious genius, and a heartiness of sympathy with the Hebrew mind, that put the zeal of a partisan and the glow of an enthusiast upon every page. Every preface is a battle, in which he fights the good fight against the sceptic shallowness,

* *Geschichte des Volkes Israel bis Christus. (History of the People of Israel down to the Time of Christ.)* Von HEINRICH EWALD. Göttingen. 5 vols. 1843–1852. 8vo.

† We refer especially to the “Poets” and “Prophets” of the Old Testament; also to the work on the “Three First Evangelists,” which makes in some sense a continuation of this History.

false philosophy, and superficial scholarship of his antagonists, through pages of passionate obscurity. Every work is an offering, which he lays with a proud joy upon the altar to which he has consecrated his gifts and labors.

"I thank the Lord of mercy and light," is his language, "that, in an age which would fain destroy all truth and dignity, to found its cherished twofold reign of Wrong and Doubt, He has granted me, if nothing more, at least the quiet leisure and fit place to complete this little book. Nothing else will be expected of me, but that I repeatedly investigate, and finally establish all, as if the new views of both doubters and defenders of tradition were absolutely nothing to me. I have never been able to comprehend those who undertake, with violent zeal, to maintain a mere traditionary truth, in such manner as not to go straight to the facts, with no eye or ear for other truths; still less do I lay to heart the views of doubters, often so utterly ill advised and destructive of the surest and best truths." *

As a scholar, with a somewhat eccentric judgment, and a self-confidence ever audacious or sublime, we suppose he stands alone in his intimate familiarity with the Shemitic tongues, and the literature bearing thereupon.† As a controversialist, we hear of him as scornful and even vindictive to the last degree. With a rugged and sometimes almost impenetrable style, he atones by no rhetorical grace for the intractable dogmatism of his statement. The smooth courses of ordinary writers he disdains to follow. His congenial task is to tread the perilous and broken border-ground of history or criticism; to train his vision to discern historic truth amidst the dim twilight of myth and legend; to convert obscurities of tradition into plausible and confident fact; from materials that seem hopelessly broken and scanty, to construct a fabric of fair and full proportions. Such, to a degree, is the quality of his earlier expositions of the Hebrew writings; such, especially, is the character of the present work, for which the others were but subordinate labors or preliminary essays.

The image is very striking, in which our author repre-

* Preface to the "Prophets of the Old Testament," Vol. II.

† He related to a friend of ours, with becoming pride, how some Oriental manuscript, that had defied every learned eye in Britain, was sent at last to him, to whom its age, dialect, character, and meaning were readily apparent.

sents the Old Testament records as the fragmentary relics of some lost civilization, or buried race. The apparent completeness and unity belonging to them as gathered in their present form, vanishes at the first clear glance we cast upon their real condition. Contenting ourselves with the marvellous and peculiar character they bear, we are tempted (whether in belief or disbelief) to an utter scepticism of their being ever reduced, by scientific criticism, to a coherent and intelligible form. Yet, as fragments of old monuments, and inscriptions of a buried age, grow clear to the patient scholar, so that by degrees a practised eye can restore the broken outline, piece out the ruined gaps, and decipher the forgotten character, so with these monumental fragments and holy tablets that strew the soil of Palestine. This is the task he has resolutely undertaken, giving to it the toil of a lifetime, and a certain consecrated earnestness. With an intrepid sagacity, he dissects out the portions of the record, fragment by fragment and verse by verse, restoring them, in new bearings and connections, after the comparative physiology of his criticism. He seems never weary, and never at fault. Each phrase, with its slightest accidents of style, dialect, or "coloring," he seems to have looked at until its own character and place are as clear to his eye, as are portions of the animal organization to the eye of a trained anatomist. He seems to have educated himself thereby to the faculty of a certain incommunicable second-sight. He makes, tacitly and perpetually, the same confident claim of an historical or critical intuition, so striking in Niebuhr (of whom he will remind one also by the boldness of his criticism, his skilful use of numbers and generic names, and the remarkable historic sympathy amounting to partisanship), an argument so unanswerable for those who already believe in him. He deigns to offer no apology; he will urge no argument. You are vouchsafed absolutely no reasons for believing, except the superior information, skill, and discernment of your guide, or else the sudden mustering of a host of authorities you never heard of. You watch him warily, but with increasing interest. You see he has some secret clew which you cannot trace, and keeps on just as freely and confidently where you cannot see a step before you. You must trust him blindly, if you will go with him at all. You do it,

at first, under protest. Then your scruple vanishes, as you see the way actually growing more consistent and plain before you at every step. He will take you boldly through; and then it is for you to consider whether you can easily part with the theory so convenient and admirable in its fitting, which for the first time has shown you, in these ancient records, the course of intelligible and coherent fact.

We refer in particular to that most remarkable piece of literary construction, in which Ewald has given his judgment of the character and antiquity of the earlier Hebrew records. This discussion occupies about one half of his first volume. In approaching it, he suffers himself to be embarrassed by no previous theory or opinion about it. With all the light thrown by former investigations, he comes to it as a question wholly new. We find no allusion to the old arguments for the Mosaic authorship, no weary repetitions of the old story of "Elohistic" and "Jehovistic" documents. The narrative is taken up, piece by piece, and "demonstrated" as confidently and severely, as in the scientific dissection of a plant. Some fragment of an old song, some muster-roll of antique names, some probable register of a family or tribe, some local tradition or primeval rite, is identified here and there, as a bit of the primitive material wrought into the composite structure. Then come the successive modellings of the history, as it was revised or recast from age to age. Of these he considers that he has clear evidence of at least five, portions of each being wrought up into those succeeding, and the whole finally recast some time during the later monarchy. The first may be called the Book of Covenants,* composed in the latter portion of the time of the Judges, in the first zeal of reaction against disorder, under the natural desire of knowing more of the early history. This is found in portions, down as far as the Book of Judges. It has the most singly historical aim of the several compilations, and includes most of the earlier songs and fragments above alluded to. We sub-join for convenience a list of those passages of the Pentateuch which Ewald considers as belonging to this earliest historical composition. If valuable for no other purpose,

* Vol. I. p. 75.

they will at least serve to illustrate the extent to which he carries his theory of the composite character of our present narrative.* The next in order is a supposed work of far greater completeness and skill, to which he frequently refers by the title "*Ursprünge*," equivalent to "*Origines*" (page 87). It belongs to the early period of the monarchy, probably having been completed soon after the dedication of Solomon's temple. Its tone is bolder, and it holds out larger promises of the remote future, partaking of the confidence belonging to that age of glory and peace. Its design is to take up the history broadly, from the very beginning, as we find with the Greek historians soon after the Persian wars. It includes the earlier account of the Creation and Deluge, and most of the genealogies of families and tribes. It seeks the moral of the history; perpetually inserts the legal or ritual view; divides the narrative into well-marked periods or stages; and is throughout a work of a very high order of literary merit; having a warmth, beauty, and clearness of narrative, and a truly poetic spirit, which place it in the very first rank of Hebrew compositions. Then we have the two Prophetic Narrations, of which the first (p. 119), composed soon after the work just named, differs from it chiefly in its style of prophetic handling, and in the insertion of considerable ancient matter;† and the second (p. 122), written in Judah, not far from the earlier days of Isaiah, exhibits the highest qualities of spiritual energy, and a wholly new treatment of the material, as, for example, in the description of Paradise and the narrative of Balaam. Lastly, we have the purely artistic and prophetic style of treatment of the book of Deuteronomy (p. 143), in which Moses is represented no longer as a lawgiver, but as a prophet or preacher, enforcing on the people the profounder moral lessons of the law. This, our author conceives, was composed during or just before the reign of Josiah; and, com-

* Genesis xi. 29, 30; xv. 2; xx.; xxi. 6-32; xxvi. 13-33; xxix. 1-xxxiii. 17; xxxv. 1-4, 6-8, 16-32; portions of xxxvii., xl., and xli.; xlviii. 7, 22; xlix. 1-23. Exodus iv. 18, 24-26; xiii. 17-19; xiv.; xv.; xviii.; xix. 3-xxiv. 11. Numbers xi. 4-9; xii. 1, 3; xx. 14-21; xxi. 1-9, 12-35; xxxii. 33-42.

† See Genesis xx.; xxviii. 10-22; xxix.-xxxi. Exodus ii. 1-22; xxxiv. 30-35; Numbers xi. 24-29; xii. 6-8.

pleting the volume of the Law, was mainly instrumental in that remarkable religious movement, which he designates the "Deuteronomical Reform."

Utterly unable to do justice to the style of inimitable exposition by which our author vindicates his theory of the Hebrew compositions, we have sought only to give the simplest intelligible outlines of it, as essential to a right understanding of his entire treatment of the early history. To those who are acquainted with the indispensable use of hypothesis in the search for truth, it will be unnecessary to say any thing in its defence. Once clear of the gratuitous dogma of absolute inspiration as to these primitive records, we are utterly afloat as to their age, intent, and authorship; and we owe sincere gratitude to the first tolerably plausible hypothesis, that will give us a consistent rendering of the facts. For a particular religious purpose, we may be content to assume that Moses did in fact write the books commonly ascribed to him; but aside from that, no proposition would seem more utterly and hopelessly destitute of even a plausible foundation, to a critical and inquiring mind, than that we have now a literal copy of his writings. It is not too much to say, that the evidence of its error amounts to a perfect demonstration, while its vacuity of proof is absolutely overwhelming. We cannot so much as find a fulcrum by which to ply our tools against Mr. Norton's unanswerable and conclusive argument. But are we to stop with negations? The existence of these writings—still more, the existence of the Hebrew race and institutions—is an historical fact, to be, if not "accounted for," at least analyzed and explained as best we can. We have little hesitation in saying, that, with every deduction for extravagant or ill-founded conjecture, the author of the work before us has contributed more than all others together, to reproduce to the modern mind the old Hebrew life, and to assign "Israel's place in the history of the world." Especially that period which most give over to legendary fable, as to which Kenrick* apologetically defends its treatment as "mythical," and our account of which the better sort of the Jews themselves have justified as religious allegory,—we mean the patriarchal

* Essay on Primeval History.

age, — it is not too much to say, that, by the researches and interpretations of the present work, it has been placed in a far more clear and interesting light than the early history of any other ancient people. We regret that we cannot call attention to any work in English, which will give even the slightest notion of what this service is.

To understand its value fully, we should know not only the results themselves which it has secured, but the condition of speculation in which it found the questions relating to the Hebrew race. It was time that some scholar thoroughly equipped should take the field as an advocate. For not only had scepticism grown wanton and extravagant, but professed criticism was making great havoc of the most venerable names. Thus Goethe,* whom Bohlen follows in his Commentary on Genesis, not only denies the forty years of the "Wandering," but holds that Moses retreated from the conquest through sheer incompetency; and that the expedition was finally saved only by his opportune death at the hands of Joshua and Caleb. Ghillany,† whose noted work is bitterly polemic throughout, (which greatly impairs the value of the exceedingly curious information he has gathered,) maintains that the worship of Jehovah was the same identical phase of "nature worship" with that of Moloch; with a perverse ingenuity displays his proof that Moses bloodily sacrificed his first-born son, his brother Aaron, and finally himself; and runs amuck among the whole array of holy and heroic names. The researches of Mover's and the admissions of Kitto have both gone far to identify many portions of the Mosaic ritual with kindred customs of Syria and Egypt. The only book we can point to in English professing to embody the latest learning on the subject, Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect," simply repeats at second hand, without revision or qualification, the violent hostilities of Ghillany and the pious malignities of Eisenmenger; and, without any independent critical value, is simply a very curious and convenient digest of what has been said on one side of a pretty complicated question. If any should regard the criticisms of Ewald as too free, let them only

* "*Westöstliches Divan.*"

† "*Die Menschenopfer der alten Hebräer.*"

inform themselves in what state he found that question, and how he has left it.

We shall not attempt at the present time to follow him into the deeper discussions which his task involves, but only to illustrate a little his method of dealing with that period to which we before alluded. The narrative of the patriarchal age, terminating with the sojourn in Egypt, has always been felt, even by those who were perplexed by it as history, to be more abundant in beauty and fruitful of instruction, than almost any other portion of the Old Testament. Yet it lies so utterly beyond the bounds of contemporary record, is so destitute of sidelights for its illustration, and withal so meagre at once and confused are its historical details,* that we can accept it at best only as curious illustrative memoirs of an else forgotten age, by no means as a piece of methodized history. Indeed, when we come to view and criticize it in detail, it is far most instructive, and least perplexing, to regard it as a product of the peculiar genius of the Hebrew mind, and a running reflex, or illustration, of that style of thought that blends present feeling and habit with memories of the past. So regarded, no similar writing can approach its interest and value. Studied by the light of a severer historical criticism, we cannot hope to attain very confident results; and the danger will be, of destroying its rare and beautiful qualities. It is by the skill with which he has avoided this result, and, while shrinking from no critical investigation, has preserved the vitality of the sacred narrative, that our author has shown his peculiar competency for dealing with the subject. We will attempt, at a distance, to follow him a little way down the course of his recital.

He begins (Vol. I. p. 259) with a very striking sketch of the physical features of that which is known so familiarly to us all, as the Holy Land. Palestine is in the main a high and hilly region, although its old name, Chua, or Canaan, says Mover, signifies "the low"; that is, in comparison with the heights of Syria or Lebanon.

* For example, according to its chronology, Jacob is about entering his eightieth year when he escapes to Padanaram, after the deception practised upon his father; and finishes his seven years of service for Rachel (which "seemed unto him but as a few days, for the love he had to her") at the age of eighty-six.

From the "hill-country of Judea" it slopes gradually towards Syria at the north, where it is flanked by the great mountain range of Lebanon; and at the east breaks suddenly down to the thrice-terraced valley, where the Jordan has graven its rocky gorge, and the deep gulf where the Dead Sea lies, thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean level. It is a land full of rugged valleys, glens, and caves, which mark the localities of sacred legend.* A limestone country (as the valley of Virginia) is sometimes grooved and channelled by numberless watercourses under ground, making grotesque and enormous caverns; and these natural grottos of Canaan, for generations the haunt of half-exterminated tribes, sheltered the prophets of Israel from the violence of King Ahab, and David from the angry jealousy of Saul. The "mountains round about Jerusalem" were from of old the striking symbol of Divine protection; their deep glens were Tophet or Gehenna, the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the bed of the brook Kedron. Lebanon in the north, and the mountains of Moab and Edom in the east or south, not only made great landmarks, or barriers, but, with their majestic scenery and wild or pastoral traditions, were profoundly impressive to the popular imagination.

Then there were other features, of landscape or climate, that perpetually stimulated and deepened the religious sensibility native to the Hebrew mind. The dreary desert-boundary is a more solemn barrier than the changing sea, or the everlasting hills. The earthquake-wave that ran between the Caucasus and Sicily was often felt in Palestine. Swarms of locusts, sudden and terrible, came like judgments of an angry God,—"fire devouring before them, and flame blasting behind; the land as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." Malignant local maladies, pestilence, and the burning leprosy of the East, visited and scourged the people, subduing them to the prophet's vehement appeal, or the burdensome requisitions of the priest. And more than all, local memories and old traditions spoke of stupendous judgments exercised on a lewd and godless people;—how the hot and fertile valley of the plain, which was "as the garden of the Lord or like the land of

* See an article in this Journal for September, 1852.

Egypt" for beauty and richness, was destroyed suddenly by fire from heaven, its mines of bitumen (or "slimepits") being kindled underneath; and the bitter water of the salt lake flowed over them, wherein no living thing could dwell, and where (as Josephus tells) the relics of those old cities of profligate luxury might still be seen by whoever should venture on that dreadful sea.

We quote the curious testimony of Strabo: —

"That this was a volcanic region," he says, "is shown by many proofs. For they exhibit rocks near Moasas, rugged and scorched, and clefts in many places, and a soil like ashes; and drops of pitch trickling from smooth rocks, and boiling streams of vile stench, and dwellings here and there thrown down; so that one would credit the tale of the natives, that thirteen cities were once inhabited there, Sodom their metropolis having a circuit of sixty furlongs; but by means of earthquakes, and spoutings forth of flame, and hot springs of pitchy and sulphurous water, the lake fell on them, and their very stones took fire; and of the cities some were sunk, and from others those who were able fled away. But Eratosthenes says, on the contrary, that, being a lake country, most of it was ingulphed in the bursting out of water like the sea. Furthermore, in the country of the Gadarenes is a noisome marsh, of which the cattle that drink the water cast their hair and hoofs and horns." *

Ewald has carefully followed up the traces preserved to us in the Hebrew traditions of the aboriginal inhabitants of this land, — relics of buried nations, whose thin ghosts flit across the dimly lighted stage of the early history. But we will pass by those of less account, and come at once to that race whose immemorial conquest, before the Hebrews, had decided the name and master-ship of Canaan. Their original home, as Herodotus recounts their tradition, was by the coasts of the Arabian sea. In blood as well as language, in traditional usages and religious rites, they were doubtless of near kindred with the tribes of Israel, and, after their conquest under Joshua, they merged their fortunes with those of the stronger race; yet a deep-settled religious antipathy assigned to them the inexpiable curse pronounced by Noah on his youngest son, and the real connection of the two remains in impenetrable obscurity.

* *Rer. Geog.*, Lib. XVI. c. 2.

Before the Hebrew invasion, the Canaanites constituted several well-marked petty nationalities. For the curiosity of the thing rather than from absolute confidence in the result, we give our author's interpretation of their obscure local names.* The Amorites were "Highlanders," who occupied the almost impregnable hills of the south, and (by recent conquest) the outlying plains beyond Jordan. Here they fought the Hebrews under Sihon, king of Heshbon, and Og, king of Bashan, and some of their strongholds were scarce subdued for five centuries. There was peace with them once, under Samuel, and the tribe became tributary to Solomon, among those "whom the children of Israel were not able utterly to destroy." The Hittites, or "Lowlanders," were a milder tribe, that dwelt in valleys, and were generally disposed to peace. The Canaanites proper, or Perizzites, were dwellers by the shore, and the Hivites in inland towns, while sundry local clans are mentioned, of whose name no account can be given; and so the natural classing of a rough country, at once seaboard and rural, such as we find it long after in Attica, is anticipated in the primeval history of Canaan.

This early race of conquerors had grown into a numerous and comparatively civilized population. Though they had a strong military organization, and long held the Israelites at bay with their iron chariots and disciplined skill, they preferred the security of peace to the hazards of war, and "dwelt careless, after the manner of the Sidonians, quiet and secure." Their vices, their superstitions, their cruel human sacrifices, were those of depraved and luxurious, not of savage life. The five "cities of the plain" were infamous for luxury and lack of vigor. They had been fourteen years tributary to the leagued kings of Syria, when they revolted, and their defeat brought Abraham and his clansmen to the rescue. The Canaanite name, Kirjath-Sepher ("city of the book"), is held by Ewald to be an indication of ancient culture, and even of written law. When the remnants of this once powerful population were driven back upon the northern portion of the coast, their ancient civilization struck deeper root in the enterprising and seafaring life

* Compare Winer, Art. "Canaaniter."

they were compelled to follow. Phœnicia became the mother of rich colonies, the source of arts, commerce, and letters to the Greeks, the head-quarters of naval enterprise, that discovered the silver mines of Spain and the tin of Cornwall, and circumnavigated Africa in the time of Solon; and when Solomon built the temple at Jerusalem, he must go to Hiram, king of Tyre, and employ the resources of that very culture, whose early corrupted germ had been violently transplanted from Judea and Jericho and the valley of the Jordan.

The Hebrews had their name from Eber, the sixth in the ascending line before Abraham; or else (more likely) from the name "emigrant," by which he was first known in Canaan. But the great progenitor, or eponym, of the entire race was Shem, father of the holy races, and eldest son of Noah. The name signifies "lofty"; as if, from its highland home in the mountains of Armenia, this eldest family looked down upon the sons of Japhet to the north, and of Ham to the south. God should "dwell in the tents of Shem," was the traditionary blessing pronounced by Noah, the second great ancestor of mankind. From Shem, say the Mahometans, are descended all the holy men and seers; the sons of Japhet are white, but none among them have had the dignity of prophet; and the curse of Ham, for his insolent demeanor towards his father, has stricken his descendants black. Thus antipathies of race find their explanation and excuse in holy legend. The genealogy of Shem is a series of geographical names,* noting how that family spread itself to the west and south, till it occupied the belt of land between Asia Minor and the highlands of Cabul. These antique genealogies are cast in round or sacred numbers, to aid the memory, after the fashion of the time when there was no written monument; and doubtless these barren lists of names were in that ancient day bead-rolls of sacred legends, or muster-rolls of illustrious traditions, of which only wrecks and fragments have come down to us. From Adam to Noah are ten generations, and from Shem to Abraham ten, — a slender thread of historic recollection serving to connect the great epochs

* His five sons are Elam (Persia), Asshur (Assyria), Arphaxad (Armenia), Lud (Lydia?), and Aram (Syria).

of the creation, the deluge, and the Hebrew migration; while the same tradition, magnifying the distant past, assigned two hundred and fifty years as the limit of man's life in the later period, twice as much before the dispersion of the tribes, and a thousand years for those primeval generations beyond the flood. (pp. 310-327.) In Armenia was the cradle of the race. The first earthly Paradise embraced its two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, to which the loose geography of antiquity appended the Ganges (or Indus) and the Nile,* as the circle of tradition and migration widened out. To this day Ararat, its sacred mountain, is the centre and religious home of the people of Armenia; and still upon its summit the holy Ark is guarded invisibly, say the inhabitants, in a spot which no mortal is suffered to approach.

The ten generations including Abraham mark the steps of the migration that led the Hebrews to the borders of the "pleasant land,"—a migration of some five hundred miles, and including not a single household only, but a nation, or at least a tribe. Syrian tradition makes Abraham the founder, at any rate the king, of Damascus, that most ancient of cities, which the Orientals call "a pearl set in the midst of emeralds." Its situation, in the great plain east of Lebanon, with its dense and picturesque garden-orchards of all variety of fruit, its clear and generous streams, and its horizon of distant mountains, is still the delight of travellers; and among the memorials of its dateless antiquity, along with the scene of Paul's conversion, and the Syrian Naaman's Abana and Pharpar, is the residence of the patriarch Abraham. The name of his servant, "Eliezer of Damascus," is a token of his sojourn there; as if, in default of his lawful heir, this ancient city, his former realm, should have inherited his wealth of herds, silver, and gold. (p. 366.)

Our author makes much, in this connection, of those monuments of stone, landmarks or altars, and ancient trees, which served for many generations to mark the various resting-places of that migration, the localities of the patriarchal abode. Abraham's grave and altar near the well of Sheba, the "mourning oak" where Deborah, Rebecca's nurse, was buried, the almond-tree and pile of

* See Josephus.

stones at Bethel, the heap of salt which was shown for ages as the form of Lot's perished wife, were similar monuments, serving to enliven and perpetuate the old household memories, and commemorate that ancient protest against idolatry. In defence of the historical as opposed to the merely mythical character of the narrative, the interest and weight of this testimony will be readily apparent.

To the hilly region southward from Jerusalem belong the earlier incidents of the patriarchal history. Here the peaceable separation took place between Abraham and his nephew, when Lot chose his portion with the luxurious cities of the plain, depriving his descendants (Moab and Ammon) of any hereditary claim to the region that survived their overthrow, and leaving to Abraham the highlands and the shore. Here is the scene of that frequent and friendly intercourse between the father of the faithful and his guardian God; and he had visions of a realm so broad, that it should reach "from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." Later traditions spoke of him as "a pilgrim and a sojourner," having only the promise of the land for his posterity after their sorrowful exile of four hundred years in a land that was not their own. But he was acknowledged, too, as the powerful leader of a formidable force; and his place must have been high among the chiefs of Canaan. "Thou art a mighty prince among us," said the sons of Heth, when he negotiated with them for a burial-place. "He is a prophet," said Jehovah, in a dream to Abimelech, "and shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live." Later ages ascribed to him profound knowledge of chemistry, astronomy, and divination, the instructing of the Egyptians in mathematical science, and the invention of written language; and there have not been wanting those who have even identified his name with Brahm, the mysterious incarnation of the Indian Deity.

From his journey to Egypt Abraham had returned rich in the favor of the king, also in cattle, silver, and gold. When the five kings of the plain were beaten by the banded Syrian chieftains, and Lot was carried off captive with them, he armed more than three hundred of his own clan (represented by Josephus as "captains each of a countless force"), and brought back both prisoners

and spoil. As he passed near the Jordan on his return, the royal priest, Melchizedek (whom Jewish fancy fondly held to be Shem himself), brought forth bread and wine, and blessed him in the name of the mysterious EL, "possessor of heaven and earth." As conqueror and deliverer, his title was thus sanctioned by the most venerable religion of the soil.

It was in his tent at Hebron that he received, with Oriental hospitality, the mysterious messengers who passed on with their message of doom to the insolent inhabitants of Sodom; and entreated Jehovah face to face in their behalf, and won from him the promise that they should be spared, if only ten righteous men were found within the place. Thus, in the boldest strain of legendary narrative ever framed, are combined the pathos of a drama and the piety of antique faith. The strongest possible picture is presented both of Abraham's own free access to the Deity, and of the awful and unredeemed depravity of the Canaanitish race. The dread Power of the earthquake-convulsion and the volcanic fire is a person in the dialogue, and yields step by step to the powerful intercession of the holy man. The inexorably Just pauses in the execution of his decree; and for Abraham's sake will relent on the easiest terms of mercy, sparing from destruction all that share his blood. The patriarch intercedes for a people that must finally be swept away before his descendants, and thus lays by for them, as it were, a claim on the gratitude of those tribes, requited only by their obstinate hate; while, on the other hand, the race doomed to perish is shown to be so desperately and unredeemably abandoned, that the "ten righteous" are nowhere to be found.

It was in his later residence, remote from the vicinity of so frightful a catastrophe, that Isaac, "child of the promise," was born, when Abraham was already a hundred years old. And here too is the locality of the touching narrative, which tells how the last and highest revelation came to him, delivering him from the dismal superstition of human sacrifice. This, like the other illustrative legends, is told in a dramatic form, the persons being still the Patriarch and the Divinity. The sacrifice commanded should take place upon Moriah; but a victim is suddenly provided which it would be in-

nocent to slay. The narrative is a favorite one with the Hebrew race. The Arabs repeat and enlarge it, telling it of Ishmael, instead of Isaac, and adding that an invisible band of brass guarded the child's throat when the father thrice attempted to cut it with a knife. Doubtless it was urged, if not cast in its present form, by the prophets, when they strove to wean the people from the rites of Canaanite idolatry. The lesson which they would enforce is this, — that the holy family was even thus early emancipated from this darkest and bloodiest superstition of the tribes among whom they dwelt; and the event of such deliverance they recount in this pathetic tradition, of a sacrifice commanded, and fulfilled in a gentler form, upon the very spot where their glorious temple and altar should long after stand. This, which we consider the true interpretation of the perplexing narrative, is barely hinted by our author, who here simply expounds the more common view. (p. 382.)

The people's life, as conceived in their imagination, or made familiar by many generations of household tradition, is what we find reflected in this ancient narrative of the patriarchal times. The history of a people is cast in the form of domestic traditions, respecting a single family group. Abraham is the mighty and venerable father, feared and honored by the inhabitants of the land to which he migrates. His character is holy and austere; his intercourse, direct with God. The type given in our simpler history is exaggerated by after reverence; and the halo which a religious fancy had thrown about this majestic name is projected upon the shadows of the invisible world. A region of paradise was called "Abraham's bosom," whither the faithful were borne by angels to repose in bliss. Still another Jewish legend is, that when "the Lord said to Messiah, Sit thou on my right hand," Abraham was grieved, and said, "My son's son sits on thy right hand, and I on thy left hand." But the Lord replied, "Thy son's son sits indeed upon my right hand, and I on thy right hand." So Abraham was comforted.* In his life, too, we have another cycle of round or sacred numbers. His age was a hundred years when Isaac was born to him; and seventy-five years later he died, having dwelt just a century in the Holy Land.

* Bertholdt, *De Usu Philonis*.

"If few could aspire to be like Abraham, it were to be wished that all might be as Isaac." He was the promised and gentle child, who went willingly as a lamb to the sacrifice. He was the peaceable and prosperous man, who "sowed in the land, and received in the same year an hundred fold." The joy at his birth is signified in the perpetual play upon his name, which signifies "laughter." His life is made, as it were, only a paler reflection of his father's. He sets out to go (like him) into Egypt, to avoid a famine, but is withheld. As with his father, neighboring herdsmen covet his wealth and strive for his well; and he does not "reprove," or demand a treaty, but yields unresistingly. Like him, too, he denies his wife, lest her beauty should bring him into danger. It was for him that the eldest servant of Abraham's house was sent to the family home, in the far eastern country he had left, and brought back Rebekah, — the legendary type of the modestly consenting bride, — from tending sheep and watering camels in the pastoral scenes of that region. When his eyes were dim, so that he could not see, his gentle and unsuspecting temper yielded easily to the simple deceit practised by his wife and younger son; and Jacob, instead of Esau, won the patriarchal benediction. And the narrative thereafter leaves him utterly without mention, until his death at the age of a hundred and eighty.

The genealogy of Esau — already more than half an alien by his wilder tastes and idolatrous alliances — serves to connect the last of the bordering and hostile races in the common descent, while acknowledging (half unwillingly) the earlier right and nobler temper of that tribe, which at a later day Judah was glad to call his "brother" Edom. From this point of separation the history follows only that group of twelve confederate tribes, or clans, known by the collective name of Israel. Jacob, the younger son of Isaac, is the type and progenitor of this race. His double name expresses that character of dualism, or duplicity, which has from the first distinguished them, in their own traditions, as well as in the respect had of them among other nations. (p. 338.)

Jacob is "the supplanter," — the wrestler, who when he is thrown gets his antagonist by the heel, and by obstinate stratagem wins the day. He is the younger

brother, who cheats the elder, dupes his blind father, and outwits his uncle Laban in a running game of intrigue lasting twenty years. His course represents the secular and unheroic side of the patriarchal life. It is a series of struggles, of craft or strength. His toilsome journey in a flight for his life; his dispute with the shepherds, and heroic strength in removing the stone from the well's mouth; his bargain with Laban, and long delay in obtaining his loved and promised bride; the contentions of his wives; his adroit tricks of herdsman'ship, which the Jews would recount with such infinite relish; his escape from Laban, and the affair of the teraphim, — are all so many passages of that struggle, in which he perpetually comes off victor. Gaining power and wealth during his long residence in the ancient family home, he heads the second great migration into Canaan, — the several tribes being already represented by the sons born to him in Haran.

Israel is the prince of God, who "as a prince had wrestled mightily with God (in the night visions) and prevailed." His introduction to the promised land was by "two hosts" of angels. The names Mahanaim, Gilead, Peniel, Succoth, recall some of the most beautiful and impressive memories of the patriarchal history. He hears, with quickened spirit, the renewal of the magnificent promise made to Abraham. He returns to settle at Sichem, in the heart of the land; and builds an altar at Bethel, to commemorate the glorious and comforting vision that had cheered his exile, of "a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached unto heaven; and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it." "With his staff he had passed over Jordan, and had become two bands." He had gone out as a solitary wanderer, with a stone for his pillow on the bare heath of Bethel, and now came back with the state and fortune of an independent prince. His return, as chief of a great migration, is a continual triumph, after the first three days, when he steals secretly away from keeping Laban's cattle. His wily uncle, foiled in his own game of exaction and deceit, follows him up with a great company; but is warned in a dream to have not a word to say to him, "good or bad." Rachel baffles her father's search for the household gods, whose images she has stolen; so

that he gets the advantage of the cheat without the crime, and bears with him the peculiar blessing of the ancestral hearth. And finally, he is able to build the "heap of witness," as a sign of the treaty he has made, that neither party shall cross that boundary as a hostile force.

Coming thus as a prince, and as an acknowledged independent force, into the land of his inheritance, Jacob now established himself at Shechem, some fifty miles farther north than his father's home at Hebron. And when he journeyed, "the terror of God was upon the cities that were round about"; for his sons were strong-handed and crafty men, and had bloodily avenged themselves upon the town whose chief offered insult to their sister. By the massacre at Shechem, the patriarchal family set their stamp of reprobation upon the proposed alliance, and the fusion of the races. It is a rehearsal of the scene of the conquest. The first aggression is duly shown to be on the part of the Canaanites; and the bloody stain can be expiated only by the extirpation of one or the other party. Thus Jacob, as he afterwards recounted, was no peaceable settler, like his fathers; but had "wrested" his possession "out of the hand of the Amorite with his sword and with his bow." It only remained to consecrate his new acquisition to his ancestral faith. The teraphim, or household gods, that Rachel had brought from Padan-Aram, with all the ear-rings that were in the ears of his household, he solemnly buried under the oak in Shechem, and built at Bethel an altar and pillar to "EL, the God of Israel."

This series of events leaves Jacob in peaceable possession of a secure position and considerable power in Canaan. Whether a family or a people, Israel was now in apparently full enjoyment of his inheritance. But the moral of his wrestling with that mysterious phantom of the night at Peniel beyond Jordan was to be manifest in his history, and the history of his race. That conflict had left him lame, and "halting upon his thigh," yet with the richer heritage of the future, and the title of a prince of God. What man has won from man, by the strength of his hand or the cunning of his brain, he must win again, as it were, from the invisible powers of his life, in conflict with secret pain and grief. (p. 406.) Touchingly

is this moral told in the later history of Jacob. His sons gave him deep shame by their quarrels, and violent revenge, and profligate deeds. Rachel, his best beloved, died, and was buried at Bethlehem, on the way to Hebron. When he had gathered up his affection upon his favorite boy, he both injured the child's open innocence by mischievous partiality, and brought upon him his brothers' jealous hate, so that, when Joseph went to visit them in the field, they stripped him of his gay apparel, cast him into a pit to die there, and finally sold him for a slave to a caravan of Midianite traders that were going into Egypt. "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days; and all his sons and daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted, and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning. Thus his father wept for him."

By this most beautiful of all relations of domestic grief, the Hebrew narrative guides the events of Jacob's life upon the broader stage of history, which the race is henceforth to occupy. It was needful for them, as had been already revealed to Abraham, that they "should first be strangers in a land that was not theirs, and should serve them, and they should afflict them four hundred years." As Abraham and Isaac had each by reason of famine gone up (in fact or intention) to the land of Egypt, so the whole race of Israel must go up thither, and for the same cause, before they could return and take the land of Canaan for their lasting possession. Such was the religious necessity, as conceived long after in the Hebrew mind. But there was a deeper historic necessity; since the residence in Egypt was needful for those germs of character and culture which made the Hebrews what they were, and rendered their after evolution possible. (p. 441.)

This decisive event in the history, as represented in their Scripture, God brought about in his own way, overruling the hatred and ill-treatment of Joseph's brethren to his own glory and their great advantage. When, twenty years after the crime was consummated, they went up to Egypt to buy corn for themselves and their families, that they might not perish, the discreet and powerful viceroy of that splendid monarchy, before whom

they prostrated themselves so humbly, was their own despised and long-lost brother. With infinite skill, Judah, afterwards the proud rival of the family of Joseph on the soil of Palestine, is made to intercede in behalf of the suppliant house. With infinite tenderness Joseph soothes their self-reproach, by showing how Providence had wrought their crime towards him into a blessing for them all; and then satisfies the prompting of his own generous heart, settling them on the rich border-land of Egypt that looks towards Arabia and Palestine, as guardsmen of the frontier and keepers of Pharaoh's herds. The traditions say that Jacob had wept himself blind with grief at Joseph's loss; and that, when his brothers knew his safety, they did not venture to bring him the tidings, lest he should die from excess of joy. But the young daughter of Asher sat at her grandfather's knee, and took a harp, and sang a pleasant chant of Joseph's loss, and his changing fortunes, and his great glory in the realm of Egypt; "and the spirit of Jacob revived, and he said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

Such, in brief outline, is the account we have of this most critical event of the Hebrew destinies, the transferring of Israel and his fortunes to Egypt. It was an event indispensable for their culture, and their whole after history; an event that saved them from being merged indistinguishably in the petty populations of Canaan. Egypt then, as Athens and Rome at a later day, was the educator of nations. To her Greece owed its first germs of culture, and its first civilizing colonies. The centralizing hierarchy in the narrow valley of the Nile, with its immensely fertile and comparatively well-ordered domain, and its stupendous temples and public monuments, offered every attraction of wealth, astonishing works, and ancient wisdom. By its riches it tempted conquest; by its secret arts and the fame of its knowledge it invited the curious to become its pupils. And furthermore, it offered now the example of a singularly united and well-ordered realm. For when the famine had put the people utterly into the hands of the king, he easily availed himself of the advantage of his position to bring about that condition of things which royal policy most desires. His forethought, by Joseph's prompting, had

already stored up vast granaries while there was plenty; and now (we are told) Joseph, to insure the benefit of a strong central power, exacted such conditions of supply, that the entire population became retainers of the king. The whole wealth and effective power of the country were in the monarch's grasp alone, while the people dwelt in cities.

This great social revolution is ascribed to the energy and foresight of Joseph alone; — a revolution, if it were indeed the work of Hebrew hands, bitterly felt afterwards by the Hebrew people. The entire theocratic organization of Egypt, at least the social despotism it brought about, should be by this account the work of their exile-patriarch.

But here a faint side-light from other sources strikes across the course of our history. The Hycsos, or Shepherd dynasty, said Manetho, had subdivided the Egyptian monarchy, and held the land under their sway for about five hundred years, "burning down the cities, and demolishing the temples of the gods." That they were a tribe kindred with the Hebrews has long been thought; and even, that they might be the very children of Israel, but that this would too completely contradict the only clear account we have. The Jews, at any rate, have claimed their kinship, and hinted their identity. "The Egyptians," says Josephus, "took many occasions to hate us and envy us, because our ancestors had had dominion over their country." Perhaps statements so wholly at variance as we find with regard to this event cannot be fully reconciled; yet, assuming that it is one event to which they refer, the following account seems most clearly to exhibit the parallelism of the several authorities. In making it satisfactory to our own mind, we have been obliged to depart considerably from the exposition of Ewald, which seems to us to alter quite needlessly the character of the Hebrew narrative, though the outline on the larger circle of events he has sketched with a peculiar and masterly skill. That given by Kenrick is, as far as it goes, identical with the one here offered.

The long dynasty of the Shepherds — a "Phœnician" or Palestinian tribe — seems (as many authors have observed) to have some connection with the frequent

reference made to Egypt in the course of the patriarchal history. As nearly as the chronology can be made out, the conquest of that country was not far from the assumed time of Abraham's migration; as if both were parts of one great movement of the Asiatic tribes upon the West,* and as if the wealth which Abraham carried away from Egypt were part of the spoils of that invasion.† The alien dynasty must long have found its footing insecure, and would naturally seek to accommodate itself to the elder theocratic institutions of the land. In this it gladly employed the wise coöperation of the exiled Hebrew chieftain. Embracing such an occasion as that afforded by the famine to strengthen its hold upon the soil and people of Egypt, it would welcome the aid that was offered by the stalwart and formidable forces of his Shepherd brethren,—already a terror to the Canaanitish tribes,—who were summoned by his influence, and settled in Goshen, as defenders of the frontier against fresh invasion. ‡

In the course of a few generations after the settlement of the tribes of Israel upon Egyptian soil, the native kings of the country (who had hitherto maintained themselves in the district of Thebes, and Upper Egypt) succeeded in expelling the invaders, and “another king arose, who knew not Joseph,”—commencing the eighteenth dynasty of Manetho. The majority of the alien race were driven out, and became the kindred and bordering tribes of Edom, Moab, and Ammon; while those who remained, constituting the family of Israel, were more and more reduced to the condition of slavery, as the native dynasty extended itself farther down upon the

* See Pococke's “India in Greece.”

† This conjecture seems to find confirmation in what we learn of Abraham's numerous slaves, especially the Egyptian Hagar. :

‡ Ewald's view is, that the first Hebrew migration (represented by the going thither of Joseph, who, according to one tradition, besought aid of the Arab tribes to take him into Egypt) took place long before the general migration of the tribes,—in the midst of the violent rule of the Shepherds, and by their summons. When the Shepherds were driven out, the Hebrew portion may have sided with the native kings, and so rendered their singular service, which (while “every Shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians,” from recollections of their impious and cruel dynasty) won for Joseph and his tribe the singular favor and confidence of Pharaoh, and for his brethren their summons to occupy the exposed frontier. (pp. 459, 460.)

territory of the Delta. Still, however, they retained traces of their mountain blood and the bolder daring of the earlier times. The Egyptians (treating them as an unclean and leprous caste) recount their revolt and brief rule under Moses, and their final expulsion into the wilderness towards Syria. And in their own narrative, the same qualities of the race are shown as fitting them for the same great enterprise. After their four centuries of Egyptian service, when the centralizing hierarchy pressed despotically upon their independence, and the quarrel became inexpiable, we find this warrior tribe, fully armed and equipped, ready to march over the border to the reconquest of their native Canaan.

Whether this, or something like it, was the train of events which we discern so dimly through the beautiful domestic narrative of the Hebrews, we cannot tell with any certainty. It may be only one among the many fruitless conjectures that have been framed, to weave in the thread of sacred tradition with the web of secular history. But the suggesting of it, together with the introduction of the Egyptian Pharaohs upon the stage, shows that we have come into a new period. Henceforth the drama moves openly before the light of the world, and its scenes are in the sight of nations. Patriarchal history, which is the narrating of historical events in the picturesque and dramatic form of family tradition, becomes merged in the broader stream that embraces the institutions and life of a nation, and events acted out on the theatre of the world.

A single word as to the sources of the narrative that has now been presented. As soon as we apply to this primitive cycle of events the usual principles of historical criticism, and judge of these traditions as we do of those of other nations, we find ourselves in possession of most precious, but fragmentary, relics of that remote and obscure past. We cannot hope to read it all into accurate and coherent history. But if we have only the smallest remnants of the world's most ancient poetry, if only the faint reflection of that primitive way of life, if only the traditions of the shepherd's tent or the Hebrew watch-fire dwelling fondly on the memory of ancestors so pious and so noble, — even at this estimate we have, in the book of Genesis, the most unique and precious inher-

itance of all the remoter past; and our gratitude cannot be too great for the pious care and reverence with which it has been sacredly guarded for so many ages. Far more, when it is considered that here we have the half-hid and mysterious sources of that stream of purer faith, which widened afterwards into "the river of the water of life," for the healing and blessing of all nations.

In preference to tracing more at large the course of narrative in the volumes before us, we have endeavored to illustrate its character in a single period; briefly recounting, with the running criticism suggested* mainly by them, that unwearying thrice-told tale, which stands to us for all or most we know of the primeval history of the race. We hope we may have succeeded at least in indicating the nature of the interest with which our author has invested it. Into later periods of the history, expanded more fully in his discussions, it would be tempting to follow him; but we must leave him here, only indicating very briefly the light in which he regards the character and fortunes of the Hebrew race.

According to him (and against the school of critics to which we previously referred), it was the divine mission and destiny of that race to vindicate from the first "the true religion," and knowledge of the one true God; to found the existence and institutions of the state thereupon; and, under the providential leadership of Moses, to make each portion of the national life a standing testimony to its view of the divine sanctions and obligations of truth and duty.* The profoundly religious significance of the history has been set forth by him with a depth and heartiness of appreciation exceeded by no other; often, indeed, giving a strong bias or coloring to the narrative, hardly ratified by a strictly critical judgment. We cannot follow him into his deeply interesting exposition of the life and labors of Moses, still less into that of the fully developed Hebrew institutions, which he treats in a volume by themselves, as an "Appendix" to the earlier monarchy. Among the doubtful points, in which we think his strong partisanship overlooks the difficulties of the case, he holds that these institutions, at least in their

* See Vol. I. p. 8, with many other portions of the work, especially the elaborate development of the thought in the treatise on the Hebrew Institutions.

general outline and most characteristic features, were in full force during the period of disorganization, known as the time of the Judges; that this, indeed, was the period of the most intense religious spirit and strongly marked national life; and that the monarchy rather diluted and flattened down what it seems to us more likely was in fact the peculiar creation of a later age. Such institutions, for example, as the Levitical priesthood, the Sabbathical year, and the year of Jubilee, seem to belong more naturally to the time of the full-grown monarchy, or to the rule of priests which succeeded the Captivity, rather than to that early period of precarious and nomadic life. But in the discussion of these or any similar questions, the ground of discussion must be largely assumed on either side; and no man certainly is more competent than he to take his ground unchallenged. So in the interpretation of many particular events, and judgment of certain characters, and especially in the intelligent comprehension of the political circumstances of the state, we rate Newman's "Hebrew Monarchy" before the present work; but with the qualification, that, for a right comprehension of the spirit of the narrative, to stand truly *en rapport* with the life of that age and race, we must always come first-hand to Ewald.

His work is divided into three portions, besides the "Anhang," or Appendix on the Hebrew Institutions, which constitutes the intercalary third volume. Of these portions, the first is the "Theocracy," commencing with the sojourn in Egypt, and closing with the Judges. This includes the organizing of the national institutions under Moses, with his profound influence on the character and history of the people, the conquest and settlement in Canaan, the extraordinary struggles that finally established the nation's independence, and the remarkable development of national character and religious spirit that became so effective in the hands of Samuel. The second is the Monarchy, or "Regal Theocracy," commencing with Saul and ending with the Captivity. The third is the "Hierarchy," comprising the history of the Captivity, the return of the "Jewish Puritans" to Palestine, and the later struggles to revive the long-lost life of Israel, till the last germs of nationality are finally absorbed in the spreading circle of Roman conquest, — till the

religious mission that consecrated it from the earliest time is about to be consummated and merged in the divine life, which was manifested in the fulness of time in Christ.

J. H. A.

ART. II.—ELIOT'S LECTURES TO YOUNG WOMEN.*

It may seem quite unnecessary, at this day, to urge upon young women the perusal of a work sent forth expressly for their benefit, when the abundance of such publications seems to make it impossible for them to escape their influence. From the days when the sensible, excellent, dull letters of Mrs. Chapone were to be conned diligently by all young girls as a matter of course, to the present, there has been no scarcity of appeals to this important portion of the human race, from older and wiser heads, in forms didactic, practical, or lively. Even the romance and the novel come with the specious plea upon their fronts of presenting moral instruction in winning forms. They are to be understood as "Sermons for Young Ladies," in disguise; a disguise sometimes quite impenetrable, we must confess.

The very profusion of these graver works has a tendency to defeat their object. No one can read half of them; probably few read many. It is a wearisome kind of reading to those who most need it, and therefore it is desirable that a careful selection should be made. Almost all of us have influence enough with the young females about us, to persuade them to undertake at least the perusal of one serious book, written for their special benefit; and if we ever hope to have them read another, or if we desire that the one should be actually read through with some good result, we must exercise no small discrimination.

For this reason we have undertaken to recommend the Lectures of Mr. Eliot to the class for whom they were written. We have been examining publications of this

* *Lectures to Young Women, delivered in the Church of the Messiah.* By WILLIAM G. ELIOT, JR. St. Louis, Mo. 1853. 16mo. pp. 124.

description these many years, in order to find the most unexceptionable, one which we could hopefully put into the hands of the greatest variety of individuals. We have found many that had but a single fault. They were too dull. The young girl, in a fit of good resolutions, warmed by the earnest appeal, perhaps, of some religious friend or some true sermon, sits down resolutely to the task of reading a book, which is to be second only to the Bible in teaching her how to become what she ought to be. But the style is so uninviting and heavy, the truisms are so bare, the appeals to that most active part of her nature, the imagination, so few, the want of sympathy with her experiences so evident, and the whole treatise is so void of interest to her unregenerate heart, that, yawning and weary, she lays it aside, returns to it reluctantly at more and more distant intervals, and never finishes it. Probably she thinks thenceforward of all treatises for young women with repugnance. Unless her heart has already had some experimental knowledge of its need of religious instruction, has undergone some serious change from its natural indifference or frivolity, she cannot read such a book; yet it is to effect that change precisely that we desire to have her read it.

To be too long and dull is the common fault of works written for this most important object. In order to arrest the attention of the airy, gay creatures, whose besetting sin is that they hate thought, we require no ordinary means. They must be shot upon the wing; and light, swift, and keen must be the arrow that brings them down. We have found books, however, against which the charge of dulness could not be brought. There was a quaintness, a vivacity, or earnestness, in the style, which might secure perusal; but there were other reasons why we did not desire that they should be read. Some were too worldly in their character. The author walked upon too low a level. He would have led his pupils along life's path very carefully, without an apparent misstep, showing them distinctly the hedge on one side and the ditch on the other, but never raising their eyes to the heights above, whither the path should lead. He would train their feet, but cultivate no wings. He would carry them respectably through the world, but not gloriously above it, as every woman may live, whatever be her sta-

tion. We have read a spirited, clever work, conscientiously meant to aid young women in self-culture, in which one motive appealed to repeatedly was the desire to please; not to please God, but to please man and woman,—as if this were not precisely the quicksand that most needs a glowing beacon before it. Other treatises have a taint of vulgarity. Others are merely superficial. Others are sectarian, or ultra on certain points, or loose on certain points. All have much that is good, but in most the goodness is neutralized by being held in solution in that unpalatable element, dulness, or made inefficient by some unfortunate ingredient. The golden little “Legacy” of Dr. Gregory was good, but we want something more thorough; and we have thought that this want would be felt more decidedly than ever, since another kindred deficiency has lately been supplied.

Something which is found plentifully among other Christian denominations, quite unlike sermons and other direct and didactic appeals, something which by the charm of personal sympathies may win young and giddy women to a desire of genuine womanly excellence, thus teaching them the value of the Bible and religious helps, and tempting them to read with a real interest the graver works intended for their benefit, has long been wanting in our own denomination. That something was the true, unembellished Life of a Christian woman; a picture to be copied, presenting somewhat apparently more imitable than the superhuman excellence of our great exemplar, Christ.

Such a model woman has lived among us. Often as we lamented the deficiency of such a book to put into the hands of the tempted and incomplete beings around us, looking upon them with a yearning compassion and upon her with a reverend love, we have thought, “Will it ever be possible to set *her* before them?” It seemed not. She was emphatically a private woman. But “with God all things are possible.” He rounds the pure pearl under the tossing sea, and permits it to rejoice human sight with its beauty. From the holy seclusion of domestic life; its beautiful humility all unsoiled by exposure to the atmosphere, He has brought forth that lovely character to be studied and copied by thousands, who will be moved by that contemplation into aspiration

and effort. She who so appropriately bore the sweet and holy name of "Mary" was taken from earth, not only that she might receive her reward and work in a happier sphere, but that the light of her example might be let forth on a wider circle below; and the hearts of those who justly claimed it as their legacy were moved to permit its diffusion. Her published letters — and it is to this part of the work alone that we refer — evince that she neglected not in her youth to feed her virtues with wholesome reading: and we have heard her lament the difficulty of finding such modern works as would attract while they elevated and sobered those who loved only the lightest reading; little dreaming in what way she would herself come to the rescue. We believe that most young women, after perusing Mrs. Ware's letters, will be impelled with a new interest to the Bible; and then they will seek small practical works, such as Henry Ware's invaluable treatise "On the Formation of the Christian Character." But many will still need something more peculiarly adapted to their own situations, temptations, and wants as women. Whatever may be true of the equal rights of the sexes, it is certain that their wants are separate and different. To this class we know of no book which we can recommend so unhesitatingly as this of Mr. Eliot. A young woman, filled with a new consciousness that she is not leading such a life as she should, will naturally seek every possible aid in ascertaining her duties, and learning how she can discharge them; and as reading will be among the most obvious and ready external helps, we urge upon her the careful perusal of these Lectures.

The work consists of six discourses, addressed to the Young Women of his own society. The first is an appeal to his hearers, which could not but have secured their attention to the coming "expression of well-known truths in a plain and simple manner." The second treats of "Home"; the third of "Duties"; the fourth of "Education"; the fifth of "Follies"; the sixth of "Woman's Mission."

Unpromisingly hackneyed topics, certainly, and no one could be more sensible of this untoward fact than Mr. Eliot. He is not likely to make the mistake of the narrow-minded, who work an old, exhausted mine without

knowing it, and who cry out on finding a bit of ore, that it is a token of what is, instead of the dregs of what has been. But we have all felt the immense difference in the ways of handling commonplaces. A strong grasp wrings water from the seemingly exhausted sponge. The practical wisdom, the habits of close observation, and the sincere piety of Mr. Eliot, united with what we must consider an essential element in his success, — his sympathy with the young, — have fitted him to discharge his task usefully. He has prayed for showers on his own vineyard, and they will extend over many.

As to commonplace, we must remember that, as Mr. Eliot and others intimate, it is *truth* that makes it commonplace. The very truth that gives it importance has caused it to be presented so often, that we are tempted to be weary of it, especially if it be a truth whose enforcement we do not feel to be needed, particularly by ourselves. But we have no right to be weary of any truth which is not yet universally accepted, and has not done its work. And what truth has? Therefore must the great staple verities of religion and morality reappear before us perpetually; and all the freshness we can expect with them is some variation of attitude or garb, some new point of view, or some gleam of unwonted splendor thrown upon them, revealing their beautiful proportions more distinctly than ever. This is what many minds require, especially those of the imaginative and excitement-craving nature. To do this with good taste and judgment is a power given to few; and unfortunately the judgment it demands, while precisely one of the rarest and most exalted of gifts, is apt to be slightly appreciated. Young people love genius because it is exciting, and falsely regard judgment as the property of an ordinary mind. But an enlightened judgment is in fact a higher attribute than genius, requiring a combination of powers and thorough control over them; and when religiously trained, bearing a more close and beautiful resemblance to the wisdom of Christ, than any other quality can. With this judgment Mr. Eliot seems eminently endowed. The fear of uttering mere truisms has led him into no startling vagaries, extravagant requisitions, or seeming novelties of thought or language. Quiet and true, but strong and searching, is every paragraph in his unpretending book.

The impartiality, too, with which he treats difficult and exciting subjects, such as that of "Woman's Mission," can hardly be translated into non-committal, even by those zealous persons who know only extremes, and who despised "mediums" long before the unlucky word came to have an absurd technical meaning. One brief passage in the sixth lecture contains a world of truth on this vexed topic, a thread that might lead one through the labyrinth. "A good woman is the equal of a good man. I do not mean by offsetting the higher moral qualities of the one against the higher intellectual qualities of the other; but her pure moral nature, when rightly cultivated, elevates and ennobles the intellectual, and gives her a clearness of thought, an accuracy of judgment, and a comprehensiveness of understanding, which place her fairly on a level with the highest." It must be a sick ambition indeed which leads any woman to desire a stronger tribute to her sex than this, and we are sorry for man or woman who cannot see a beauty in its exactness, stating neither more nor less than the truth.

We do not know how to make extracts from a work so complete in itself and so well connected. But as a specimen of Mr. Eliot's plain dealing with a question which is now lifting the roof-tree from many happy homes, and letting in the wild winds that should never reach the sanctuary where woman dwells unveiled, we give the following passages:—

"Why may not woman have the whole great sphere of the world to act in? Why should her influence be more limited than that of man? We answer, that our real influence is often stronger for being limited in its immediate action. The wider diffusion of our efforts lessens their strength, and sometimes prevents their efficacy."—"So true is this, that the strongest and most enduring influence which any one of us exerts is that which begins at home, and goes out widening and deepening into the world. Whether men or women, the day of judgment will probably show this to be true. A celebrated preacher once said that the most successful sermon he ever preached was to an audience of one person, on a very stormy day. That one person was converted and became the instrument of doing good to thousands. The mother has an audience of five or six to whom her life preaches, and if she can have the blessing of God to convert them from sin to holiness, from the world to God, she accomplishes a work which God only can measure."—"The

reason why there is so much left for philanthropists to do is this, that home work is done so badly. The great primal reform is needed there, and will never be accomplished, until woman does it."

Who that has ever been connected with a Sunday school has not discovered to his sorrow that absolutely the mountain in his path was the want of coöperation at home, — nay, even a positively counteracting influence at home? Terrible might be the revelations, made by sincere and pious Sunday-school teachers, of the maternal deficiencies betrayed to them by their unconscious pupils. Many a time it would be well, if the mother who bedecks her child and sends her to Sunday school, feeling that now she has unquestionably discharged her duty as a Christian parent, could just sit down in that child's place, begin life anew, and receive into her own worldly heart the instruction and influences she so deeply needs! We have been tempted at times to entertain the question occasionally started by old-fashioned people, — Are Sunday schools on the whole a blessing to the community? Was not the old system of religious instruction at home much better? When wholesome religious instruction *was* given at home, it was well. Yet the institution of Sunday schools need not prevent, rather should aid, such domestic teaching. But while homes are what so many now are, so barren of spiritual influences, such nurseries of self-indulgence and worldliness, we cling to the plank. Give us the Sunday school; prove its influence on the community to be feeble, if you can; but it is so much better than none! It may save some, perhaps many, from drowning in early sin.

It seems to us that Mr. Eliot has made his Lectures as comprehensive and thorough as they should be. There are one or two points in which the sex are concerned, in which unusual opportunities of observation have interested us, and on which we should have been glad to read some expression from such a quarter; but we do not suppose they could have been introduced properly into these lectures.

Any one whose attention may be directed to the subject will be surprised to perceive how, throughout all literature, woman is addressed as the impersonation of Beauty! The influence of female beauty is immense, unques-

tionably. The power, the danger, the responsibility that accompany the gift, can hardly be overrated. Prose and poetry, the common talk of society, the grave admonition to the sex, all bear testimony to this marked fact in God's creation. It is a fact. He has ordained it so, and it is right. It was a part of the same wise kindness which gave their glory to the sunset clouds, and painted the petals of millions of roses, that also gladdened the eye and soul with the sight of that nobler spectacle, human beauty. We know of few purer pleasures than that with which we may gaze on a lovely countenance, if the soul beaming through it be as lovely; and we have felt sometimes that it would be almost as rational to traverse sea and land to gaze on such living creations, as to behold an exquisite statue or painting. The importance and the duties of that portion of God's creatures, the beautiful women of earth, must demand the serious attention of the moralist, as their influence does of every one else.

But the positions of the beauty and of her less favored counterpart are very unlike, and it has appeared to us that this fact has not been sufficiently recognized by writers for the benefit of the sex. We are aware, of course, that the chief duties of both classes are the same, and that in many important respects they occupy common ground; the ground, mainly, covered by the remarks of Mr. Eliot. It is a recommendation of his work, that his lectures may be received in general by all young women, with full personal application. But besides the young females who grow up in the unquestioned royalty of beauty, born to that invisible and perilous sceptre, which, unlike other sceptres, must perhaps be yielded before the fair hand is cold in death, — besides these, there are many decidedly ugly; and many more of that class who are neither; who are sometimes handsome and sometimes plain; who "depend on dress," as the phrase goes; who look well by candle-light, and very ill at the breakfast-table; who are pretty when pleased, and unattractive enough when not pleased; who have bad features and good complexions, or good features and bad complexions; who trust to a redeeming pair of eyes or a brilliant set of teeth. These are the multitude, sometimes enjoying a brief reputation for beauty through early youth, and then becoming undeniably plain. How are

these to be taught the worthlessness of externals? These are the women who attach most importance to beauty, both in others and in themselves. They overrate it every way, and sigh for it, and neglect to learn how to live without it. We think they are more apt to be spoiled by admiration, than the truly and uniformly beautiful, and less apt to have any thing which may be of more permanent value.

No one of course would pretend to deny, that an exceedingly plain woman may interest deeply, may exercise great influence, may win the heart of man and gently sway the characters of the young persons around her. Susceptible as children are to beauty, they are also singularly forgetful of the deficiency when their affections are engaged by something better. Few children ever thought a mother's features homely. But after allowing all this, there is a difference in the lot, in the temptations and opportunities, between the fair and the unlovely girl, which should be recognized. Bright must be the lustre of that inward excellence which is to shine and bless through a dull eye and a repulsive countenance. Each of these individuals should be fitted for that which lies before her, and our common sense must tell us that one will not meet that which the other will be sure to encounter; but she will meet something as hostile to her Christian progress. The same outfit of faith, humility, discretion, conscientiousness, and piety, both will need: but the way in which they shall enter the world with these, and learn to use them, requires preparation.

We were first led into these thoughts many years ago, when observing a number of young girls listening to an eloquent address. The speaker dwelt ably on the trials that await youth and beauty, and on the dangers of admiration. The expression of one girl's face unfolded what we afterwards found had been passing actually in the depths of an active, strong, undisciplined nature. She was excessively plain, and had a distressing consciousness of it. She felt as if she did not live in the same world with those who were thus addressed, and had no business to listen. She had a false and morbid view of the whole matter, — a most gloomy one. And though hers was an extreme case, we believe it was not a rare one except in degree. She required a different train-

ing for the conflict before her, though with the same weapons.

Two remarks which we have heard made at different times come to us at this moment. Both were by married ladies who had been distinguished beauties. An accidental discussion had come up, as to whether beauty was to be desired for a daughter. "For my part," said one, who though past fifty had not withdrawn from the ball-room floor, "I should not have cared if my daughters had been plain; I should have told them the fact very frankly, but I should not have allowed them to be discouraged, for I should have given them the most brilliant education, and should have used their very ugliness as a stimulus. I should have assured them it was by no means out of their power to *create a sensation*, and that rare accomplishments, and, above all, uncommon powers of conversation, would secure it just as surely as beauty." And these were greeted as very sensible remarks by an admiring circle. It requires no comment to indicate the aim of life and standard of excellence in this lady's mind. Woe be to those who have no other, whether beautiful as Mary of Scotland, or repulsive as the half-brutish Hot-tentot!

The other observation came from the lips of one whose face was still handsome, though faded, and was uttered with some emotion. She, alas! recognized not practically the fact of an eternal life simply begun here, though she would never have dreamed of denying it. "I should be sorry to have beautiful daughters," said she, "because it is but for a few years, and then the position is so changed! It is in vain to say that a woman must not feel the loss of her personal attractions. She has been accustomed to the effect of them, and, whatever may be preached, it is a hard thing to think that it is all over."

So false are the standards prevailing among the sex. The beautiful are not the only ones who so superficially estimate beauty. There is a shadow of truth in what so many feel, but it is only a shadow, and shadows deceive as to the real proportions of objects. We would have the reality presented to those who need it, and it is only under the influence of a thorough, all-pervading religious principle that the reality can flourish, — that the matter of personal appearance can become indifferent, and, as a

question of individual concern, cease to occupy the thoughts in any way.

The other question we would have urged upon the sex relates to early marriages. We leave to the physician — who, however, is never thought of in connection with such events — the whole matter of physical consequences. But the terrible results of a sure maternal incapacity for the moral training of a child, cannot be exaggerated. And she who at eighteen would be at all qualified for the full responsibilities of a mother, would be a more rare phenomenon than any in the annals of intellectual precocity.

Repeatedly it has been our experience, in tracing out the history of some fellow-creature singularly wayward, wrong-headed, and perhaps wrong-hearted, to find that this individual was the child of a child! The mother had been married under seventeen, and this had been her first-born! The mystery was solved. The infant had come into the world to be almost exclusively under the authority and management of one, who still needed several years of training before she was fit to rule anywhere. Wholly ignorant of human nature, her own character undeveloped, her temper unsubdued, her experience nothing, her childish dread of thought or care, and the love of excitement still clinging to her, not yet sated with the pleasures of mere girlhood, she had imagined that simply to be a mother brought with it dignity and knowledge enough for the office. She had scarcely a vague idea of the solemn responsibilities of her new office, or a conception of the cares with which that miraculous flower, the human soul, should be watched and tended in its unfolding. How incapable would she have been of a single wise thought in that admirable "Mother's Legacie to an Unborn Child," by Elizabeth Joceline! To her the infant was a charming plaything, a live doll to be dressed, — or sometimes an annoyance and a burden.

We feel more on this subject than we can express. We used to wonder as much as we dared wonder at any thing, why fools were permitted to become mothers at all; till we observed how the children of very intellectual women were sometimes mismanaged, while those of worthy, untheorizing, even weak mothers, grew up in wisdom and goodness. But as a general rule, early mar-

riages naturally and obviously must bring into the community a set of beings, whose whole lives bear sad testimony to the inexperience, inefficiency, and fatal mistakes of the girl-mother, — to say nothing of the generally unreasonable, hasty, passionate severities of the boy-father, elated with being already head of a family!

Before we part with Mr. Eliot, we desire to place before our readers a few more passages which have interested us particularly.

“Such views of the subject have always made me adverse to boarding-school education, and to all modes of educating girls away from their own homes. Peculiar circumstances may justify a resort to them, for there are exceptions to every general rule. The incompetency of mothers themselves sometimes requires it, in which case we have nothing to say, but to express our regret. In a new country, also, we naturally wish to avail ourselves of the better institutions in older communities, and many go to great expense in doing so. But I believe the general rule remains, that no superiority of such institutions can counter-balance the loss of good home influences upon the female mind and character. Even to young men the trial is very great, and the apparent necessity of sending them to college, where all home influence is lost, is fraught with dangers, which are often more than an offset to the advantages gained. But to the young lady the evil is far greater; for the most important part of her education consists in the harmonious development of those affections and sympathies, which can be developed nowhere but at home, and at no period of life except in childhood and early youth. The home education must go on together with that of the school, so that while the head is learning from books, the heart may be learning from example, and the hands from practice. The character is thus formed while the mind is instructed, and in proportion as she learns more she is prepared to be more useful and more happy, in whatever station of life God has placed her. She is thus educated for her position, not above it nor aside from it, and there is no danger of making her tastes too refined or her intellect too cultivated. The correcting influence of home is daily applied, so that whatever may be learned is incorporated with what is practised. But too often those educated away from home are trained for a mode of life quite different from that in which they must actually live. Through five or six years they have no one's comfort to think of but their own; no duties to perform except to study a certain number of hours, and to conduct themselves, in the presence of their teachers or of company, with a certain prim propriety, which is a sure indi-

cation that they are rude and hoydenish everywhere else. Even when such institutions are conducted on the best principles, and with the best instructors, the loss of a mother's influence and care is very great, and must be seriously felt; but as they are sometimes conducted, money-making concerns, with much show and little substance, they are nothing but ingenious contrivances to keep the scholar ignorant of every thing she ought to know, and to unfit her for every thing she ought to do. Too often, from such institutions, where young ladies have been kept year after year in luxury and indolence, at the expense, perhaps, of parents who have denied themselves common comforts for the sake of giving them the best advantages, they return to their homes vain and selfish, with their heads full of false notions and idle plans, looking upon industry as the height of vulgarity, and upon indolence as a lady-like trait of character. The probability of their being happy at home or of adding to the happiness of parents is very small. If they are by nature very good girls, they may soon learn to repair the error and become sensible women: but commonly it is pretty safe to prophesy, that they will make some absurd settlement of themselves in life, and rue the consequences to the day of their death. For she who leaves home a girl and returns a young lady, is almost a stranger to her own parents, and does not know how to make them, as they ought to be, her confidants. She has grown up away from them, and does not know how to trust herself to their sympathies. Her intimacies are very apt to be out of her own home, and although under her parents' roof, she virtually lives at a distance from them. She therefore enters upon the world untried and almost unprotected. With more self-reliance than wisdom, she is exposed to frequent deception and suffers frequent and sometimes the severest disappointment.

"However much, therefore, we may value what are called the advantages of education, I think that very imperfect instruction at school, together with good home influences, is better than the best boarding-school education ever devised. Let parents have the wisdom to encourage our own schools, by paying as much for their daughters at home as it costs when sent abroad, and the motive for sending them away will soon cease. Let their children grow up under their own roofs, and when no longer children they will become intimate friends, and the necessity of parental authority will yield to the influence of filial love." — pp. 80–83.

"There is no passion which needs more careful watching than this of which we now speak, the love of praise. Under the best circumstances, when excited by real qualities of mind and character, and when the praise is given by those whose good opinion is worth having, it is dangerous. It spoils the simplicity of our

characters, and takes the place of higher motives of conduct. But they who pride themselves on the admiration of silly persons, paid to outside accomplishments, are in a fair way to become silly themselves.

"Another material objection to the dissipations of fashionable life is found in the frequent sacrifice of health. The physical education of women is, at the best, too much disregarded in this country. From the early life of the school-girl there is a systematic neglect of exercise, which prevents her from gaining bodily strength. She is kept at her desk as many hours as the boy, but carefully discouraged from entering into out-of-door games like those which give to his blood renewed and healthy circulation. Primness of demeanor, and what is called lady-like conduct, are enforced upon her, at eight years old, when it would be much more natural to enjoy herself as a child. Her dress, also, is arranged with regard to looks rather than comfort, and she does not learn to bear the exposure of a changing climate. There is, therefore, great need of reform. Every school should have its exercise-room and its play-ground, where good, honest, and hearty exercise can be taken. Let the chest be developed, and the arms become strong. The symmetry of the most graceful figure will not be impaired by healthy development of the muscles, while the prospect of a useful and happy life is greatly increased.

"But we cannot pursue the subject now. It is enough to refer to what every body knows, that the majority of girls now leave school with very imperfect health. Two thirds of the time, some bad tendency in the constitution has been confirmed, and distressing headaches, or weakness of the spine, or susceptibility to pulmonary disorders, is the result. It is quite a luxury to see a young lady of sixteen, in the enjoyment of sincere and vigorous health, with a fresh natural color and a well-developed form.

"This is not a promising state of things for their entrance on life; but if, for two or three years afterward, they could live a rational life, engaged in household duties, or in healthful walking and riding, and in the enjoyment of social amusements without dissipation or unreasonable exposure, the injuries of the school life would probably be, to a great extent, repaired. The body would regain its vigor, and a good measure of womanly health be secured. At present, no such opportunity is allowed. Before the school days are finished, the social dissipation begins. The lessons are learned with double diligence, so that the evening and night may be given to the ball-room. Through the next day, compliments and philosophy struggle for the mastery, and the whole emulation of the school is required to keep the over-tasked body from yielding to fatigue.

"The appetite is thus whetted for the pleasures of society, and as soon as the last school examination has been endured, they are entered upon with the eagerness of fresh delight. She who is not strong enough to walk a few squares on a cold day, or in the muddy street, is quite able to spend half the day with the dressmaker, and all night in the dance. Whatever degree of exposure fashion may require, she submits to with alacrity, and does not learn until months or years are passed how fatal is the result to her physical health. Even after health is already gone, the love of excitement remains; and I have known some to rise from a sick-bed, throwing off the covering of blankets for a covering of gauze, and mistaking the feverishness of pulse for the natural return of strength. How frequently, when the winter is over, and the days of Lent or the close of the season require the resumption of a more staid manner of life, do we see young ladies pale and languid, almost as if recovering from a long sickness! How can we then wonder that the number of healthy women, in the higher classes of society, is so small? The causes which I have now named explain it at least in part, and while the laws of the physical nature are so much neglected at school, and so much outraged in the earlier years of womanhood, there seems to be no reasonable hope of amendment." — pp. 94 – 96.

We conclude with one suggestion to our youthful readers. We think highly of the practice adopted by many young girls on leaving school, of meeting by twos and threes to read aloud to each other as they work. Usually their selections are of a purely literary taste, carrying on the courses of their recent studies. But sometimes they inquire of a religious friend for a work not bulky or tedious, but adapted to a more serious want than those of the intellect or taste. To such, to all, we earnestly recommend Mr. Eliot's Lectures, supposing, of course, that the Bible is already a book of familiar study. If, unfortunately, it be not so, he will do them his greatest service in teaching them the insufficiency of every thing else.

L. J. H.

ART. III. — CHRIST: THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

THE united action of the Father and the Son in the salvation of man is a prominent doctrine of the New Testament. Yet their intimate union in this work is often lost sight of by many Christians. It is a common opinion, that the Saviour has now no personal connection with his disciples; that his mission is ended, as far as his personal agency is concerned; and that he can be said to act for men now only through the influences of his Gospel, the power of truth. The Saviour is often separated from the Church and the world, and no quick and living sympathy is going forth from his followers to him, as a present, active agent in the affairs of the world. We think this view is erroneous. It chills the love which we ought to cherish for the Saviour, the Head of the Church, the Advocate with the Father. The personal agency of a friend has more influence upon the mind in leading men to love and revere that friend, than secondary and indirect agency; and hence, when we reject the view that Christ is present, aiding his people, we lose one of the strongest bonds which bind us to him. It is true that we may feel under obligation to him for what he has done, in having set in operation a train of causes which are still blessing the world and ourselves; yet it is not like the gratitude which we feel for a present and personal watchfulness over us. When we place the barrier of eighteen centuries between ourselves and the Saviour, and think that he has had no care of us, and offered no prayer for us, and breathed no holy influence upon us during this long lapse of ages, our affections are chilled, the warmth of our feelings is dissipated, in passing over the long waste of generations, which have received no smile and been cheered by no personal sympathy of the Head of the Church. This feeling we cannot resist if we would; we ought not to resist it if we could. It is nature. And to our minds it appears to be one of the chief means which God has appointed to convince us of the fact, as it does convince us of the need, of a present, personal influence exerted by him, whom all men are bound to love, with an affection inferior only to that which they are required, and should rejoice, to

cherish for his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

Nor is this all. Our Saviour often speaks of his intimate union with God in laboring for the good of the world. He speaks upon this subject fully and minutely in the last conversation which he had with his Apostles before his crucifixion. He lingers at the table after the supper, expressing to them, in the strongest language, the certainty and depth of his future interest in their welfare, and in the prosperity of all his disciples. He endeavors to convince them, all trembling and disheartened as they were in view of his death, that he should not be entirely separated from them; that in some respects he should be even more near to them; that not himself alone, but the Father also, would be with them and in them. This conversation of the Saviour strongly confirms and establishes the opinion, that he still acts in man's behalf; that he is a present, living Saviour; that he is a personal helper of the tried, tempted Christian. His mission is not ended. His work is not accomplished. He and his Father are still laboring together for the salvation of sinners, for the edification of saints, for the ultimate triumph of the Gospel.

It is our purpose in this article to give some of the reasons, derived from both nature and Revelation, which favor and sustain the opinion that the Saviour is still with his people; and also to notice the influence which this doctrine should have upon the minds of Christians.

What, then, are some of the grounds for believing that the Saviour is still active in promoting the salvation of men? The language of Scripture in so often uniting the name of the Son with that of the Father, when speaking of the spread of the Gospel, impresses us with this belief. That the Father is acting in our behalf, we can have no doubt. Why then should the Son be spoken of in such close connection with the Father, unless he too is an agent in his Father's hands for the present benefit of mankind? The Father and the Son are said to take up their abode with the good man. The Son is said to unite with the Father in sending the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth. It seems, therefore, that the Saviour is still a messenger of God for good, a medium through which blessings are conferred upon the world. Let it

not be said that this destroys the agency of the Father. It does this no more than any other means destroys the agency of him who uses it. Through the agency of rain and sunshine we receive the fruits of the earth. Still we look upon them as the gift of God. So, too, when our Saviour was upon earth, men were blessed through him ; and yet the agency of the Father was not destroyed. No one has ever supposed it was restrained thereby. God is just as near us as if he did not act, to some extent, through the Son. He still is, in the ultimate sense, the Author of all, for he raised up the Saviour and appointed him to this office of Mediator. We infer, then, that Jesus is now employed in rendering men benefits, because he is spoken of as acting with the Father ; as with him dwelling in us ; as making his abode with us ; as being the medium through which the Father bestows blessings upon us ; as pouring into the soul copious supplies from his Father's fulness.

Nor is this all. There is a presumption in favor of our Saviour's present personal influence upon the world and his Church, arising from the nature of spiritual existence. There is not an iron barrier between this state of being and the other. It is not removed from us beyond the sun and the constellations. The spiritual world is all around us. This world is its shadow. The departed are here. They hover round the familiar seats which they formerly occupied on earth. The eye is not put out by death ; it is opened to new and glorious prospects. It was not earth the less, but heaven more. The ear is not deaf to the music of autumn's solemn anthem, the trumpet of the winter's storm, and the jubilant song of spring. It is opened alike to the harmonies of earth and heaven. The spirit, after it escapes from its frail tenement, loses no power which it possessed before it was introduced to higher and brighter mansions. As the astronomer, when he turns his telescope to the heavens, and ranges at will in the celestial field, does not lose the power of tracing the course of familiar hill and stream, so the soul, when the glories of the spiritual world are unveiled, is not so dazzled and enraptured by their splendors, as to be unable and unwilling to view and enjoy the gorgeous and mellow coloring of autumn and spring. Much less will it cease to love its friends and visit them

in their earthly dwellings. It is true philosophy as well as poetry, that

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen,
Both when we wake and when we sleep."

Nor is there any thing unphilosophical in supposing that spiritual beings can exert an influence upon our minds. If they live, why should not they desire to do it? If they have power, why should they not do it? We can see no objection to such influence. We think that it is a reality. Spirit can influence spirit without the use of sensuous organs. Power is not lost, but gained, by death. This supposed influence no more interferes with the freedom of man, than any other influence which is exerted upon him from without. It is good to the heart. It is enlightening to the mind. Such a view makes spiritual things a reality; brings them near to us, and unites us with those who have gone before us. If such is the fact, if this view is not all imagination, how strong is the presumption that our Saviour is still engaged personally in the great work of redeeming men from the power of ignorance, error, and sin! Can it be that he who so loved the world as to die for its redemption, who prayed in the agonies of the last hour for his crucifiers, has lost all interest in man's welfare? Can *he* have ceased to act for their good? Has *he* retired to some lone, distant, lofty seat, and there given himself up to repose and inaction, without further desire for human improvement, or, at least, without any agency in promoting it? Gethsemane and Calvary forbid such an opinion. That life of self-denial, that patient endurance of wrong, that meek, forgiving love, — all forbid such an opinion. He prayed for his enemies on the cross; has he forgotten to pray for his friends now he is on his throne? He bowed his head in tears over the grave of his friends at Bethany; has he no sympathy for the sad and bereaved since his glorification? Has he, who, in his humiliation, would take little children in his arms and bless them, forgotten in his triumph to love the little ones and bless their innocency? Our affections repel the opinion that the tenderest heart, and most sympathizing bosom, ever upon earth, have become indifferent and cold towards men, now they throb and breathe

in heaven. And reason with equal urgency repels such a belief. We cannot but think of the Saviour as still breathing around us an atmosphere of holy influence, as praying to the Father for us.

There is, furthermore, a presumption that the Saviour is active in our behalf, derived from the secondary agencies which God employs in promoting the good of the world. Our Heavenly Father, though he is capable of ordering all things in the universe by his own independent power, is not selfish. He does not desire to retain to himself all the holy pleasure that is to be derived from aiding and blessing others. He makes us dependent upon each other as well as upon him. He would bind together his intelligent creation by the ties of mutual reliance and dependence. We see this everywhere around us. The child leans upon the father; the father upon the child. The ignorant look up to the learned; the simple to the wise. Age looks to manhood for strength; and manhood to age for counsel. The sick look to the well for care and sympathy; and the well to the sick for examples of patience and faith. Nay, more. The violet breathes its perfume, the oak wrestles with the storm, the clouds float in the air, the stars glow in the firmament, the constellations sweep across the heavens, in mutual dependence. The mote which floats in his beams, and the sun which binds the planets in their courses, depend upon each other. The mountain, clad in snow and crowned with eternal ice, and the valley, smiling in the perpetual verdure and breathing the perpetual fragrance of spring, act and react upon each other. Why then does it seem an incredible thing that the spiritual world should act upon this? If every thing which we behold, animate and inanimate, intelligent and unintelligent, in its sphere, according to its nature, is a means of influence upon all other things and beings, and depends to a certain extent upon them, why should it be thought an impossible thing, that spiritual beings should have an office to fill in the salvation of mankind? Especially, why should it be thought incredible and impossible, that Jesus, the Son of God, should be an instrument, in the hands of his Father and our Father, of dispensing blessings to those for whom he died while on earth, to bless and save? If little children have their guardian angels (and we do not

believe this is *all* a figure of speech), if spiritual beings watch with interest over the opening mind of childhood, why should not the Saviour visit with his holiest influences his devoted children, in the Gospel of his grace? The mutual dependence of all things seems to teach this doctrine, in its silent, yet not inexpressive speech. If there was no trenching on the peculiar province of the divine attributes, for Christ to exert his power, when he was upon the earth, for the good of men, there is none in his doing the same now. And we cannot but feel he *is* thus accomplishing the great object of his mission into the world, when we call to mind his devotedness to it while he tabernacled in the flesh. His deep, fervent, midnight devotions, when he sought for strength and faith to labor for men, show us, as nothing else can, his love for our race. It cannot be that this love was so chilled in the tomb, that this sympathy for the erring and trembling soul is so deadened, that the ascended Saviour is no more prompted by them to be our benefactor and friend. Every generous emotion recoils from such an inference. It cannot be. *We* cannot believe it.

We have considered these facts, each of which is a presumption in favor of the present, personal action of the Saviour in behalf of men, and especially in behalf of his Church. His union with the Father; the increased capacities which the spiritual world furnishes; and the mutual dependence and influence of all things animate and inanimate;—surely, if these do not create a presumption amounting to strong probability of the truth of the doctrine which we advocate, they remove all previous grounds of objection to it, growing out of any supposed philosophical difficulties which may lie against it, and thus the way is open for a consideration of what *Revelation* makes known respecting the relation which Christ now sustains to his people. The Scriptures speak, we think, on this point, in language not to be misunderstood. There are many passages which more than imply, for they seem to declare distinctly, that Jesus is actively engaged in overruling the affairs of his Church. And these passages are of such a character as not easily to admit of any other interpretation, which does not make the language irrelevant, and often unmeaning. These passages speak of our Saviour as asking of his

Father blessings for our good, and also of his exerting a direct influence upon us. The passage in Romans viii. 34 speaks very plainly on this subject: "It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also *maketh intercession* for us." Here is a direct declaration that our Saviour has not only ascended to his Father, but also, that he is interested and active in behalf of his Church. In whatever manner we choose to understand the word "intercessor," whether as one who offers prayer to the Father, or acts directly himself, in our behalf, the result is still the same, so far as our argument is concerned. The Saviour is represented as personally acting for his Church after his ascension, as personally rendering them aid.

The Apostle John, in his First Epistle, ii. 1, is equally emphatic in declaring that the Saviour, after his ascension, was interested in the welfare of his Church, and active in its behalf. "We have," says he, "an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews took the same view of the subject. He says, Heb. vii. 25, "Wherefore he [Christ] is able, also, to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." And again, the same writer says, ix. 24, "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." The opinion of this writer upon this subject cannot be mistaken. He believed that the Saviour was active in behalf of the world after he returned to the Father, as well as while he was on earth, and furnishes us with the opinion of a very early writer, if not with the teaching of the Holy Spirit. In the Epistle to the Ephesians, i. 18-23, Paul breaks out into raptures, as he contemplated the Saviour's exaltation, and government of the Church: "That you may know . . . what is the exceeding greatness of his [God's] power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in

that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." Paul expresses substantially the same idea in his Epistle to the Colossians, i. 18, 19; ii. 9, 10. The Saviour is here represented as "Head" of the Church. And under the figure of a person, the Church is said to be his body. Thus both expressly asserting, and figuratively illustrating, that he is still an efficient agent in the spread of his religion, and in the establishment of his Church. This figurative mode of representing the relation which Christ and the Church sustain to each other, is a favorite one with Paul. The Church is frequently spoken of as the body of Christ, and is thus represented as ruled by him, as the body is ruled by its head.

The above passages show distinctly what the opinion of the Apostle was on this subject. It cannot be reasonably doubted that the Saviour was believed to be employed, in his glorified state, in carrying on the great purposes of his mission; in exerting a direct, personal influence in the affairs of the Church. The Apostles did not believe that, when Christ ascended from near Bethany to his Father, he became an indifferent and inactive spectator of those things which pertained to the welfare of his people; that he laid aside, with his mortal body, the office of a Saviour, and the affections of a friend, and retired to his exalted seat, at the right hand of his Father, without any further interest in mankind, or action for their benefit. Such an opinion is wholly opposed to that expressed in the passages quoted, and to the general spirit which pervades and vivifies the Apostle's writings, as the spirit pervaded the wheels in Ezekiel's vision. We cannot believe that by soundness of argument and accuracy of criticism the force of these passages can be escaped, or that the inference, which is obvious from the spirit of the writings of the Apostle, can be avoided. There was, unquestionably, a good foundation for the opinion entertained by these inspired men. Either by direct revelation from heaven, or by the teachings of the Saviour, recorded or unrecorded, they learned this truth. From whatever source they derived it, it seems to have been very dear to their hearts, as it was often on their lips. Christ's manifestation to Saul on his way to Da-

masculus must have made a very deep impression upon his mind of the personal agency of the Saviour in the work of redeeming the world from sin. That excessively bright light, that voice of remonstrance and rebuke, that blindness for a season, would make a lasting, as well as deep, impresson upon the mind of the future Apostle. His personal intercourse with the Saviour being after his ascension, the reality of his future spiritual rule and agency would be vivid in the Apostle's mind.

But it does not seem doubtful what the origin of this opinion was. The Master had often spoken to the Apostles words full of significance on this very subject; words which appear to have established in them, as they have in us, the conviction that the Saviour is now connected with his people, and actively engaged in promoting their highest interests.

In his closing interview with his Apostles, our Saviour said to them, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This promise informs us that Christ will aid those who are engaged in the propagation and defence of his truth, while his Church or dispensation continues. The criticism which some writers make upon the passage, as limiting the end of the world, or age, or dispensation, to the end of the Jewish state, is to us equally unmeaning and unreasonable. The Apostles and teachers who lived till *after* the destruction of Jerusalem, *the end of the world* supposed to be referred to, would, according to this criticism, be destitute of the aid of the Saviour as soon as the holy walls fell. No valid reason can be given why his personal agency should be withdrawn when Jerusalem was destroyed, for the work of spreading the Gospel was but in its beginning at that time. Here and there in the Roman Empire a church had been organized; but the whole world, as it were, was yet to be taught of Jesus, of pardon, of heaven, and of the Father. Such a narrowing of the sense of this promise seems to us utterly inadmissible. The only possible ground for such a limitation of the promise, which is worthy of consideration, is found in the fact that the promise is addressed to the Apostles, and hence limited to them. Granting this to be true, John was an Apostle, and he lived twenty years or more after Jerusalem was destroyed. That could not be the precise limit

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of the promise, then, as is obvious. But we do not rest on this ground. It is often the case that a few men are addressed as the representatives of a class. The Apostles are addressed as representing the preachers of the Gospel through all ages. The pronouns are often used to represent, not only those present, but all of that class, occupation, or profession. "Lo, I am with *you*, teachers of my religion, through the whole dispensation." This interpretation seems to us more probable and appropriate than the other. It is also established by a comparison of our Saviour's words, Matt. xxviii. 18, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," with the agency ascribed to him by Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 25-28; where he is spoken of as reigning "till he has put all enemies under his feet," and when all things are subdued, then he himself delivers up his office and power, as head of the Church. These passages, when taken in connection, seem to be conclusive respecting the doctrine under consideration, and the meaning of the promise just quoted.

Another "exceeding great and precious promise" Jesus made to his disciples at the close of the Supper. "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and *we* will come unto him and make our abode with him." "*Make our abode with him*"! Are these precious words only promise to the ear? No! Christ *does* dwell with the pure in heart. The rough places are still made smooth, and the crooked ways straight, by his presence and power. Weeping Marys are comforted, doubting Thomases are convinced, denying Peters are made penitent, fainting Pauls are strengthened, now, as centuries ago, by the kind offices of our ascended Lord.

That our Saviour interposed, after his ascension, miraculously in behalf of his Apostles, is clearly stated in the sacred books. He poured out the Spirit upon them. He sent to them the Comforter. Jesus, as Head of the Church, continued to bestow his benign influence during the Apostles' lives, in divers wonderful manners. He does not now act in a miraculous manner, but by processes which do not violate the ordinary use of means, or the course of nature. Yet have we not, in view of these declarations of Jesus and his Apostles, good reason to believe that he still breathes into his followers many heav-

enly influences, and exercises still a guardian care over his Church, so that, in a sense more substantial than a figure, "where two or three are gathered together in his name, there he is in the midst of them," with his blessing? No objection can be made to this view, by the unwarrantable inference that such an opinion includes the necessity of admitting that Christ is omnipresent. For a person who is capable of being virtually present in every spot on this earth, falls as far short of being omnipresent, as the earth falls short of including the vast universe of God. Better might you infer that the mote, because it occupies space, is all-embracing, than infer that a being who knows all earthly things, and is present in all earthly places, is omniscient and omnipresent.

We forbear to go into a further quotation of passages from the Gospels and Epistles, which imply or teach directly the doctrine of Christ's personal connection with the world, and his present agency in the establishment of truth among men. We have already quoted sufficient to serve for the foundation of an argument which is, to our minds, conclusive on this subject. More passages might confuse, rather than confirm us. A superfluity of evidence sometimes bewilders, rather than enlightens. The mind is burdened by the weight of testimony. We pause here, then, and take our stand upon the words of the Saviour and his Apostles. They teach us that we are aided by influences exerted upon us by the "Head of the Church."

This positive teaching of the Gospels and Epistles is in accordance with the demands which are made upon our Saviour by the nature of his office. The very idea of being "head" of any thing, or ruler over any thing, implies personal agency. We cannot escape such a conclusion, if we admit that the Saviour is head over all things to the Church, so constituted by his Father. We must deny the one, or we cannot reasonably deny the other. We must refuse to assent to the truth that he is head of the Church, or we must be consistent with ourselves and admit that he is an active agent in the promotion of his truth. We can see no middle position for one to occupy.

We have thus endeavored to establish from reason the presumption, and from Scripture the fact, that Christ

is still acting for his people. We will briefly consider, before we pass to notice the *influence* of the doctrine, *how* he aids them. This influence is unquestionably like all other influences from above. It is like the influence in kind, though not in degree, which our Heavenly Father exerts. It is not to be distinguished from other influences which are around us, operating upon us. We cannot say on any given occasion, This is the influence of the Saviour, in distinction from any other influence. It is a silent, unseen, yet heavenly influence, which he exerts. He breathes courage into our hearts, and ardor into our devotions. He opens our minds to an understanding of his truth, and our hearts to a love of it. He pours copious streams of light into our souls to enlighten them, and distils gentle dews of sympathy to refresh them. He touches our hearts with pity for the unfortunate, and inspires us with zeal in the defence of truth and the spread of it to the ends of the earth. He awakens in our bosoms an enthusiasm for goodness, and an ardor for the discharge of our duty, which carry us from home, and comforts, and blessings above price, across oceans and deserts, into dungeons and hovels, to relieve the wronged, cheer the sorrowful, instruct the ignorant, solace the forsaken, and rescue the betrayed. An energy is imparted by him to the fainting, timid heart, so that strength rises from feebleness, courage from fear. He sends hope into the bosom of despair, and benevolence into the heart of avarice. He prays to his Father for us. Our prayers do not ascend alone to the throne of mercy. The incense of our Saviour's devotions is mingled with our sacrifices. We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. And if the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous man availeth much, how much more *his* supplications, who knew no sin, the beloved Son of the Father? How prevailing before the mercy-seat must be *his* prayer, who prostrated himself in agony under the olive-trees of Gethsemane, who died in torture on the cross on Calvary! Christ aids us, then, in his present office as Head of the Church, by direct influences exerted upon us, and by praying the Father to send us the blessings which our souls need. The Christian, therefore, need not feel that he is separated from his Saviour. He may feel that the Saviour is near him, is acting in

his behalf, is breathing upon his soul the spirit of heaven. He may feel that the great Head of the Church is sympathizing with him in his sorrows and struggles. As he breathes forth his prayers in the silence of the night, or in the solitude of his retirement, or in the congregation of the people, he may feel that it is wafted upward to the Great Father, on the breath of the Saviour's petitions.

If this doctrine be true, what influence will it have upon the devout Christian's mind? We answer, negatively, that it will not, as some have asserted that it will, remove the Father from us, and cut him off from our thoughts, and love, and gratitude. On the contrary, it will bring the Father near to us. The more numerous the agencies are which we see around us of our Heavenly Father's appointment, to bless and aid us, the more deeply do we feel our love going forth to him. Who has ever affirmed that men love God less because he has made, through the Saviour, a revelation of his truth to men? No more can it be affirmed, that the present agency of the Saviour causes us to think less of God, and to withdraw from him our love and gratitude. When we receive any additional favor from God, through the instrumentality of any agent which he may see good to employ, we feel more nearly allied to him. So in the present instance. When we look upon Jesus as the medium, to a certain extent, of new and peculiar divine communications to men, we reverence, we love the Father more, not less. He seems nearer to us, not farther off. It is not true that the present agency of Jesus cuts us off from the Father, any more than did his agency eighteen hundred years ago in Judea. His agency is small, compared with the agency of the Father, yet it is enough to awaken our gratitude and love, and bring us unto the Father, in a holier nearness than we should otherwise feel.

Nor does the doctrine of the present agency of the Saviour in the affairs of men draw away to him the homage which is due to the Father. He has forbidden our praying to *him* for blessings, lest the feebleness of our nature should thus lead us away from the true object of prayer. Were there no such denial of access by prayer, we should seek blessings of the Son as we do of any other benefactor. *But he has forbidden it.* That matter is settled.

And we think we can see the wisdom which *thus* settled it. He is the medium through which many blessings are communicated. He takes of the Father and gives unto us. We owe him gratitude, but not worship. We owe him love, but not prayer. We honor him, because the Father has exalted him, and made him worthy of honor. We see the Father, in the Son, helping us. We do not exalt the Son above the Father, or as the equal of the Father, but as we honor the Father, so we honor the Son. Both are worthy of honor, but in different degrees. Such honor as is due to each, this doctrine teaches us to render. The Mediatorship of Christ brings both the Father and the Son near to us. But the Father appears as Supreme, Fountain, ALL.

But we will not occupy our space in the consideration of negations. A *positive* statement of the influence of the doctrine of the present, personal action of the Saviour for the good of his followers must be made. One of the most obvious influences of this doctrine is, that it will cause us to be more watchful over ourselves. He, the Saviour, knows our thoughts, our desires, our hopes. When we are in the presence of any great and good man, we put ourselves upon our guard, lest we should speak some word or perform some act which would be unworthy both of ourselves and of his presence. So much the more shall we fear to cherish unholy thoughts, if we remember that he who knoweth the heart of man, even Jesus, has his eye upon us. If we remember that the crucified one is near, we shall not repine and murmur at our small and brief trials and disappointments. What awe, what reverence should we feel were our Saviour to withdraw the veil, and become visible to us, and speak to us, in an audible voice, his words of rebuke, of promise, of love! The doctrine which we maintain makes him present, though unseen. And if we feel its truth, we shall be restrained or encouraged as by his visible presence and audible voice. As we read his words, we seem to hear his voice repeating them to us. Our devotions have more fervency, for he is near, and mingles his prayers with ours. We cannot approach God in prayer as his disciples, when we believe that he knows we are only pretending, — that we are not willing to take up our cross and follow him.

But the greatest influence which this doctrine has upon us is by making our Saviour a present reality to us. He is a Saviour to us here, and now, in these ends of the earth. He not only loved his disciples in Bethany and Jerusalem, he loves *us* also. He is personally interested in *our* daily trials and temptations. This thought causes the Saviour to seem nearer and more real to us than he otherwise would. He seems present. And this nearness and interest in our behalf helps our infirmities. We love the Saviour as we could not love him under other circumstances. Had we no belief of his present interest in our welfare, did we suppose that all his influence ceased when he ascended to heaven from near Bethany, we should not, we could not, feel that our Saviour is so real, as when we believe that he is now breathing upon the soul the air of heaven, now praying the Father for us, now bathing our hearts in the Holy Spirit. We do not seem cut off from him. Our love does not chill as it would in passing over the waste of ages to one who "eighteen hundred years ago was nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross." Now, and here, he is loving us with as intense a love as when he breathed forth his prayer in Gethsemane. Now, and here, he is devoting his soul to our welfare, to our redemption from sin, as intensely as when he had not where to lay his head, in Judea. The thought that our Saviour is not reposing, but active, makes him a reality, awakens us to a perception of his existence, and thus binds us to him in new and strong bonds of love and gratitude. Why then should we hesitate to believe in his personal agency? He does not want the power, for the Father has given him the Spirit without measure. The Father has given him authority above all principalities and powers; and having such power, through God's appointment, can we hesitate to believe that he will use it? The Saviour's love is not cold. Surely his affections are not less warm in the atmosphere of heaven than they were on earth. Why then doubt that the Redeemer is still engaged in the glorious work of saving souls from the power of sin? For ourselves we cannot help believing it. The doctrine is forced upon our assent by the nature of our Saviour's office and attributes. Our heart and our reason both prompt us to receive it. We do

receive it cordially. It revives our dead affections. It makes the Saviour a present reality. It awes our passions into silence and submission.

Well would it be for the Church, well would it be for the world, if all felt this truth in its life-giving power. How many drowsy hearts it would arouse; how many sleeping churches it would awaken; how many clenched hands it would open to cast abroad the seed of the word! How would philanthropy, now crippled and enfeebled, leap like the lame man, at the thought of our Saviour's presence, and go forth in love and power to bless mankind to the ends of the earth! How would the Church, now so universally resting under the vine, indifferent to the wrongs or woes of man, the depth of pagan darkness, and the virulence of civilized wickedness, all over the earth, arise and shine in her Master's name, terrible to evil-doers as an army with banners! The Saviour must be felt to be present still, though now unseen. When this truth makes its due impression upon the hearts of Christians, when all the followers of the Saviour *feel* that he is with them, then will there be a moving, as among the dry bones in the prophetic valley of vision; the breath of the Lord will inspire a new and deeper life, and the hearts of his people, and those who now sit in the region of darkness and deathly shadow, will rejoice in the light which is beaming upon them from the glorified Redeemer; the choir above and the choir below will mingle their voices in one joyful anthem of thanksgiving to him that was dead and is alive, and liveth and blesseth them for evermore.

R. P. S.

ART. IV.—PETER'S DOCTRINE OF THE LAST THINGS.

THE fundamental and pervading aim of that Epistle of Peter the genuineness of which is unquestioned — and the same is true in a great degree of his speeches recorded in the Acts of the Apostles — is to exhort the Christians to whom it is written, to purify themselves by faith, love, and good works; to stand firmly amidst all their tribulations, supported by the expectation, and pre-

pared to meet the conditions, of a glorious life in heaven at the close of this life. Eschatology, the doctrine of the Last Things, with its practical inferences, all inseparably interwoven with the mission of Christ, forms the basis and scope of the whole document.

What conception Peter entertained of the nature and original rank of Christ — whether he was the Logos, whether he was preëxistent, or whether he was merely a divinely accredited, though a human messenger — cannot be told with certainty from his brief and vague references to that point. But since there is nothing in his writings indicating the contrary, we ought to conclude that the last was his opinion, as that would be the most natural view to a Jew. He speaks of the Saviour with clear and repeated emphasis as the true prophetic Messiah, and as charged with the functions of that exalted personage: to fulfil the ancient dispensations and promises, declare the word of eternal life, reconcile sinners to God, bring the Gentiles into the fold of faith, and judge the quick and the dead. His opinions concerning Christ can be gathered only by inference from the offices he attributes to him; and these not being metaphysical or theological, but practical and historical, afford no clew to his inherent position in the scale of being. It is therefore impossible to show that to the mind of Peter Christ was in nature any thing more than a brother of our humanity, miraculously chosen and empowered to be the Messiah. "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved by wonders and signs which God did by him."

According to this Apostle, it was decreed by God, and testified by the prophets, that Christ should die and rise from the dead. "He was foreordained before the foundation of the world." The prophets "testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have wickedly crucified and slain," — "of whose resurrection David, being a prophet, spake."

Peter believed that, when Christ had been put to death, his spirit, surviving, descended into the under-world, the separate state of departed souls. Whoever doubts this interpretation must doubt whether there is any meaning in words. Having cited from the sixteenth Psalm the

declaration, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in the under-world," he says it was a prophecy concerning Christ, which was fulfilled in his resurrection. "The soul of this Jesus was not left in the under-world, but God hath raised him up, whereof we all are witnesses." When it is written that his soul was not *left* in the subterranean abode of disembodied spirits, of course the inference cannot be avoided that it was supposed to have been there for a time.

In the next place, we are warranted by several considerations in asserting that Peter believed that down there, in the gloomy realm of shades, were gathered and detained the souls of all the dead generations. We attribute this view to Peter, from the combined force of the following reasons: because such was, notoriously, the belief of his ancestral and contemporary countrymen: because he speaks of the resurrection of Jesus as if it were a wonderful prophecy, or unparalleled miracle, a signal and most significant exception to the universal law: because he says expressly of David, that "he is not yet ascended into the heavens"; and if David was still retained below, undoubtedly all were: because the same doctrine is plainly inculcated by other of the New Testament writers, especially by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and by Paul:* and finally, because Peter himself, in another part of this Epistle, declares in unequivocal terms that the soul of Christ went and preached to the souls confined in the under-world; for such is the perspicuous, unavoidable meaning of the famous text, "being put to death in the body, but kept alive in the soul, in which also he went and preached [went as a herald] to the spirits in prison." The meaning we have attributed to this celebrated passage is the only simple and consistent explanation of the words and the context, and is what must have been conveyed to those familiar with the received opinions of that time. Accordingly, we find that, with the exception of Augustine, it was so understood and interpreted by the whole body of the Fathers.† It is likewise so held now by an immense

* See *Christian Examiner* for September, 1852, and for March, 1853.

† See, for example, Clem. Alex. *Stromata*, Lib. VI., ed. Heinsii, p. 459; Cyprian, *Test. adv. Judæos*, Lib. II. cap. 27; Lactantius, *Divin. Instit.* Lib. VII. cap. 20; etc., etc., etc.

majority of the most authoritative modern commentators. Rosenmüller says, in his commentary on this text, "that by the spirits in prison is meant souls of men separated from their bodies, and detained as in custody in the under-world, which the Greeks call Hades, the Hebrews Sheol, can hardly be doubted" (*vix dubitari posse videtur*). Such has ever been and still is the common conclusion of nearly all the best critical theologians, as volumes of citations might easily be made to show. The reasons which led Augustine to give a different exposition of the text before us are such as should make, in this case, even his great name have but little or no weight. He firmly held, as revealed and unquestionable truth,* the whole doctrine which we maintain is implied in the present passage, but he was so perplexed by certain difficult queries † as to locality and method and circumstance, addressed to him with reference to this text, that he, waveringly, and at last, gave it an allegorical interpretation. His exegesis is not only unsound, arbitrary, opposed to the catholic doctrine of the Church; it is also so far-fetched and forced as to be destitute of plausibility. He says the spirits in prison may be the souls of men confined in their bodies here in this life, to preach to whom Christ came from heaven. But the careful reader will observe that Peter speaks as if the spirits were collected and kept in one common custody, refers to the spirits of a generation long ago departed to the dead, and represents the preaching as taking place in the interval between Christ's death and his resurrection. A glance from the eighteenth to the twenty-second verse inclusive shows indisputably that the order of events narrated by the Apostle is this: First, Christ was put to death in the flesh, suffering for sins, the just for the unjust; secondly, he was quickened in the spirit; thirdly, he went and preached to the spirits in prison; fourthly, he rose from the dead; fifthly, he ascended into heaven. How is it possible for any one to doubt that the text under consideration teaches his subterranean mission during the period of his bodily burial?

In the exposition of the Apostles' Creed put forth by the Church of England under Edward VI., this text in

* See Epist. XCIX.

† Ibid.

Peter was referred to as an authoritative proof of the article on Christ's descent into the under-world; and when some years later that reference was stricken out, notoriously it was not because the Episcopal rulers were convinced of a mistake, but because they had become afraid of the associated Romish doctrine of purgatory.

If Peter believed — as he undoubtedly did — that Christ after his crucifixion descended to the place of departed spirits, what did he suppose was the object of that descent? Calvin's theory was, that he went into hell in order that he might there suffer vicariously the accumulated agonies due to the Lost, thus placating the just wrath of the Father, and purchasing the release of the elect. It is sufficient refutation of that horrible dogma, as to its philosophical basis, to contemplate its barbarous anomaly, its self-destructive absurdity, its intolerable immorality. As a mode of explaining the Scriptures it is refuted by the fact that it is nowhere plainly stated in the New Testament, but is arbitrarily constructed by forced and indirect inferences from various obscure texts, which texts can be perfectly explained without involving it at all. For what purpose, then, was it thought that Jesus went to the imprisoned souls of the under-world? The most natural supposition — the conception most in harmony with the character and details of the rest of the scheme, and with the prevailing thought of the time — would be, that he went there to rescue the captives from their sepulchral bondage, — to conquer death and the Devil in their own domain, open the doors, break the chains, proclaim good tidings of coming redemption to the spirits in prison, — and, rising thence, to ascend to heaven, preparing the way for them to follow with him at his expected return. This indeed is the doctrine of the Judaizing Apostles, the unbroken catholic doctrine of the Church. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, that "Christ died that he might destroy him that has the power of death, that is the Devil, and deliver those who were in the bondage of the fear of death." Paul writes to the Colossians and to the Ephesians, that, when Christ "had spoiled the principalities and powers" of the world of the dead, "he ascended up on high, leading a multitude of cap-

tives." Peter himself declares, a little farther on in his Epistle, "that the glad tidings were preached to the dead, that though they had been persecuted and condemned in the flesh by the will of men, they might be blessed in the spirit by the will of God."* Christ fulfilled the law of death,† descending to the place of separate spirits, that he might declare deliverance to the quick and the dead by coming triumphantly back and going into heaven, an evident token of the removal of the penalty of sin which hitherto had fatally doomed all men to the under-world.‡

Let us see if this will not enable us to explain Peter's language satisfactorily. Death, with the lower residence succeeding it, let it be remembered, was, according to the Jewish and Apostolic belief, the fruit of sin, the judgment pronounced on sin. But Christ, Peter says, was sinless. "He was a lamb without blemish and without spot." "He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." Therefore he was not exposed to death and the under-world on his own account. Consequently when it is written that "he bore our sins in his own body on the tree," that "he suffered for sins, the just for the unjust," in order to give the words their clearest, fullest meaning, it is not necessary to attribute to them the sense of a vicarious sacrifice offered to quench the flaming anger of God, or to furnish compensation for a broken commandment; but this sense, namely, that although in his sinlessness he was exempt from death, yet he "suffered for us," he voluntarily died, thus undergoing, for our sakes, that which was to others the penalty of their sin. The benefit of his death, the object of his dying, was not to conciliate the alienated Father, or to adjust the unbal-

* See Rosenmüller's explanation *in hoc loco*.

† See King's History of the Apostles' Creed, 3d ed., pp. 234-239. "The purpose of Christ's descent was to undergo the laws of death, pass through the whole experience of man, conquer the Devil, break the fetters of the captives, and fix a time for their resurrection." To the same effect, old Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, in his commentary on Psalm cxxxviii., says, "It is a law of human necessity that, the body being buried, the soul should descend *ad inferos*."

‡ Ambrose, *De Fide*, etc., Lib. IV. cap. 1, declares that "no one ascended to heaven until Christ, by the pledge of his resurrection, solved the chains of the under-world and translated the souls of the pious." Also Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, in his fourth catechetical lecture, section 11, affirms "that Christ descended into the under-world to deliver those who, from Adam downwards, had been imprisoned there."

anced law; but it was to descend into the realm of the dead, heralding God's pardon to the captives, and to return and rise into heaven, opening and showing to his disciples the way thither. For, owing to his moral sinlessness, or owing to his delegated omnipotence, if he were once in the abode of the dead, he *must return*; nothing could keep him there. Epiphanius describes the Devil complaining, after Christ had burst through his nets and dungeons, "Miserable me, what shall I do? I did not know God was concealed in that body. The son of Mary has deceived me. I imagined he was a mere man."* In an apocryphal writing of very early date, which shows some of the opinions abroad at that time, one of the chief devils, after Christ had appeared in hell, cleaving its grisly prisons from top to bottom and releasing the captives, is represented upbraiding Satan in these terms: "O Prince of all evil, Author of death, why didst thou crucify and bring down to our regions a person righteous and sinless? Thereby thou hast lost all the sinners of the world."† Again, in an ancient treatise on the Apostles' Creed, we read as follows: "In the bait of Christ's flesh was secretly inserted the hook of his Divinity. This the Devil knew not, but supposing he must stay when he was devoured, greedily swallowed the corpse, and the bolts of the nether world were wrenched asunder, and the ensnared dragon himself dragged from the abyss."‡ Peter himself explicitly declares, "It was not possible that he should be held by death." Theodoret says, "Whoever denies the resurrection of Christ, rejects his death."§ If he died he must needs rise again. And his resurrection would demonstrate the forgiveness of sins, the opening of heaven to men, showing that the bond which had bound in despair the captives in the region of death for so many voiceless ages was at last broken. Accordingly, "God, having loosed the chains of the under-world, raised him up and set him at his own right hand."||

* Epiphanius In Assumptionem Christi.

† Evan. Nicodemi, cap. xviii.

‡ Ruffini Expos. in Symb. Apost.

§ Comm. in 2 Tim. ii. 19.

|| By a mistake and a false reading the common version has "the pains of death," instead of "the chains of the under-world." The sense requires

And now the question, narrowed down to the smallest compass, is this: What is the precise, real signification of the sacrificial and their connected terms employed by Peter, those phrases which now by the intense associations of a long time convey so strong a Calvinistic sense to most readers? Peter says, "Ye know that ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ." If there were not so much indeterminateness of thought, so much unthinking reception of traditional, confused impressions of Scripture texts, it would be superfluous to observe, that by the word *blood* here, and in all parallel passages, is meant simply and literally death,—the mere *blood*, the mere shedding of the *blood*, of Christ, of course, could have no virtue, no moral efficacy of any sort. When the infuriated Jews cried, "His *blood* be on us, and on our children," they meant, let the responsibility of his death rest on us. When the English historian says, "Sidney gave his blood for the cause of civil liberty," the meaning is, he died for it. So, no one will deny, whenever the New Testament speaks in any way of redemption by the blood of the crucified Son of Man, the unquestionable meaning is, redemption by his death. What, then, does the phrase "redemption by the death of Christ" mean? Let it be noted here—let it be particularly noticed—that the New Testament nowhere in explicit terms *explains the meaning* of this and the kindred phrases; it simply uses the phrases without interpreting them. They are rhetorical figures of speech, necessarily, upon whatever theological system we regard them. No sinner is literally washed from his transgressions and guilt in the blood of the slaughtered Lamb,—not literally so. These expressions, then, are poetic images, meant to convey a truth in the language of prescriptive association and feeling, the traditional language of imagination. The determination of their precise significance is *wholly a matter of fallible human construction and inference*, and not a matter of inspired statement or divine revelation. This is so, beyond a question, because, we repeat, they are *figures of speech*, having no direct explanation in the

the latter. Besides, numerous manuscripts read ἄδου, not θανάτου. See, furthermore, Rosenmüller's thorough criticism in *loc.* Likewise see Robinson's New Testament Greek Lexicon, in ἄδω.

records where they occur. The Calvinistic view of the atonement was a theory devised to explain this Scriptural language. It was devised by persons not enough imbued with the peculiar notions and spirit, the peculiar grade of culture and the time from which that language sprang. We freely admit — a long, earnest, and wide study of this particular subject in theology has compelled us to confess — the inadequacy of a conception which has been expressed by many Unitarian writers, concerning the Apostolic doctrine of the atonement, to explain the figures of speech in which the Apostles declare that doctrine. But since the Calvinistic scheme was devised by human thought to explain the New Testament language, any scheme which explains that language as well has equal Scripture claims to credence ; any which better explains it, with sharper, broader meaning and fewer difficulties, has superior claims to be received.

We are now prepared to state what, in our conviction, was the meaning originally associated with, and meant to be conveyed by, the phrases equivalent to "*redemption by the death of Christ*." In consequence of sin, the souls of all mankind, after leaving the body, were shut up in the oblivious and melancholy gloom of the under-world. Christ alone, by virtue of his perfect holiness, was not subject to any part of this fate ; but in fulfilment of the Father's gracious designs, he willingly submitted, upon leaving the body, to go among the dead, that he might declare the good tidings to them, and burst the bars of darkness, and return to life, and rise into heaven as a pledge of the future translation of the faithful to that celestial world, instead of their being banished into the dismal bondage below, as hitherto they had been. The death of Christ, then, was the redemption of sinners, in that his death implied his ascent, — "because it was not possible that he should be holden of death," — and his ascension visibly demonstrated the truth that God had forgiven men their sins, and would receive their souls to his own abode on high.

Three very strong confirmations of the correctness of this interpretation are afforded in the declarations of Peter. First, he never even hints, in the faintest manner, that the death of Christ was to have any effect on God, any power to change his feeling or his government. It

was not to make a purchasing expiation for sins and thus to reconcile God to us ; but it was, by a revelation of the Father's freely pardoning love, to give us penitence, purification, confidence, and a regenerating piety, and so to reconcile us to God. He says, in one place, in emphatic words, that the express purpose of Christ's death was simply "that he might lead us to God." In the same strain, in another place, he defines the object of Christ's death to be, "that we, being delivered from sins, should live unto righteousness." It is plain that in literal reality he refers our marvellous salvation to the voluntary goodness of God, and not to any vicarious ransom paid in the sacrifice of Christ, when he says, "The God of all grace hath called us unto his eternal glory by Jesus Christ." The death of Christ was not, then, to appease the fierce justice of God, by rectifying the claims of his inexorable law ; but it was to call out and establish in men all moral virtues by the power of faith in the sure gift of eternal life sealed to them through the ascension of the Saviour.

For, secondly, we ask attention to the fact, that the practical inferences drawn by Peter from the death of Christ, and the exhortations founded upon it, are inconsistent with the Calvinistic theory of the atonement. Upon that view the Apostle would have said, "Christ has paid the debt and secured a seat in heaven for you, elected ones ; therefore believe in the sufficiency of his offerings, and exult." But not so. He calls on us in this wise : "Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered for us, arm yourselves with the same mind." "Christ suffered for you, leaving an example that ye should follow his steps." The whole burden of his practical argument based on the mission of Christ is, the obligation of a religious spirit and of pure morals. He does not speak, as many modern sectarists have spoken, of the "filthy rags of righteousness," but he says, "Live no longer in sins," "have a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," "be ye holy in all manner of conversation," "purify your souls by obedience to the truth," "be ye a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices," "have a good conscience," "avoid evil and do good," "above all have fervent love, for love will cover a multitude of sins." No candid person can peruse the

Epistle and not see that the great, all-important moral deduced from the mission of Christ is this: Since heaven is offered you, strive by personal virtue to be prepared for it at the judgment which shall soon come. The disciple is not told to trust in the merits of Jesus; but he is urged to "abstain from evil," and "sanctify the Lord God in his heart," and "love the brethren," and "obey the laws," and "do well," "girding up the loins of his mind in sobriety and hope." This is not Calvinism.

The third fortification of our general exposition is furnished by the following fact. According to our view, the *death* of Christ is emphasized, not on account of any importance of its own in itself, but as the necessary condition preliminary to his *resurrection*, the humiliating prelude to his glorious ascent into heaven. The really essential, significant thing is not his suffering and vicarious death, but his triumphing and typical ascension. Now the plain, repeated statements of Peter strikingly coincide with this representation. He says, "God *raised Christ up from the dead*, and gave him glory [that is, received him into heaven], that your faith and hope might be in God." Again he writes, "Blessed be God, who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope *by the resurrection of Jesus Christ* from the dead unto an incorruptible inheritance in heaven." Still again, he declares that "the figure of baptism, signifying thereby the answer of a good conscience toward God, saves us *by the resurrection of Jesus Christ*, who is gone into heaven." According to the commonly received doctrine, instead of these last words the Apostle ought to have said, "saves us by the death of him who suffered in expiation of our sins." He does not say so. Finally, in the intrepid speech that Peter made before the Jewish Council, referring to their wicked crucifixion of Jesus, he says, "Him hath God raised up to his own right hand, to be a Leader and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." How plainly remission of sins is here predicated, not through Christ's ignominious suffering, but through his heavenly exaltation! That exaltation showed in dramatic proof that by God's grace the dominion of the lower world was about to be broken, and an access to the celestial world to be vouchsafed.

If Christ bought off our merited punishment and

earned our acceptance, then salvation can no more be "reckoned of grace, but of debt." But the whole New Testament doctrine is, that "sinners are justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." "The redemption that is in Christ"! Take these words literally and they yield no intelligible meaning. The sense intended to be conveyed or suggested by them depends on interpretation, and here disagreement arises. The Calvinist says they mean the redemption undertaken, achieved, and offered by Christ. We say they mean the redemption proclaimed, brought to light, and shown by Christ. The latter explanation is as close to the language as the former. Neither is unequivocally established by the statement itself. We ought therefore to adopt the one which is at once most rational and plausible in itself, and most in harmony with the peculiar opinions and culture of the person by whom, and of the time when, the document was written. All these considerations, historical, philosophical, and moral, undeniably favor our interpretation, leaving nothing to support the other save the popular theological belief of modern Protestant Christendom, a belief which is unhappily the gradual product of a few great but mistaken teachers like Augustine and Calvin.

We do not find the slightest difficulty in explaining sharply and broadly, with all its niceties of phraseology, each one of the texts urged by Calvinists in behalf of their doctrine of the atonement, without involving the essential features of that doctrine. Three demonstrable assertions of fact afford us all the requisite materials. First, it was a prevalent belief with the Jews, that, since death was the penalty of sin, the suffering of death was in itself expiatory of the sins of the dying man.* Lightfoot says, "It is a common and most known doctrine of the Talmudists, that repentance and ritual sacrifice expiate some sins, death the rest. Death wipes off all unexpiated sins."† Tholuck says, "It was a Jewish opinion that the death of the just atoned for the people."‡ He quotes from the Talmud an explicit assertion to that

* Hermannii Witsii *Dissertatio de Seculo hoc et futuro*, Sect. 8.

† Lightfoot on Matt. xii. 32.

‡ See Tholuck's Comm. on John i. 29.

effect, and refers to several learned authorities for further citations and confirmations.

Secondly, the Apostles conceived Christ to be sinless, and consequently not on his own account exposed to death and subject to Hades. If, then, death was an atonement for sins, and he was sinless, his voluntary death was expiatory for the sins of the world; not in an arbitrary and unheard of way, according to the Calvinistic scheme, but in the common way, according to a Pharisaic notion. And thirdly, it was partly a Jewish expectation concerning the Messiah that he would,* and partly an Apostolic conviction concerning Christ that he did, break the bolts of the old Hadean prison, and open the way for human ascent to heaven. As Jerome says, "Before Christ *Abraham* was in hell, after Christ the crucified *thief* was in paradise":† for "until the advent of Christ all alike went down into the under-world, heaven being shut until Christ threw aside the flaming sword that turned every way."‡

These three thoughts — that death is the expiatory penalty of sin, that Christ was himself sinless, that he died as God's envoy to release the prisoners of gloom and be their pioneer to bliss — leave nothing to be desired in explaining the sacrificial terms and kindred phrases employed by the Apostles in reference to his mission.

Without question, Peter, like his companions, looked for the quick return of Christ from heaven to judge all, and to save the worthy. Unmistakable indications of this belief are numerous afforded in his words. "The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer." "You shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead." Here the common idea of that time, namely, that the resurrection of the captives of the under-world should occur at the return of Christ, is undoubtedly implied. "Salvation is now only to be revealed in the last time."

* "God shall liberate the Israelites from the under-world." Bertholdt's *Christologia Judæorum*, Sect. XXXIV. (*De Decensu Messie ad Inferos*), note 2d. "The captives shall ascend from the under-world, Shechinah at their head." Schoettgen de Messia, Lib. VI. cap. 5, sect. 1.

† See his Letter to Heliodorus, Epist. XXXV., Benedict. ed.

‡ Comm. in Eccles. Cap. III. 21, et Cap. IX.

"That your faith may be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." "Be sober and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." "Be ye examples to the flock, and when the chief Shepherd shall appear ye shall receive an unfading crown of glory." "God shall send Jesus Christ, whom the heavens must receive until the times of the restitution of all things." It is perfectly evident that the author of these passages expected the second coming of the Lord Jesus to consummate the affairs of his kingdom.

If the Apostle had formed definite conclusions as to the final fate of unbelieving, wicked, reprobate men, he has not stated them. He most undeniably implies certain general facts upon the subject, but leaves all the details in entire obscurity. He adjures his readers — with exceeding earnestness, he over and over again adjures them — to forsake every manner of sinful life, to strive for every kind of righteous conversation, that by faith and goodness they may receive the salvation of their souls. He must have supposed an opposite fate in some sort to impend over those who did otherwise, rejecting Christ, "revelling in lasciviousness and idolatry." Everywhere he makes the distinction of the faithful and the wicked prominent, and presents the idea that Christ shall come to judge them both, and shall reward the former with gladness, crowns, and glory: while it is just as clearly implied as if he had said it, that the latter shall be condemned and punished. When a judge sits in trial on the good and the bad, and accepts those, plainly the inference is that he rejects these, unless the contrary be stated. What their doom is in its nature, what in its duration, is neither declared, nor inferrible from what is declared. All that the writer says on this point is substantially repeated or contained in the fourth chapter of this Epistle, from verse 12 to 19. A slight explanatory paraphrase of it will make the position clear so far as it can be made clear. "Christian believers, in the fiery trials which are to try you, stand firm, even rejoicing that you are fellow-sufferers with Christ, a pledge that when his glory is revealed you shall partake of it with him. See to it that ye are free from crime, free from sins for which you ought to suffer; then if persecuted and slain

for your Christian profession and virtues, falter not. The terrible time preceding the second advent of your Master is at hand. The sufferings of that time will begin with the Christian household; but how much more dreadful will be the sufferings of the close of that time among the disobedient that spurn the Gospel of God! If the righteous shall with great difficulty be snatched from the perils and woes encompassing the time, surely it will happen very much worse with ungodly sinners. Therefore let all who suffer in obedience to God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing."

The souls of men were confined in the under-world for sin. Christ came to turn men from sin and despair, to holiness and a reconciling faith in God. He went to the dead to declare to them the good tidings of pardon and approaching deliverance through the free grace of God. He rose into heaven to demonstrate and visibly exhibit the redemption of men from the doom of sinners to the under-world. He was soon to return to the earth to complete the unfinished work of his commissioned kingdom. His accepted ones should then be taken to glory and reward. The rejected ones should — their fate is left in gloom without a definite clew. Such is Peter's doctrine of the Last Things so far as deducible from his written words.

W. R. A.

ART. V.—GERMAN LYRICS.*

No labor of a merely literary cast requires more skill and nice painstaking than the translation of the poetry of one language into the poetry of another. Some appear to think it a very light matter, and turn their hand to it with a careless ease that leaves all the difficulty to their readers; who are obliged to puzzle over what is plain enough in the original, to hobble over what is smooth, to put up with all manner of dislocations for the measure's sake or the rhyme's sake, and to miss at last the delicate

* *German Lyrics.* By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 16mo. pp. 237.

point on which the effect of the piece mainly depended. Others, on the contrary, so far from fancying that translation is easy, pronounce it to be impossible. The undertaking is fruitless, they say. The thing cannot be done perfectly, or with any thing more than a moderate approach to success. And what they thus say is not wholly without reason. It is true to a certain extent. It is wholly true of some compositions, which may as well be left for the enjoyment of those who can read them in their own tongue. Even when this judgment is expressed in its most uncompromising form, it may be useful by reminding us of the difficulties that embarrass this department of literary endeavor. It should make the writer more heedful and the reader more indulgent. The first certainly. No translator should set about his work as if it need cost him but little; or as if he might measure his degree of toil by the slighting appreciation which the public generally award to this second-hand species of authorship, in comparison with verses from their native mint. He should consider that "he, too, is a painter." No one is more concerned than he with the hidden magic of words, the innumerable shades of complexion and curves of meaning that make up human expression in speech. He must call into exercise the most cultivated and discriminating taste, of which he can educate himself to be the master. There are flavors in language, of which the virtue will be evident to the many, though they can be composed only by adepts. There is a variety of choice in terms, holding the divided mind suspended among them in a way that none can conceive who has never tried it. That translator has something yet to achieve, who has not waited for weeks for the phrase to come, that would solve a perplexity, or get rid of a hinderance, or rub out a blemish that he had thought he must rest contented with, or fully satisfy the conception that he had vaguely entertained in his mind. He is responsible for his author, to present him faithfully; in form and spirit; with the ease and freedom of life; not with the stiffness of a figure in wax, or the twitches of a puppet, but with his peculiarities of life, even to the sweep of his dress and the movement of his limbs and the look that is in his eyes. He should throw himself into character, like a trained actor, and speak in the

very tone of his piece, not as if he were an imitator, but inspired by the feeling that first wrote it. He should seek to transfer just what he finds, in the shape in which he finds it. He should not be ambitious to be elegant, or smart, or any thing else, aside from the real bearing of the poem he is engaged in.

It has been said of Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, that it was better than Schiller himself. It was very foolishly said, on more accounts than one. In the first place, it was not his business to be better, and he had no right to be better, and it was impossible that he should be better than his original. To pretend that he was so, was a censure, and not praise, for it was to admit that he had transgressed the limits of his province. But there was not the least occasion for passing upon him so equivocal an encomium. His "model version," as it has been strangely called, only affords an example of the extravagant manner in which it is still common to speak of that richly endowed, but fragmentary man. His poetic temperament, and his extraordinary skill in the management of his full and choice vocabulary, enabled him, it is true, to present a work quite captivating on the whole, and containing single passages of rare beauty. But when we examine it closely, we find serious faults, that show as much what should be avoided as what should be copied in enterprises of a similar nature;—faults of haste and indolence, for the most part, but of presumption also. We are aware that on this subject some caution may be suggested from the fact, that he was under the instructions of Schiller himself, who might have suggested some things not contained in the received editions of his play. This might possibly account for the presence of some passages that appear to us unwarrantable interpolations. But it only makes stranger his omission of whole dialogues, and of every part of a speech that he did not care to translate. Entire scenes that he found in poetry he renders into prose; and when the German bard, like our early dramatists, would sometimes give emphasis to the closing words of an act by binding them into rhyme, his translator takes no notice of so marked a transition. Thus, when *Wallenstein* warns the Countess Terzky not to presume too much on her supposed triumph, his words, instead of

being in the extreme of flatness, should have rung at least as well as this :—

For jealous still are Fate's all-ruling Powers ;
 Their rights usurp'd by hasty boasts of ours.
 The seeds alone in their dark hands we lay ;—
 Will Joy or Ruin spring—the End must say.

And again, when Max rushes out for the last time, with his desperate language to the soldiers who have insisted on his being their chief, a very inferior versifier might have breathed a fresh life into what he said, by the simple artifice of a rhyme, even if no better one offered than the following :—

For your own doom your fatal choice am I ;
 Who goes, with me for leader, goes to die.

Again, and much worse. The famous soliloquy of Thekla, which in the original is composed of twenty-six lines, twenty of them responding in rhyme, he “thought it prudent to abridge.” He does abridge it with a vengeance; crowding it into ten very ordinary lines, and rendering the last of them most falsely :—

“That is the lot of *heroes* upon earth.”

The real and most touching meaning is :—

That is the lot of *the beautiful* on earth.

As if to add an affront to a wrong, he sits in judgment, as usual, on the poet whom it was his only duty honorably to introduce; and tells us that “the whole preceding scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might perhaps have been omitted without injury to the play.” As a slight but pregnant specimen of mere sleepiness, stand these lines in the awful soliloquy of the fatalist hero :—

“Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.”

Here is no image at all, or the wrong one. The German is “*greift in,*” which brings immediately before us the fearful figure of the hand thrust *into* the dark and hollow vase, to pull out the sign of fate. It would be easy to present mistranslations, that could have arisen from nothing else than an imperfect acquaintance with

the foreign tongue, which he has made to contribute so largely, first and last, to his literary reputation. We had marked two or three of this kind ; but will single out only one for the sake of its oddity. Max makes his acknowledgment to the Prince-Duke of Friedland, for having received from the ducal stables the present of a "Jagdzug," or a train of four horses. The translator, mistaking one word for another, makes the young man say : —

" But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plaited hunting-dress."

A groom bringing in a suit of clothes certainly changes the subject of thankfulness very considerably. But there is still another passage that we cannot withhold. The Duke is represented as saying : —

" The power is mine, and they must gulp it down, —
And *substitute* I *caution* for my fealty ;
They must be satisfied."

We think it would sorely perplex any mere English reader to guess what his Highness would assert in the second of these lines. But if we assure him that "to substitute caution" simply means "to give security," — *caution* being the word for *bail* in French, and in the language of the civil law, as well as in German, — he will be at once enlightened.

We have allowed ourselves this over-long digression, principally for its relation to the theme on which we have undertaken to say a few words. There is no denying, moreover, that in philosophy and letters Mr. Coleridge was always a remarkable make-believe. We can understand why a German party and an English-Church party should continue to magnify him, in spite of all the diminishing defects of his mind and life. But for ourselves we are quite tired of having him brought up for ever to challenge an admiration that we cannot possibly bestow. Whenever we see his name at the foot of an "elegant extract," we are prepared to find either a mere verbal ingenuity, or a logical conceit, or a truism blown up and painted ; though he now and then treats us with a really fine moral apothegm. His grand and tender things — for we know he has them both — come out with a melancholy splendor ; like his

"Ancient Mariner" from the wreck of his unread verses; like his genius, capable of all ideal beauty, from the wilderness of neglected duties and the fumes of artificial excitement. Peace to thee! Peace to thee! We are melted at the recollection of the gentle epitaph that was traced by thine own quaint hand, and we

"— lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C."

We are almost penitent for our impatience at hearing a little too much about thee.

But it is more than time that we came to "German Lyrics" among ourselves, and especially to this new volume by Mr. Brooks. The public has already been largely indebted to him for the good service he has rendered in this sort of literary exercise. Many of our scholars have applied their hand to it with excellent success; ladies, whose names have only been whispered round, have done as well as the best; while other names, that are travelling as far as the English language, — Longfellow, the pride of our poetry, and Bancroft, the most shining of our national historians, — have appeared in the same pleasant field. It seems to be one of the most inviting of recreations. Dr. Furness is recently out with another "Song of the Bell," admirably executed, though Mr. Dwight published a spirited version of it sixteen years ago, and Mr. Eliot, "the brave Mayor," had rendered it with such close faithfulness, that it could be sung, and was sung, to the music of Romberg; both translations being every way superior to that of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, which was printed not far from the same time. No one, however, has produced so large an amount of verses of this kind, we believe, as the present writer, the minister of Newport. Besides this, and another volume of miscellaneous contents chiefly his own, and numerous contributions elsewhere, he has translated very felicitously Schiller's difficult play of *William Tell*; a work which may seek comparison, we think, with any thing that has been performed of a similar kind on the other side of the sea.

Nearly half of this book, and to us far the most interesting portion, is from the Count von Auersperg, writing under the name of Anastasius Grün. An Austrian liberal; a nobleman, yet a lover of freedom; striking his

bold harp in Vienna itself; his ability is as remarkable as his position. He is in the very first rank of the German poets of his time. The two principal pieces in this collection, his "Ship Cincinnatus" and the "Five Easters," are taken from a thin volume published at Leipsic in 1840, assuming the odd title of "Schutt," — Rubbish. The first of these has a special attraction for us Americans, from the character of its subject, and is composed in a singularly artist-like manner. It represents an American ship, with the figure-head of the great Roman commander, preparing to sail homeward from the neighborhood of Pompeii. This gives the poet an opportunity of contrasting the ruins of the Old World with the rising glories of the New; which he does in a succession of alternate tableaux. Each one of these is within its own frame, and the several pairs are distinguished, one picture from the other, by a change of versification. These transitions are faithfully marked by Mr. Brooks with corresponding changes of measure. He even undertakes, in the excess of his loyalty, to fit with female rhymes — such as "master" and "faster" — every couplet in a whole compartment. Now this is extremely easy in German; but to follow it in our more stubborn English is a very serious task. He has acquitted himself of it in an ingenious and creditable manner; making us wonder often at the apparent facility with which he can move in such close fetters. And yet we cannot deny a feeling now and then, as if this was striving for too much, and as if a less rigorous obedience might have set at liberty more true power.

We cannot help presenting to our readers a slight sketch of the anatomical structure of this strange little poem. It is distributed into fourteen cantos, as they may be termed. The first describes the ship as she lies in the Bay of Naples, just ready to depart, with the captain moralizing as he leans against the mast. The last hoists her sail, and pronounces her farewell to the ancient coast. These two are in a kind of stanza peculiar to themselves. Between them are twelve other cantos, all very short, interchanging a scene from the half Grecian shore and a scene from the western hemisphere; each, as we have said, with its own rhythm. First come the ashes of Pompeii, which the poet stirs with the breath of

a kindly and encouraging sentiment. Then flows in the Ohio, with its hospitable but far-off German homes. This is the leading pair. Then comes an allusion, in the wildest style of the Teutonic minstrel, to the impress of a beautiful female breast, which he imagines to have been formed in the lava of Vesuvius, and its hollow turned into a drinking-cup, — or lamp; for it figures as both, and is made to do this double and inconsistent duty. We are afraid that he has been betrayed into an error here. The lava that buried up Herculaneum so hard, as well as deep, did not reach the small town that was close beside it. Pompeii was covered with nothing but ashes, pumice, and mud, which a mere detachment of the shovels that are now turning up the fresh soil of New England could clear away within a computable time. It is true, that the spade would have to pursue its work pretty carefully through such a precious deposit, and with plenty of guardians to look on, where it might dig up to the light not only pictures and statues and gems, but unscorched manuscripts of wealthier price; — such lost treasures as Cicero's treatise *De Consolatione*, or the Letters of the great Julius, or the Autobiographies of Sylla and Augustus, or — what is perhaps more desirable still — the work of Cæcina on the mysterious science of the Etruscans. But that more than a century should have gone by, leaving almost two thirds of the buried city buried still, is another proof that the miserable despotism over that beautiful land is as sluggish towards knowledge as towards liberty. Now, to return from this digression, it is plain that no such wonder in lava could be found at Pompeii, or indeed anywhere else; for the fiery mass would destroy at once the delicate texture of the human form. The *Muséo Borbonico* at Naples still contains, we presume, the mould from which the poet has borrowed his idea. But it was composed of the volcanic paste that gradually settled around the lovely figure, and not of the metallic flood which he supposes. The companion to this legend is a domestic scene in a valley of the Alleghenies, where a dialogue between an old planter and a young lover contrasts the crown of the former British domination with the floral crown of youthful affection. We are brought back again to the Street of Tombs, and a soldier in the uniform of the Bourbons apostrophizes an

imaginary sentinel at the gate, of eighteen hundred years' standing. Then we are off to a militia muster on Independence day. The next figure is a Lazarone stretched out in perfect indolence among the ancient ruins; and it is followed by an emigrant ship making her way to new dwellings in the West. The arena of the once bloody amphitheatre, as in the days of Spartacus, then rises; and immediately afterwards we are introduced to a curious tea-drinking at the foot of the Appalachian Mountains, where the tea is in a tankard, and the planter has "his darling squaw," and the cotton, maize, and sugar-cane are all growing together, and the Boston tea-party is alluded to as if the "tea-tree" was the tree of American freedom. The last of the Pompeian images is a disinterred lamp, that affords scope for the author's peculiar strain of plaintive but hopeful moralizing; and the last American picture is a council scene in the forest, where the Indians determine to bury for ever the war-hatchet, not under the ground that might be scratched up, nor under the waters where it might be fished up, but in the deep bosom of a peaceful vow and resolution.

We have sketched an abstract of this piece, because it is the longest, the most characteristic of its noble author, and the most likely to interest our readers. We could find something to criticize in the translation of it here and there, as not showing quite care enough, though it shows a great deal of care. In the twelfth division, for example, we are sure that the poetic effect would have been vastly increased, if the burdens or *refrains* had been repeated in exactly the same language. This should have been done at any cost; for such a piece is hardly itself without this ring of its choral melody. Nothing need be better than some of the concluding verses:—

"For ever green looks down the old tree, the mother,
On her dead children, prey of frost and wind;
Man! falling leaf! thou fall'st on many a brother,
And hear'st a new one rustling close behind!

"Flows by the tree, as full to-day as ever,
The rivulet, bound to the eternal sea!
O man, thou fleeting wave on life's dark river,
Thy sister waves are beckoning, following thee.

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"The lights along the shore no more are sparkling ;
The very flag on board is veiled in night ;
The stars of twice-twelve brother-States, all darkling
In that deep heaven-blue field, are lost from sight.

"Yet see o'erhead the flag, in glory streaming,
Of Heaven's United Kingdoms, high unrolled :
The dark, sky-blue armorial field is gleaming
With stars by millions, sparkling all in gold."

The Count von Auersperg has another little poem, in the thin volume just referred to, which contains some very striking passages. It is called "The Window-Pane." If it would not seem unthankful for what Mr. Brooks has already done, and a little unreasonable besides, we should express a wish that he had added this to his collection. A church is building in the Middle Ages. The abbot is standing by to receive contributions for the edifice. A poor fellow drops a small piece of money into his hand, with an apology for its poverty. "It will just set a square of glass into one of the windows," says the churchman ; and with his diamond ring he writes upon the pane, that "from a beggar's pocket there came light for the temple of the Lord." The beggar utters a pious wish that the Lord's house may never want for illumination. And now, the building is a ruin ; its courts are strewn with fragments ; its heavy masonry is disjointed and thrown down ; but the poor man's brittle glass still glimmers in the window. The poet looks in upon its desolations, and descants, in his solemn, but gentle and animating way, on what may have taken place in these old cloisters. These scenes are ranged along, something in the manner of the "Cincinnatus" and the "Five Easters." We shall show our presumption, perhaps, in attempting two short specimens. First, we are in a garden attached to the sacred building. A sun-dial remains there, with the warning inscription : "Ye know neither the day nor the hour." But a vine has clambered over the plate ; it hangs out its grapes as a sign of pleasant cheer, and its leaves seem to rustle with the reply, "It is well that we know them not." Not far off is a figure of the Virgin in a niche of the broken wall. The poet goes on : —

Methinks that Nature ever to our sight
Holds forth some image of a grand delight ;

Like the Madonna with the holy Child,
Through whom the world's great grief is reconciled.

Her arm her wide-embracing mantle throws
Of tenderest blue before the coming woes ;
She lets her drapery green fall down and cover
All the decays of what is gone and over.

And then she says to us : The paths are plain !
Follow them through, — guests of my free domain !
Your foreheads crowned with rays of heavenly birth,
Your feet bekissed with sweetest flowers of earth.

And now it is midnight in the area of the forsaken
sanctuary. Ghosts of monks long ago departed wander
and speak : —

“ Woe ! what we built is into rubbish thrown !
Woe ! what we planted, storms have prostrate blown !
The lot of all our labor and our prayer
By man is trampled, and by winds laid bare.

“ Woe to thee, Time ! Like a wild, giddy-pated
Boy, thou hast our fair statues mutilated !
Woe to you, mould and moss ! The web you 've spun
Is the winding-sheet of all our skill had done.”

And then came forth from a smooth grave-plot there
A man with compasses and rule and square ;
A huge half-ruined slab his seat he made,
And measured with his eye dome and arcade.

“ Woe ! broken lie those pillars' proud, fair stones !
It seems as if they were my own poor bones.
He who so perishes in what he wrought
Dies doubly, and, alas ! has lived for naught.”

Meanwhile stood smiling, these sad sprites between,
The clear-faced Moon, and spoke with tranquil mien :
“ The Ghost of the Sun, in these dark hours I walk ;
Hear from my mouth his answer to your talk.

“ For years and years my course is through the sky,
And who has seen of grief so much as I ?
Why call ye your life's prizes all in vain ?
O, see the mean prize of my life of pain !

“ I am Light ! — The world lies yet in midnight caves !
I am Liberty ! — The world is full of slaves !

I am Love ! — With hate and malice it is drunk !
 I am Truth ! — In base delusions it is sunk ! ”

And as she spoke, there seemed to me to fall
 A gentle cloud before her shining ball,
 As thoughts of grief a lovely face invade !
 The Ghosts then vanished in the deepening shade.

The eternal Moon through the church-window gleams ;
 The eternal Lamp throws faint and fainter beams ;
 The grave-stones show in twilight's palest ray ;
 Gray grows the East ; methinks 't will soon be day.

To return to the translator who has favored us with this volume. We thank him for bringing up to view some amusing and curious things that would not else have come to our notice. We thank him for the lively manner in which he has performed his task. He shows a peculiar felicity in managing the free, ballad style, in which a considerable number of the pieces here contained are written. “The Old Pensioner” of Anastasius Grün is an excellent example of this. We see not what it lacks of being absolutely perfect. But we should not be faithful to the critical office we have taken upon us, if we omitted to say that we have not everywhere found the same careful attention, which, with his skill and spirit, would be always sure to command success in any cases where success was possible. The little gem, for instance, by Louise von Plönnies, is flawed by the unwarranted use of the word “bereft,” on the 232d page. In some unaccountable way, too, a *g* has been twice overlooked in the word “Doggen,” giving us Doges where nothing better was intended than mastiffs. This inadvertence occurs on the 60th and 67th pages. We will offer only one instance more of our criticism ; and that with less confidence that we are right, and acknowledging that it is of less consequence whether we are right or not. Rückert's grand Sonnet in Harness, “The Drum,” appears to us weakened throughout by the rendering of the first line : “O the drum, — it rattles so loud !” The original is : “sie RUFT so laut” ; “it CALLS so loud.” And in that word seems to sound out the moral power of the piece. To “rattle” is only to make a noise, — usually an unmeaning, empty noise. But Rückert's Drum has a voice. It calls, as with a human and more than hu-

man cry, urging on the battle of freedom ; — and this is the reason why the terrible roar of the cannon and the tender accents of love are drowned in it.

We cannot conclude these desultory remarks without feeling and saying that we have devoted too little space to Mr. Brooks, and too much to what has no special connection with his book, and to our own inferior doings. We wish before parting with him to declare our belief that this performance of his will be more read, and oftener quoted, than any thing he has hitherto written of the same kind. Here are "Lyrics," and nothing more considerable ; "German" Lyrics, that demand allowance for the peculiarities of a foreign people. They pass hastily before us, in various dress, like "The Seasons," which he has presented to us in such felicitous language.

"When *Spring* comes with sun and showers,
What gives beauty to the bowers ?
Buds and flowers.

"When the glowing *Summer* 's born,
What pours Nature from her horn ?
Hay and corn.

"When mild suns in *Autumn* shine,
Then, O Earth, what gifts are thine ?
Fruit and wine.

"When gray *Winter* comes, what glow
Makes the round earth sparkle so ?
Ice and snow."

We cordially commend them to the notice of those who seek further acquaintance with the present poets of Germany ; who can enjoy what seem to be trifles like the really wise ; and who are willing to take some pains with what they read, that they may enjoy it the better.

N. L. F.

ART. VI. — RATIONALISM IN RELIGION.

[An Address delivered before the Alumni of the Theological School, Cambridge, July 19, 1858. By the REV. OLIVER STEARNS, of Hingham.]

ALUMNI OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL, — BRETHREN OF THE MINISTRY : —

SINCE our last anniversary, death has taken from our number the President of this Association,* a prominent member until his death of the Society for Promoting Theological Education in Harvard University; one of the fathers and benefactors of the School at which most of us received our elementary professional instruction. His face always beamed upon us at this annual visitation. There was no more earnest and steadfast supporter of what he considered reform in theology. There was no firmer friend of the religious movement, begun in his youth, which looked towards a more liberal and rational theology. The thought of him brings up to memory the faces of others associated with him, — of some who have passed away, and others who still adorn our profession, or aid and ennoble the general cause of learning, — who led the movement which brought us hither, who watched over us as young men, who guided us in sacred studies, who thrilled us by their preaching and sanctified us by their prayers, who instructed us by their wisdom and example, and in the metropolis and its vicinity nobly illustrated the office and dignity of preaching a Christianity which respects our rational and moral nature. We can never cease to recall with interest that period and its men, and to thank the Providence which cast our lot among such benefactors of the mind.

The attraction of a spirit which blended the deepest reverence with free thought, the delight felt in a form of religious thought with which the soul can harmonize, the desire and hope of being ministers of its power to act beneficently on man, I suppose, have generally drawn young men to this school of the prophets; and among them many who had been nurtured in a different faith.

* The Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D.

Of this latter class was a younger brother,* whose loss religion and humanity deplore, whom I knew at the period when his mental conflict was closed with the decision to leave the inclosure of the one fold and one Shepherd in which he had been reared, and come into one which he judged freer and more congenial. Others have paid the tribute to his beautiful genius and his professional devotion. I pause here over his memory to say, that he left father and mother, and friends and kindred, for what he believed to be the call of the truth. If those friends, at the time, were troubled, as surely they must have been, I doubt not that now their bereavement is consoled by the faith, that he has gone to receive the approval which God and his Son bestow upon a true minister and an honest man.

But this is not the whole loss of its younger men which our profession has sustained. One,† cut down in full manhood on a distant shore, — to which his enterprising spirit, proved in other hard fields, bore him to minister to the spiritual wants of fellow-men in that land so marvellous and peculiar in its recent history and growth, and in the experiences and sorrows of the multitudes flocking into it, — closed a life too short for others, but long enough to have left a quickening example and an enviable fame. And another,‡ after having vainly sought health in a milder clime, almost within sight of the home and the people that awaited his return, was called upward to a heavenly home, leaving his pure character and sweet religious life to speak to others instead of his living voice. Thus we fall,

“as fall the light autumnal leaves,
One still the other following, till the bough
Strews all its honors on the earth beneath.”

These all in the upper sphere are gladly going on their eternal way, led by God's loving hand; let us in this lower sphere go on ours, led through duty by the same loving hand of God.

With this passing farewell to those who graduated from our Theological School, let me introduce my subject. I have spoken of the School as attractive to young

* Rev. Sylvester Judd.

† Rev. Joseph Harrington.

‡ Rev. James F. Brown.

men, because it regarded the Gospel of Christ as addressed to man's rational nature, and to the primitive sentiments which arise from our moral constitution. In its earlier days we were called rational Christians. The word Rationalism has become odious by the use of it on the continent of Europe, a use which has been imported into England and this country to denote that form of thought which rejects supernatural revelation. But to give up the word to such use is too much like conceding that no examination of the records of the origin of Christianity and no exposition of its doctrine can meet the strictest demands of reason, without at the same time sacrificing the supernatural element, and expunging it alike from the evangelical history and from our inmost faith. I make no such concession. I believe we may hold a rational and supernatural Christianity.

A concession appears sometimes to come from quarters from which it is unexpected, — from Protestants, who hold to the supernatural in Christianity, — a concession which yields to Roman Catholics the whole ground of controversy between Protestants and them, — that the use of reason in theology is likely to result in discarding the idea of miraculous revelation; that this idea will not stand unshackled, rational inquiry, but must be received solely upon authority. If this be true, then it is not enough to say that the founding of our Theological School, which I remember to have heard the excellent Greenwood advocate as the only one on the North American continent truly free and unpledged to special conclusions, was a grand mistake, — not building a break-water against infidelity, but opening a sluice to let in its floods. But we must go further, and say that what has been through the Christian ages regarded as unbelief, is the truth, that the light of the world is darkness. No authority can uphold that which has no basis in the rational constitution of man. Upon that, at some point, all legitimate authority must rest. If freedom of thought and rational investigation necessarily result in Naturalism, then Naturalism has a right to reign, and, in spite of subscriptions to tests and of mighty churches, will sweep the world's mind with its conquests.

The old battle between Protestants and the Roman Church is to be fought over again. Many Protestants

must more thoroughly admit the Protestant principle, or, to be consistent, openly go over to the Roman Church, as many have done. This Romanists maintain; but for very different reasons from those which influence me, and in the hope of results which I by no means think likely to follow. It is well known that some writers of the Anglo-Catholic Church have already declared that private judgment ought to be restricted, and thus virtually, if not in terms, deny the right itself; for the right, if it exist, is an unrestricted one, except as all rights are restricted by the duties which they involve. It is also denied by many Protestants that reason is a safe guide in matters of faith; that it has any office in religion except to decide the canonicity of its records, and interpret their meaning; that it has no power to determine the degree of inspiration of any writer, or to decide that one of his opinions is erroneous in philosophy, morals, or fact, is of local origin, is unessential to the principal matter of revelation, and is therefore no part of inspired truth. Many Protestants thus restrict private judgment, and, holding the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, are obliged to reconcile the partial and local with the universal by ingenious and forced constructions, or to sacrifice the universal to the temporary, and maintain views which affront common sense. They do this, because, as they allege, if reason be allowed to judge of the inspiration or truth of any portion of the Scripture contents, it may undertake to set aside all inspiration, and thus reduce us to Naturalism. To fence out Naturalism, we must accept the dogma of plenary inspiration and preclude reason from any office but that of deciding what Scripture means.

What, then, proves plenary inspiration? What decides at the outset that the Scriptures contain the history and matter of Divine communications? What creates the slightest presumption in favor of their claim? What proves the miracles they relate, or one of them? And when the miracles are proven as outward facts, what decides that they authenticate one's word or life as Divine? And then what proves that the individual affixes the just interpretation to that word or life, and derives from it exactly the Divine sense? Large work is laid out for reason here. Something must decide all this;

reason, intuition, consciousness, something within each man, by whatever name it passes, must decide all this, certainly for every Protestant. And when that something has decided so much, who shall assert its incompetency to decide in any case upon the truth of the matter of Scripture? For he must be a bold man who declares it more difficult for reason to decide whether the account of the creation in Genesis is astronomically and geologically true, than to decide upon the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch; or more difficult for it to decide whether Paul expected the second personal coming of Christ within his own age, than to decide what was exactly his doctrine of justification by faith, or in regard to the person of Christ. The Protestant who restricts reason needs a miracle at every turn. He has no reason to open his Bible and read a page but in a private judgment based on his intuition or consciousness. He passes a judgment upon its inspiration in general before he studies its particulars; before he judges whether it is worthy of authentication by miracle. If Christ should work a miracle now before our sight, it would bind us to do what he enjoined, to meditate upon what he said, and thus to bring his truth and life to our spiritual discernment. But now the case is altered. Christ comes in history. And the first question is, Has he been the source of a light which is presumptively supernatural? The soul, the intuitive reason, answers affirmatively. The fact declares itself in our education and in life around us. And upon it the Protestant predicates a judgment that they contain Divine truth, and proceeds to make his canon and his theology. Now if reason be not competent to judge at all of inspiration, he needs a miracle to indorse the original presumptive credibility of Scripture, and then at every step afterward. This is the Romanist's retort upon the Protestant who inscribes private judgment on his banner, and then proceeds to decry reason in matters of faith. He says, You want an external authority for the Scriptures, for the canon and the sense; you will find it in the Roman Church, whose perpetual miracles vouch for it as keeper of the canon and interpreter of the sense; out of this Church your canon and interpretation have no sanction but a private judgment, and your religion rests solely on human authority. The

retort is valid against the reason-decrying Protestant; although the Protestant may rejoin, that to admit the claims and miracles of the Roman Church, and to decide which of its conflicting popes and councils is right, is quite as severe a task upon the faculties of an uneducated Christian, as to take the Scriptures, if he can but read, and draw from them truth enough to save his soul.

Nothing can be more untrue, however, than the Romanist assertion that the Protestant, taking the Scriptures on grounds of reason, and not upon the authority of the Roman Church, has but a human authority for his faith. You receive the Bible, he says, but to what use, since you receive what only man, but not God, proposes to you? It is not true, so long as the Protestant throws off the trammels of sect, and receives Scripture to a free and reverent mind. Providence proposes the Bible as the fountain of sacred truth to the Protestant. Providence, speaking in history, in the working of Christianity through the Christian ages, in its education of himself; speaking by the voice of saints who have found it the might of God; speaking by the voice of the true Catholic Church, of which the Roman Catholic is now but a numerically important division; — Providence, speaking in the Holy Spirit of the Bible, proposes it to the Protestant. And against this assumption of the modern self-styled follower of St. Peter, let me quote Dante in his conversation with St. Peter in Paradise: —

“ Next issued from the deep-imbosomed splendor :
 ‘ Say whence the costly jewel, on the which
 Is founded every virtue, came to thee.’
 ‘ The flood,’ I answered, ‘ from the Spirit of God,
 Rained down upon the ancient bond and new.
 Here is the reasoning that convinceth me
 So feelingly, each argument beside
 Seems blunt and forceless in comparison.’
 Then heard I, ‘ Wherefore holdest thou that each,
 The elder proposition and the new,
 Which so persuade thee, are the voice of Heaven ?’
 ‘ The works that followed evidence their truth,’
 I answered, ‘ Nature did not make for these
 The iron hot, nor on her anvil mould them.’ ”

The Italian poet's instinctive perception hits the very eye of the fact, which Romanist logicians miss. The Spirit of God in Scripture speaks from God to the soul. The Divine works attest the Divine origin of the truth in

Scripture. The soul intuitively judges these works to be the special working of a power and a person behind nature. Reason sees them logically necessary in the relation of causes to the effects which followed in the history of mankind.

"That all the world, said I, should have been turned
To Christian, and no miracle been wrought,
Would in itself be such a miracle,
The rest were not an hundredth part so great."

Here is basis enough of Divine authority for the Protestant's faith. And the reply is just as valid a replication to the Protestant, when he charges his brother Protestant, who, believing in divinely attested communications of truth, applies reason to the whole matter of the record of revelation, with planting his faith only on human authority. It is false to say that such a Protestant, a rational Christian, puts his reason in place of the Divine word. He accepts the Divine word with his reason. He pretends not that he alone, or all mankind, could have attained to the highest truth held in Scripture without supernatural communications of it. But these communications have come, to us at least, through human instrumentalities for receiving, recording, and transmitting them. He uses the powers God has given him to distinguish between the humanly imperfect and the divinely perfect, to gain a sufficient but proximate apprehension of the Divine mind, which is all that man can hope to attain to according to any theory. He believes that God so dwells in Jesus as to render his words and acts an expression of God's will and feeling towards man; that these words and acts are reported with substantial accuracy; and yet that in some respects, unessential to the vital power of truth, the Evangelists may have erred as reporters, or the Apostles expressed opinions originating in a Jewish education, and not legitimately in Christian instruction. He distinguishes between the master and the pupils, the plenarily inspired Messiah and the measuredly inspired disciples, who are not on a level with the master. It is not true, that his faith rests merely on man. God offers to him the life of Christ. He tries to come into contact with it. With open and docile mind he seeks truth. *He finds it.* He

gets it from revelation; gets it perhaps in eminent purity. We know that some interpreters hold that the Apostles expected the second personal advent of Christ in their own time, through their misapprehension of his words, which yet they have so faithfully reported as to enable us to see their mistake. I say nothing here of the soundness of the interpretation; but I do say, that whoever charges such an interpreter, in spite of an avowed belief in the supernatural office and work of Christ, with resting his faith on human authority, outrages the proprieties of speech.

The doctrine that the intuitive reason is the judge of revelation, and rightfully claims to distinguish between Divine truth and human error, does not supersede supernatural communication. The spiritual intuition, unequal to the original discovery of spiritual truth, is able in some degree to discern it when presented. At least, it is the only power in man to receive spiritual truth; and to receive, it must judge it. I know it is naturally feeble, as are all human powers at first. It has been dimmed by transgression. I doubt whether without miraculous education it would have made, by this time, if ever, the Divine Unity a popular truth among any people. But God's special discipline has educated it to discern truth. The Bible, leading it forth, strengthening, and clearing it, prepares it to distinguish between the portions of the Bible itself. All holiness of life brightens it. The religious experiences, the noble lives of others, stimulate and direct it in us. As the objects of other faculties, presented to them, set in motion their innate tendency and vigor, so its object, presented to it, sometimes in abstract truth, but better in the concrete form of life, draws forth the spiritual faculty. Here is one final cause of Revelation, of the word made flesh. It was for the educating of the spiritual nature. Reason, as a spiritual power, in its efforts to solve the problem of the spiritual universe, labored under a disadvantage not felt by reason in another function of solving the problem of the outward world. The Kosmos presented a perfect object to the mind to educe its faculty cognizant of the Kosmos and its laws, to educe man's aptitudes for geometry, astronomy, the calculus, and natural history; but the soul in individual or social life did not offer its perfect object to

the spiritual intuition. God has done this by his supernatural discipline, — at first in small measures, not dazzling the spiritual eye with excess of light. Kosmos sprang from the Divine thought perfect, as Minerva leaped from the brain of a god. Psyche, released with labor, as an insect infant, from earthly integuments, slowly opened her folded wings. Kosmos gleamed in perfect beauty from the first moment when the morning stars sang the creation song. But Psyche never robed herself in perfect spiritual beauty until Jesus's soul was sent into its home of flesh. With Christianity a true Psychology became feasible, and with it a true Religion. Christ gave to the human spirit the Divine spirit in measureless glory; gave it the perfect objective life to stimulate its inward life, to educe its faculty cognizant of Divine things. Reason in its unfolding may be unsteady, for a moment dazzled and blinded; but it is under irreversible laws, to which it must come back from all aberrations, and is watched over by that Providence without which not a sparrow falls.

This theory of the relation of reason to revelation does not impair the value of supernatural truth any more than it supersedes the necessity for it. It is objected, that it opens the door for the wildest speculations, as reason imposes no limits upon itself. This objection is urged by the author of the Essay published recently, with others, under the title of "Reason and Faith." In an Appendix, in which he reports the substance of a conversation with a friend, he virtually surrenders the point maintained in the Essay. He claims for his hypothesis — that the Scriptures, as originally composed, were a perfectly accurate expression of truth, and that the office of reason is only to seek the philological meaning of the text — this advantage over the liberal theory held by his friend, that it cannot be abused like the other. And while he admits the safety of the liberal hypothesis for his friend, whose candor and perspicacity will apply it within moderate limits, he "desires a firmer security against the want of candor and sagacity in others." The answer to him and others is, that no such security is possible. Interpretation upon the hypothesis of plenary inspiration can run wild with extravagance. Philology and criticism partake of the

fallibility of human reason, of which they are functions. The Second Advent leaders, holding that the Scriptures are throughout a perfectly accurate expression of truth to us now, by means of it wrought out their insane and disastrous speculation. The Essay speaks sarcastically of "the infinitely various and Protean character of Rationalism." Grant that Rationalism has revelled in irrationalities; but has Rationalism no retort against Orthodoxy? Has that but few phases? Trinity, Atonement, Apocalypse, has not each been the Proteus of Orthodoxy? Good sense, learning, the love of truth, Christian experience, and a knowledge of the thought and experience of others, are the only checks upon absurdity and extravagance in the interpretation and exposition of Christianity according to any theory. There is no remedy for that evil, but to help men to get these qualifications. No absolute security is possible against weakness of judgment, perversity of will, or want of spiritual experience. The writer seeks an infallible guide, which he himself says man cannot have, and which it is best that he should not have. For he refers with approval to a discourse of Archbishop Whately, as showing that, "however *desirable, a priori*, an infallible guide would seem to fallible man, God in fact has everywhere denied it; and that, in denying it in relation to religion, he has acted only as he always acts." The objection to his own hypothesis is, that it is incompatible with the facts which Scripture presents, that it twists the minds of expositors with tortuous interpretations, and produces more uncertainty than certainty, and that it presumes to lay down for the All-wise the only method in which he can reveal his will, and that a method of which the principle requires him to work a perpetual miracle in every mind to guard it against possible error.

The providential safeguards against the aberration of private reason we are under the most solemn obligation to employ. First is to be cherished a love of truth which no fear or desire can warp. Next, it becomes the religious teacher, with deep humility, to seek truth in the light of the Holy Catholic Church, (not only in the Roman Catholic Church,) to study what Neander calls the Christian consciousness in the history of religious life, to enlarge his spiritual want and purify his judgment by

searching the thought and experience of saints, ancient and modern, and through fellowship with them to seek always a more thorough sympathy with Him who is the common Life. Let him summon from history and biography and sacred studies an œcumenical council of the representatives of the whole family named of Christ, in all its branches and all ages, of the living who have received the pentecostal fire, and of those who, being dead, yet speak from the past with immortal voices. By a spiritual eclecticism we may try religious belief. For instance, there is a reality in the doctrine of atonement. I think we shall find the idea of Divine sacrifice, — God spared not his own Son, — to be that which has exerted a reconciling force in the profound religious experience of all times ; — the truth finally crystallizing from the theories which have held it in solution, often commingled with gross error. And when by such an eclecticism, by meditation upon Christ, and by personal consecration, a truer and more comprehensive Christian consciousness is found, then there is revelation. A new line of the great reality, the life of God, is delineated on the retina of the inward eye. The objective life appropriated is known in the consciousness where it is imaged, and Christ is formed within. When the reality is unveiled, the revelation is within. Whatever the Bible contains, nothing is revealed to the individual until his reason apprehends it. No matter what mystery lies near to it; mystery encompasses us everywhere; but what is revealed is seen. From so much the veil has fallen. Otherwise we may be called to admit that which contradicts consciousness and the fundamental laws of belief, and the door is opened for every monstrosity under the name of religious truth. Those who have been most forward to demand of others a renunciation of reason and conscience, have usually been most ready to offer them instead their own unreason. It is forgotten that truth is an objective reality, to which the mind is adapted by its Creator; and that when we say that we cannot rely upon it in the highest concerns, we render revelation nearly worthless, — just as we should make daylight of little value, if we could persuade each generation to put out the eyes of its children as soon as their active powers were well developed, and if it were possible for the race thus to drag out a wretched, sightless existence.

Divine Truth and Life offered under God's seal to man's intuition and experience is a method of revelation comporting with his rational nature. The consequent diversity of judgment is of little force in objection to it. The letter of revelation becomes the exciter of thought, which calls up from unfathomed deeps of his being those gushings of life which attend the dawning of spiritual truth and beauty to the soul. Diverse judgment becomes a large common element of spiritual resource. Protestantism has been called a broken mirror reflecting Christianity in distortion. Change the figure, and the argument will be just as good; only its direction will be changed. Protestantism is a vast mirror with an infinite number of faces disposed around a circle, within which, as the observer shifts his position and turns his eye, there flash upon him in constant succession new splendors of the infinitely rich and majestic object. Diversity of thought is inevitable to progressive beings. Had the declarations of Christ, as he made them almost two thousand years ago, written themselves on the sky in blazing letters, and remained written there for the disciples of every century to read, it would not have produced uniformity of opinion. They would have interpreted them differently. The essential imperfection of language, the product of finite mind, is such, that it is not too much to say, that God himself could not have selected from any known or conceivable tongue terms which should convey exactly as much and exactly the same to one mind as to another, for eighteen hundred years, without working a perpetual miracle. He has not wrought this miracle any more than the corresponding one of making all men see the sun of the same apparent size in the heavens, or see alike the various combinations of color. The Divine gifts are modified by the capacity of the recipient. Christianity is given to every spirit in such measures as it can at the time receive. A time may come when there will be less diversity of opinion. But Christianity now fulfils its highest purpose in many souls, a purpose immeasurably higher than making men repeat each other's words. That Christ, that power through Jesus, which opens the deeps of human nature, and makes the world and all within it new, which kindles thought and prompts us to interpret and express its own

working in us,— that Christ is not divided, but is one in all ages and all hearts. He is to each the interpreter of Heaven's discipline, the guide of his course, the fountain of heavenly strength. Led up by him into lonely heights, the soul can safely breathe the bracing mountain air of solitude. He can enable a believer whom a world may be denouncing for non-conformity to say, "I know in whom I have believed; I know that life has come to me from God, a pledge that he will never forsake me." *That* is the sufficiency of Christ. Concurrence in human opinion is pleasant, but all true fellowship must spring from the strong separate action of Christ on individual constitutions. And so long as he binds us in conscious allegiance to the Lord, empowers us to conquer inward evil, and sanctifies to us human relations and Divine discipline, it matters little whether another believer in Christendom can see with our eye every point of our Christian theory. Christ may be even more the Comforter than if the blended voice of millions joined with us in the recitation of a creed.

It may be said, however, that rational Christianity tends to reject the supernatural Christ. The term Rationalism has become appropriated to a view of religion which rejects miracle. But the question is, *What is rational?* I do not admit the belief in supernatural interposition to be at war with reason; on the other hand, nothing short of the belief in Christian miracles satisfies its demands. And here I would observe, that this belief does not involve the question whether we shall give preponderance to human testimony, or to the law of the universe, God's mode of operation taught us by experience; but, certain facts being admitted, what explanation of them does our knowledge of God and his method of operation suggest and demand. This belief rests not on testimony, as we commonly understand it, on the credibility of twelve or more witnesses or of four Evangelists. It is not merely that we have the word of four writers for Christ's miracles. The belief rests upon indisputable facts which necessitate it. It rests upon the New Testament writings as phenomena inexplicable without it; not upon the bare word of the writers, but upon *what they wrote*. It rests also upon a change of thought and life in the world. We may for a moment waive the in-

quity, who the writers are, whether honest or competent. Whoever they were, they told some truth. The laws of criticism and evidence, which reason cannot annul, but must own, require us to believe the history of Jesus and his disciples to be based on something real. It gives the colossal conception of Christ as a Divine Messenger. It gives the mental experience of his disciples in contact with him. It describes the influence of this intercourse upon their views and aims. It transcends invention, not to say the invention of such writers. The entire fictitiousness of the history is an assumption too much for Strauss, with all his mangling of it. For it is too necessary to explain the origin of the Christian movement to be flung away as fiction and nothing else. And if it be valid for explaining the Christian movement, it presents cases which nothing but the reality of miracles, and of the asserted miracles, can solve; so that, according to experience, which teaches us to assign the simplest and an adequate cause for every effect; aye, upon experience, that imagined impassable barrier to faith in Divine interposition, that word which has been employed by intellectual jugglers to spell-bind reason and make it listless to the brightest evidence of interposition; not upon the word of men, but upon a relation of cause and effect, deeper than testimony creates, rests the belief of the evangelic records of the supernatural. The Christian miracles are, and by all rational investigation will be more and more shown to be, a part of that infinite chain of physical events, which embraces all time, and which is all the workmanship of the Divine hand, and which the wit or the will of man cannot rend asunder or thrust one link out of its place.

Strike out the wonders from an ancient profane history, and you leave nothing supposed, to be true unexplained. But the Christian miracles are so inwrought in the whole texture, in the thought and dramatic action, of the evangelic narrative, that if we suppose it at all a growth of reality, and not monstrous, their reality becomes a necessary conception. I think one who studies Jewish opinions and expressions, and candidly examines the modification of them in the final opinions and the language of the Apostles, will be so forcibly struck with the adaptation of certain miracles, especially the resurrection and ascension, to work this modification, that this

fact will vouch to him for the writings as, in this respect, transcripts of reality, and show that as intellectual phenomena they are the *resultant* of the simultaneously acting forces of Jewish education and the very miracles they relate.

Thus miracles rest on a rational basis, from which Hume's celebrated sophism recoils harmless. Experience shows, it is said, that testimony is often false, but that the law of nature is never violated or departed from. But facts cannot lie, whatever men may do. And there is a law of the universe above that discernible in the nature passing before us to-day, — a law which miracle may fulfil. If experience be what is taught us, by the whole order of things, of the law, way, mind, of the Spirit of the Universe, its highest instruction comports with interposition. If experience commends him to us as a Providence, and as a Teacher, by passing phenomena, it authorizes us to expect that he will teach us by every feasible method, by all needful phenomena; by an incarnation of Divine Life and Truth, if that be needed.

The reluctance to admit the Christian miracles does not come from want of proof. There is the same historical testimony to them as to the fact that Jesus lived. Strike them out of history, and a chasm is left which nothing fills. It arises out of a disposition to exalt physical law above every thing else; it arises out of repugnance to admitting an interposition of the Infinite Creator in the affairs of so small a part of his universe as this globe, inhabited by the race of men. Modern science discloses unity of plan in the physical world. The geologic periods, stretching back beyond human computation, indicate through all their range the supremacy of law. Is it credible that this unity of nature has been interrupted within a comparatively recent period, for man's sake? that the Almighty has broken in at times upon the usual sequence of phenomena, to give a higher truth and life to man? The earth is one of the lesser planets in the solar system, and this system is itself but a little nook in the ever-stretching domain of the stellar worlds. Is it credible that the Creator of all should come to this little nook of immensity, and dwell in Christ with such fulness of divinity that he may be said to have acted in Jesus's works and spoken by his lips? It is credible the moment we

exalt spiritual life and its needs to a level with the wants that are satisfied by physical law. The difficulty vanishes the moment we conceive of the Creator as prizing spiritual equally with physical perfection. For such interposition does not mar physical perfection, and it is exaggeration to talk of its "shaking the whole fabric of science." The supernatural history of Jesus does not break the real unity of the Divine thought. Geological discovery itself shows that the Almighty Worker fitted the earth for the reception of man by a succession of changes. He created, and then swept away, race after race, to make it a habitable house for a creature with a soul. And when he breathed a living soul into man, formed out of dust, there was a miracle, a special act of Deity standing out of the preceding and subsequent order. And if God came to the earth, to this insignificant corner of immensity, to create the first souls, it could not be unworthy of his greatness and goodness to visit it again by special tokens of his presence, in order to provide for the spiritual necessities of the race at particular stages of its history; to form and dwell in a son of man, in a peculiar manner, so as to render him a medium of fuller spiritual light and life to the world. Each act was creative. Each was miracle and interposition; and if one took place, the other cannot be incredible. Each act was a miracle wrought for the soul, which was made for an eternal destiny, subject to the Divine law, and of a worth not to be measured by systems of astronomy or geology. The noble words of the Laureate of Great Britain, in his tribute to departed greatness, apply with more force to the spiritual capability of every living being:—

"For though the giant ages heave the hill,
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will,
Though worlds on worlds in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?"

Is it asked what was the need of miracles for the soul? And what is the need of the belief of miracles now? They were wanted to authenticate the truth to man's enfeebled and darkened mind. They were wanted to lift his thought above law and fate to a personal Deity, an Almighty Heart, a holy Father. The belief of Divine inter-

position, for the soul's sake, is wanted for this now. The Christian miracles, if believed, show the Father's enduring interest in us. They are the seal of Christ's authority. They are the print of the Divine signet upon the casket which inclosed truth. They are not indeed the sole evidence, the spiritual demonstration, of the truth. Spiritual truth addresses itself to our spiritual discernment. But they attest the origin of what Christ said, and invite us to apply our minds to discern its truth. They give the authority of God's messenger to that which the soul may discern with too faint and feeble intuition. And when I consider the conflicts of human opinion, how the mind wavers and varies in its moods, how spiritual discernment is dimmed by sin, and also how much the belief of Divine interposition lies at the basis of the best spiritual education of the race, and of that of each of us, I dare not lift a hand to remove this foundation. I bless the Providence which has wrapped such a wealth of influence in the Christian miracles. And if any one says that it adds no strength to his faith in a future life to believe that Jesus was a miraculous being, that he was one who from his birth to his ascension was a miraculous manifestation of God, that spoke of death as but a rising out of the fleshly vestment into a higher form, I confess I feel a need which he does not. I wish not to try the experiment of knocking from under my faith this pillar of support, because I know not exactly how much may rest upon it. And never more than now, amidst the triumph of modern science and the intensity of modern enterprise, was there danger of men's being immersed in material existence, or need that they should believe in the stupendous facts of Christ's appearing, and study their import, that they may be kept from relapsing into the disbelief of any God other than the physical powers of Nature.

'But not only the Divine seal upon our faith may be thought to be endangered by mental freedom. Fear may be felt for the reality of the Gospel portrait of Christ. The evangelic records themselves, we are told, are not safe, except under the guardianship of authority. We must shut our eyes, and take the canon without question. If we begin to inquire, we know not where we shall stop. German learning is perilous, and, with men-

tal freedom, leaves the genuineness of no historical book of the New Testament unquestioned, and only a phantom in place of the historical Christ. Behold the last result of free thought, and trust in reason. In other quarters besides the Roman or the Anglo-Catholic Church, even among Protestants of a liberal school, are heard murmurs of apprehension. Now, in the first place, I think the portrait of Christ, in spite of the criticism of the Straussian school, authenticates itself, — pictures itself to the spiritual discernment as veritably the face of the Son of God; and that his colossal figure stands high above the waves of disputation, which rage around its base, concerning the origin of the Gospels. I should be among the last, however, to represent the subject of dispute as unimportant. Next, therefore, if the fact in relation to the subject be ascertainable, as I believe it to be, we must ascertain and accept it, whatever it be, on rational grounds. But it is no gentle blow that will shake the old position of the genuineness and virtually independent authority of the Gospels. The evidence, external and internal, is of too much mass and coherence to be easily weakened. The voice of the Church is of great weight. And while negative proof may strengthen positive, it is weak against it. For instance, the internal evidence that the fourth Gospel was written by a companion of Christ, added to the fact that the Church has always ascribed it to John, is so much positive proof, against which some omissions have little weight. Its omissions, and some discrepancies with the others, are more conceivable, if it be genuine, than its internal character is, if it be not. Conjecture is light against the demonstrable consequences of fact. Mr. Norton's argument from the internal structure of the synoptical Gospels for their genuineness, and against the supposition of their being copies one from the other, or from common documents, is a demonstration, against which the opposite inference from their correspondences — it not being a necessary inference — has only the momentum of gossamer against granite. From time to time, we are threatened with an inundation of German criticism that shall bear off the old bridge of history by which we cross the stream of time to converse with Apostles or their companions. The flood from Strauss was expected to knock away the piers and abut-

ments, so that the structure, originally made of decaying materials, must be crushed to fragments in its fall. Now the freshet from Tübingen threatens to lift it bodily from its supports, waft it down stream, and land us luckless passengers at quite a different point from the one for which we set out. But we shall see. Meanwhile, let us not distrust or undervalue our freedom. Christianity is not to be defended by deprecating assault or depreciating German learning. Fact must be sifted from conjecture, and error patiently corrected. Warn the ardent against hasty conclusions, but never shrink from the most thorough research. Christianity is surrendered when its friends deprecate assault, but every victory over doubt is a permanent conquest. Next to those who drive us from an untenable position, and deliver us from error, they do us, in the end, the greatest service, who bring us the strongest presumption, the most plausible objection, against tenable truth, and oblige us to fortify it anew with impregnable defences; while the school of the prophets which relies on subscriptions of articles and foregone conclusions, strikes the faith with a more fatal weapon than English Deism or German Rationalism ever wielded.

The religious movement in which our Theological School had its origin has been powerful to modify what is taught under the name of religion beyond the limits of our own body. It has prompted some theologians to attempt to bring the doctrines called Orthodox into more apparent harmony with rational thought. But the world is yet full of notions, rites, and customs, inculcated or defended as a part of Christianity, for which the teaching of Jesus is no more responsible than it is for Buddhism, or for the insanities and domestic institutions of the saints of Utah.

While the doctrine of righteous retribution is converted into one of everlasting reprobation for the transgressions of the briefest life, — a fate from which infants are rescued only by a miraculous change, washing away inborn sin, — while this doctrine leads to its antagonist opinion of no future retribution, which in its turn steals from faith its vital power, — there is yet need to make religion pass through the purifying fire of rational thought. Again, no doctrine is more fruitful of confusion than that of the

infallibility of the Bible, as it is commonly understood. If it were meant only, that one obeying its highest truth would find in it all that is essential to his life as a child of God, none could reasonably demur to it. With little help, and in spite of difficulties, a soul hungering for righteousness will be filled out of it with spirit and truth. But the doctrine, that the whole Scripture, after allowing for errors of transcription, is an exact transcript of Divine thought, revealed as absolute truth for all time, is fraught with mischief, prompting to attempts to reconcile what is irreconcilable by forced constructions; sanctifying ancient errors; sanctioning customs prevalent in barbarous ages as beneficent and legitimate relations, on which a pure God will pour his blessing now. Its natural reaction is seen in a violent hostility towards Scripture itself. And he who protests against this doctrine is not assailing the Divine word, but may be filled with the truest love of man, coming to the rescue of faith perilled by a theory which the influence of the Bible itself prepares men at length to question. The world's mind needs to be relieved, by the leaders of theological thought, of such burdens upon its faith in Christianity. Alas! how often does their responsibility in this respect appear to have been mistaken! How extensively has it been supposed expedient for religion itself to withhold from the popular mind the very light which it has most needed for the intelligent and hearty reception of Divine truth! Nothing more moves one properly sensitive to the mind's right, than withholding from it the vision of pure truth which God meant it to have. Caspar Hauser, in the German fiction, kept through all the fresh years of being by a false guardian, and supplanted in his paternal inheritance, below ground, where daylight never pierced, on being brought up to the precincts of life and day, felt the keenest indignation at one who had defrauded his sight for years of that beautiful exhibition of God's majesty nightly given to the healthy and free. And so indignant may many minds, now unconscious of loss, be conceived to feel, when the hour of their being shall come for beholding the visions from which their mental guardians shut them out, imprisoning them in their spiritual non-age in the locked vaults of blindness and bigotry. For how slight the other loss, compared with the injury done

by leaving men to sit in darkness when the wrappages of delusion should be torn off, and they should be led forth and bidden to see things as they are, to carry the mental and moral eye to the verge of the mind's horizon, and lift it upward to the highest objects in the firmament of thought!

The work of vindicating the claims of Christianity to rational belief is necessary to make it blend with man's inward, and to mould his outward life. The abnegation of reason loosens the hold of the Christian religion upon the life of the mass of mankind, and makes it but a form of superstition, or a sort of spiritual jugglery, instead of the life of God flowing through the human spirit in the beautiful human relations. Putting a grand perversion at the fountain of religious life, it pours perversion through its whole stream. It is not such a Christianity that can meet the want of the present age, or stem its torrent of sin. The Christianity which shall do this must show its correspondence with all truth, must import into to-day the wisdom of history, must root its doctrine deep in real consciousness, that is, must seek its foundation where Christ sought it, summoning men to judge, of themselves, what is right, and harmonizing Christ's transcendent authority with the voice of God in the soul. There appears a disposition, in many parts of the world, in the stress of danger, to resume cast-off notions, in order to restore belief and rebind man to his Divine allegiance. Sometimes it is seen in the wish for Roman Catholic authority and usages, sometimes in the reanimation of forms of belief from which the intelligence of the age has withdrawn sympathy and let out the vitality. It is all futile in church or state. It will avail no more than a scratch upon the beach when the tide has ebbed, which the next flood will wash away. To put on the faded dogmas of the past will no better serve us, in the struggles of this hour of the world, than it would assist us in the toils of our daily life to array ourselves in the tattered uniforms which our fathers wore in the Revolutionary war. The old accoutrements did well for those whom they were made for and fitted; but now, to say nothing of their being rather tight, they would not stand a month's wear. It would be but a masquerade in old clothes, ludicrous, yet with a tinge of pathos and venerable mem-

ory; but only a commemoration, and not the present battle of life. The peril to the soul in our country lowers from the material, as well as the speculative side of things. Prosperity emboldens to contempt of God's law and man's good. While we have daily evidence, that, when the soul is forearmed with principle, the successful and thrifty, those reaping the fruit of enterprise skilfully conducted, keep alive their interest in human good, there is another tendency operating to a different result. As poverty draws with it peculiar trials of faith and integrity, so abundance prompts men to deny God, and men and nations may well breathe the spirit of Agur's prayer. Nations, in the proud consciousness of impregnable strength, individuals in the pride of a full purse, are apt to forget their immediate dependence on one superior to all human wills and sovereignties. He who has proved his power to stand up in the serried ranks of competition, and keep his place in the march forward, is not always in the mood, after his successful tug and wrestle, to look up to something higher than his own mastery of circumstances. He looks at society, and because it speeds on with its accustomed enginery, he infers that the collective will of the people is the sole moving power; that human forces determine the course of the world; that there is no God to interfere with what men seem so strong to do. Thus private and public prosperity lead mankind to ask, Who is the Lord? They cease to support or attend the institutions of worship, or feel in them but a traditional interest, or seek from them a spurious sanction for the devices of corrupted hearts. The private judgment of right and wrong ceases. Fortunate in their own lot, they learn to consider the evils and wrongs which bear not sorely upon themselves, as decrees of destiny, or appointments of Providence, with which it is presumptuous to interfere. Young men grow up as youths, with that childlike simplicity which is of the kingdom of heaven. They have an affinity for moral truth. Their hearts thrill responsively to the highest sentiments, to great hopes for the human race, and to the call to aid in resisting the extension of giant iniquities. But they go into the business of life; they become linked into the chains of lucrative traffic; and the old truths cease to be felt, and they learn to keep a studied silence,

and to defend themselves with the sophistries which the time offers them ready made. The soul's cry for truth, that shall seize and hold reason and conscience, is audible enough. And there is nothing so touching to one deeply alive to eternal realities, as the cry to God and man of the erring and sinful soul. The wail of women for childhood cut off by pestilence, of sisters weeping for brothers who return not from war's bloody field, of men who go down in the sinking ship when no help is nigh, of the bewildered, flying inhabitants of the city buried in suffocation by the volcanic shower, touches not so deep a feeling as the silent cry of misguided spirits. Were a little child mysteriously missed from one of our homes, long enough to excite alarm, how would the cry pass from mouth to mouth, "A child lost!" how would the intelligence merge all minds, all thought and sense, in one distressing purpose! how would all business and pleasure be suspended in the anxious pursuit of the little wanderer! how would men search rivulet and creek and grove, pry under shelving cliff and fallen wall, stoop to look into every pit and shelter, undeterred by cold or storm, never pausing in the breathless hunt, except, as man met man, to ask, "Is he found?"—with no image before them but of the famishing infant and of the mother sitting in the apathy of spent agony upon her desolate hearth-stone! So sad to Jesus's heart was the wandering of the soul. And so ought we to merge all interests and purposes in the work of guiding God's benighted and erring children to the warmth and light of Divine truth, the spirit's paternal home. Brethren, I believe that, for this recovery of the wandering, man's rational and moral nature must be more respected than it has been. It is no resumption of dogmas that shock reason and the heart, no revival of antiquated notions of ecclesiastical authority, no religion of holidays and genuflexions, any more than of naturalism or of no church, that will meet the dangers of our country and time, but a religion which weds reason to faith, which makes men conscious of the presence of God with them in all existing relations, and listen for the voice of the teaching and atoning Christ in the duties and sacrifices to which the hour calls,—a preaching which shall be a demonstration of the Divine spirit to the human, which

shall assert the Gospel's supremacy over the whole domain of life, which shall bring all man's thinking and doing at the grand inquest of reason and conscience before the tribunal of the Divine Word, which shall conduct men and nations into the school of Christian ethics, and lead governors and governed to bend in lowly obedience before the majestic law of the Most High.

ART. VII. — CHRISTIANITY AND SECULARISM.*

WE have copied below nearly the whole of the title-page of a book which we have read with deep and painful interest, though we have closed it with a hope that it may be a means of good. The part of the title-page which we have omitted below, we have reserved that we may give it here with greater distinctness, as follows. The discussion was "On the Question, 'What Advantages would accrue to Mankind generally, and the Working Classes in particular, by the Removal of Christianity, and the Substitution of Secularism in its Place?'" This fundamental and comprehensive question will at once reveal the character of the contents of the volume. While some scientific men are bringing the records of revelation to their physical tests, and philosophers are trying its substance by their metaphysics, and critical and antiquarian students are proving its historical relations, workingmen, as becomes them, are asserting their distinctive rights and functions by subjecting Christianity to the ordeal of a practical issue.

That there has been a great amount of scepticism and unbelief and irreligion among the working classes in Great Britain, and that that amount has largely increased within a few years, can be secrets to very few

* *Christianity and Secularism. Report of a Public Discussion between the* REV. BREWIN GRANT, B. A., *Editor of "The Bible and the People," and* GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, Esq., *Editor of "The Reasoner."* Held in the Royal British Institution, Cowper Street, London, on six successive Thursday Evenings, commencing Jan. 20, and ending Feb. 24, 1853. Fifth Thousand. London: Ward & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 264.

persons who have watched the current of thought and the visible phenomena of human life. These facts, too, present no cause of wonder. The explanation of them is as obvious as the light of day. How decisive is the condemnation written against the Established Church of Great Britain in the neglect which it has practised towards the working classes, and in the effects of that neglect! Where would have been the religion of the masses of the English people, had it not been for the Dissenters? There has been but one single book produced in the English Church which has had a popular circulation as a welcome heart-guest in the homes of all classes as a quickener and guide to true piety. We speak of Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying." While, on the other hand, the Dissenters have furnished such religious works in rich abundance. Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge, Richard Baxter, and John Bunyan have fed the life of piety in the hearts of millions of the English race. It deserves mention too, in this connection, that the famous Dissenter, Oliver Cromwell, was the first Protestant Englishman who devised a missionary enterprise from the Reformed churches.* Those who have fixed their view rather upon the vital power than upon the hierarchical aspects of religion, have ever been the agents of its best influence in England. The Methodists, too, spent their strength most effectually upon those masses of humble operatives, miners and agriculturists, who had been to so great extent neglected by the Establishment.

Notwithstanding the devotional works and the earnest labors of the Dissenters, and the good influence which they have exerted among the working classes, there was still an immense amount of latent scepticism in their ranks. While they have worked with their hands, their minds have not been idle. Sometimes the utter neglect as regards their religious interests with which they have been treated, sometimes the worldly and oppressive character of the Establishment, and sometimes the unintelligible, inconsistent, or repulsive views which have

* Cromwell has not generally had the credit and fame which belong to him on this score alone, as but one of his many measures which gave honor to England in the eyes of all Christendom. Bishop Burnet, however, refers to his missionary project, and calls it "a noble one."

been presented to them in the name of the Gospel, have led them to unbelief and irreligion. The recent diffusion of the means of knowledge, — crude, superficial, and imperfect indeed, but still not without effect on the mind, — through penny magazines, cheap literature, and popular lectures, has set many strong and many weak intellects in lively action. Those sons of toil, the noble artisans who fashion our stupendous machines and our beautiful fabrics, the miners delving in the bowels of the earth, the operatives, farmers, and day-laborers, are all sharers of a lot which they feel to be a hard one. They see around them, they help to produce, the very luxuries which it is not theirs to share. They feel, often bitterly, the sense of social wrongs. They live and die amid the sterner aspects of life, with but little to soften and cheer, and nothing to refine them. Is it strange that the problems which religion presents to all minds should come in a peculiar shape to their minds, and hearts too, and that a form of unbelief should appear among them? It is with a real, practical unbelief among the working classes that the book before us deals, and that too most stirringly.

Of the contents of this book we proceed to give our readers some account. If they regard it as we do, as a sign of the times and as a new witness to the necessity and value of a well-grounded religious faith to all men, they will share the interest with which we have followed every word of it.

First, however, we must introduce the two disputants whose names appear on the title-page. We know nothing more of either of them than the book directly or incidentally announces. Mr. Holyoake is the editor of "The Reasoner"; a periodical work, of which there have been twelve volumes published, and in whose pages there is the most perfect freedom of utterance for every form of scepticism, unbelief, and atheism, and for the suggestion of every conceivable theory of reform, and every theoretical and practical objection to the existing usages and the established principles of Christendom. There seems to be no effort for self-consistency or system in its contents. On the contrary, the enormous amount of *destruction* which is felt to be needed, and the vast undertaking which the work of *reconstruction* involves, are regarded as a sufficient excuse for the chaotic

confusion of theory and opinion among reformers. Mr. Holyoake, courting the reputation of martyrdom for Atheism, made recently some offensive demonstration of that sort, for which he was imprisoned in the Gloucester jail. He announces that he made preparations for suicide, which he justifies under the plea that imprisonment for opinion's sake might drive a victim to insanity, from the first consciousness of the approach of which visitation one would have a right to seek relief in self-destruction. Mr. Grant very naively reminds him, in the discussion, that no real martyr for conscience has ever been known to have been visited with that malady, or to have made such preparations under the apprehension of it. Something more may be learned of the editor of "The Reasoner" from these words which he writes of himself in its pages:—

"Five years of my youth were wasted in the Sunday school of Carr's Lane Chapel. Every Sunday once, and generally twice, during that long period, it was my misfortune to sit under the Rev. Angell James, a believing recipient of such pernicious trash as that in 'The Anxious Inquirer.' If ever I and the Rev. Angell James meet at the bar of God, and justice is there afforded for those who have been wronged in life, I shall demand at the hands of the Rev. John Angell James the restitution of the buoyant years of my youth, which he so clouded with melancholy, and idly 'anxious' thoughts. Next to the evil which I thus suffered was the misery inflicted on many near and dear to me. Distinct before me, at this moment, are the agonizing expressions of those who believed or feared they had committed the redoubtable sin against the Holy Ghost. Without fear of contradiction, I venture the opinion, that, if the Holy Ghost has a particle of humanity in him, there is no sin against him like writing ANXIOUS INQUIRERS. Devoutly thankful am I to stand where I do, looking down on the dangers, the traps, the gins and pitfalls of evangelical piety which I have escaped." — *Reasoner*, Vol. III. p. 527.

Mr. Holyoake had for some time invited and challenged discussion with Christian ministers, sometimes in courteous, and sometimes in taunting terms, and he would enter places of worship, offering his publications to the preacher, or taking down what was said for the purposes of criticism in his paper. He freely admits the inconsistencies and the crudeness of speculation often found in "The Reasoner," and as to its more gross and

offensive matter he writes, "Unless we are rancorous, we are not relished."

The Rev. Brewin Grant is a Dissenting minister, of the Independent Communion, in Birmingham. Either of his own prompting, or through some appointment from his brethren, he was led to accept the challenge so persistently and so provokingly given by Mr. Holyoake for a public discussion. We should judge him to be a man of great acuteness of mind, clear-headed, earnest in his own religious convictions and his zeal, and thoroughly acquainted with the prevailing forms of scepticism among the working classes. He is the editor of a periodical called "The Bible and the People," which is designed to withstand the popular unbelief, and which Mr. Holyoake has commended for candor and ability in some of its contents. Mr. Grant says he has read every page of "The Reasoner," and of similar works. It would appear from an occasional hint of Mr. Holyoake's, that Mr. Grant labored under the misfortune of being *a young man*. But that he has a mind of his own is very evident. In the true spirit of Independency he refuses to be held answerable for any thing but the simple Bible under the interpretation which his own reason and conscience give to it. He rejects, at least in this discussion, the test of creeds, and all the dictation of his brethren. He says that, notwithstanding his intimate relation at Birmingham with the well-known Rev. J. A. James, he publicly differed with him in the recent conflict on the encroachments of the Papacy.

After a long correspondence, the terms of a discussion were arranged between these two parties, on the general question above stated. This voluminous correspondence has been edited by each of the debaters in separate publications. Both of them, however, have revised the proof-sheets of the volume before us, which contains a literal report of their discussions, and such a sketch of the correspondence as serves for an introduction.

A little more than a year since, one of Mr. Holyoake's friends wrote to Mr. Grant, inviting him to enter into a discussion. The latter replied, assenting to the request, in these words: "I should prefer discussing the value as well as the truth of Mr. Holyoake's whole mission in some such theme as the following,—What would be

gained by mankind in general, and the working classes in particular, as to this life, by the removal of Christianity, and substituting Atheism in its place? In other words, wherein consists the superiority of the Atheist's gospel over the Gospel of Jesus Christ?" He also requested of Mr. Holyoake a definite statement of the advantages which Atheism would confer, and which Christianity opposes. Mr. Holyoake rejoined, that he accepted the proposition above given, with the simple substitution of the word *Secularism* for the word *Atheism*; and adds, that he will endeavor to give the desired "statement of the advantages of Atheism, (*Secularism*, if you please,) if" Mr. Grant would first inform him what are the principal points of Christianity which he was concerned to defend, "for the features of Christianity are stated with important differences in nearly every discussion in which I take part." Mr. Grant replied that he would defend, —

"First, the New Testament in general, as the authoritative standard for Christians. Secondly, the general doctrines of 'the orthodox,' more especially of the Independents, with whose opinions you are well acquainted; excluding, however, election and reprobation, together with the supposed condemnation of all men for Adam's fall, which are founded on metaphysical views, and about which we are not agreed. Thirdly, the particular doctrines I am concerned to maintain are chiefly: The Atonement, or God's mercy to sinners provided through the Redeemer; the example of Christ, and all New Testament principles, as our rule of life; the Judgment of the world by the Saviour, and particularly of the hearers of Christianity by the law of Christianity. Of course, this includes the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, together with our responsibility. If there be any other doctrine not implied or expressed in the above, I shall be happy to give you my view upon it. And now allow me to inquire what you mean by *Secularism*? whether it is not the practical side of Atheism, an attention exclusively to man's temporal wants, to the exclusion of God, the soul, and a future existence?" — p. v.

Mr. Holyoake answered: —

"By '*Secularism*' is meant giving the precedence to the duties of this life over those which pertain to another world. The leading points with respect to *Secularism*, that I undertake to explain, are: — 1. That attention to temporal things should take precedence of considerations relating to a future exist-

ence. 2. That Science is the providence of Life, and that spiritual dependency in human affairs may be attended with material destruction. 3. That there exist (independently of Scriptural Religion) guaranties of morality in human nature, in intelligence, and utility. With respect to Christianity I should advance these propositions:—A. The Atonement by the death of Jesus Christ, is unsatisfactory as a scheme, and immoral as an example. B. The example of Christ and the teachings of the New Testament,—the first is unsuitable for imitation; the second, unsuitable for guidance, except on the principle of arbitrary selection.”—p. v.

Mr. Holyoake requested Mr. Grant to consider him quite ignorant of the “opinions of the Independents,” and to give him some abstract or manual of them. Mr. Grant referred him to his work, “The Bible and the People,” for general statements, but added that the Bible was his only authoritative manual, though he would subscribe to twenty-one out of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the English Church. Having indicated these manuals on his side, Mr. Grant very courteously asks a reciprocation of the favor from his opponent. The answer is,—

“I might refer you to half the books on Mr. Watson’s list, in which you would find one or other of our principles stated. But the *positive* side of them is a more recent development of our own. Our party has so long been obliged to fight for the right to exist, that it has scarcely been able to put forth any mature utterances in this direction, and what we have done has been rather tentative and suggestive, than authorized. The prospectus of the ‘Cabinet of Reason’ will show you what we are endeavoring to commence in this direction. Two volumes of it have appeared. I may also refer you to my ‘Rationalism,’ ‘Catholicism,’ ‘Philosophic Type of Religion,’ ‘Logic of Death,’ ‘Organization of Free-thinkers,’ and the twelve volumes of the *Reasoner* generally.”—pp. vi., vii.

Subsequently Mr. Holyoake asks of Mr. Grant,—

“What do you mean by the ‘Atonement’? Do you understand by the Redeemer’s death an act for placating Deity, and if not, what was the purpose of that death? May I ask what you mean by the ‘example of Christ,’ and *which* are ‘New Testament principles,’ and *what* is the ‘law of Christianity’; and is that law binding upon him who makes it, as well as upon them to whom it is administered?”—p. vii.

The answer is concise:—

"The best account of the Atonement is in the New Testament; any view of it that you can fairly deduce from that book, I shall feel bound to maintain; there also you will find 'the principles of the New Testament,' after which you make anxious inquiries." — p. vii.

Arrangements for the discussion were agreed upon. Each party chose his Committee of four, each had his Chairman, and the Rev. Howard Hinton was made Umpire, whose decision was to be final, if any difference arose between the Chairmen. Mr. Holyoake's Chairman was to announce each night the topic of debate; Mr. Holyoake was to speak half an hour, Mr. Grant half an hour, Mr. H. another half-hour, Mr. G. again for the same space of time, then Mr. H. once more for a quarter of an hour, and Mr. G. was to close with the same opportunity. It was agreed that the speakers should abstain from abuse, and, as far as possible, from personalities, endeavoring to maintain good feeling, and to keep closely to the argument. The last condition, as may well be conceived, was but poorly complied with. Nor were the former rigidly kept. We have no means of inferring, from any thing revealed in the book, what portion of the immense audience was composed of professed believers, or of acknowledged or secret sceptics and unbelievers. It might be fair to assume that it was equally divided. From the occasional occurrence of the bracketed words [*Interruption, Sensation, Applause, Hisses,*] at the effective truth or severities of what was said or read by the combatants, we infer the sharp interest of the occasion, the watchfulness of the listening ears, and the reality of the matter in all its details, as well as the outlay of effort on the part of the disputants, and more than all, the facility by which the tongue will often get above the brain, though God has placed it below. Some deference was evidently paid by Mr. Holyoake to the sentiments of Christians and to the courtesies of debate, as Mr. Grant reminds him of some of his sweeping, coarse, and unqualified utterances through "The Reasoner," in contrast with the measured expression of his views of some matters on the platform. Mr. Grant having on occasion quoted an ally of Mr. Holyoake as having written, "Almost the only good thing that Jesus ever said was, that morality and salvation were quite independent of any belief in him"; there

were repeated expressions of noisy approbation, as if the astonishing assertion was relished by the audience. But Mr. Grant very aptly followed the interruption by remarking, "If those gentlemen, instead of saying, Hear! hear! would find it in the New Testament, it would be wiser of them. I say it is a shame for you to applaud slanders on Christ." Mr. Holyoake, however, evidently understands well the power of invective, and knows how to convey a keen cut through a simile. He speaks of a friend of his who, having "revisited the college where he was educated, and found the old professors still discussing abstract theology, was asked what they were doing, and the reply was, 'One is milking the barren heifer, and others are holding the sieve.'" If this be the case, though Mr. Holyoake thinks he has the cream of the current theology, he is not likely after all to grow very fat upon it.

Neither party kept closely to the subject or the line of debate. Nor was it very easy for them to do so. The topics, though stated in distinct terms, ran into each other, while themes foreign to those topics were introduced. Mr. Grant was occasionally provoked into ill-humor, for which, however, he had the excuse, as far as it will go, of being irritated by the sarcastic and crude and ill-digested statements of Mr. Holyoake, who often insinuated what he would not openly express. Mr. Grant likewise was tempted to quote the inconsistencies, the immoral sentiments, the coarser and more dangerous and reckless contributions to "The Reasoner." It is to be remembered that his opponent had referred him to that source for the principles of "Secularism." When the quotations from it were of very effective aid to Mr. Grant in exposing the incongruities or the dangers of "Secularism," Mr. Holyoake was obliged to take refuge in the assertion of its *progressive* character, by which it outgrew and improved upon its crudities. He even ventured to plead that "The Reasoner" is now out of print. It is evident, notwithstanding, that the debate excited intense feeling. Among the audience were doubtless the profane, the desperate, the unprincipled, and those who would be glad to believe in the most godless materialism. But some too there were who doubt, and grieve and suffer; who cannot be trifled with; who wish to share the joy and peace

of a settled faith, but for the present are given up to scepticism.

It is not our purpose to give a complete sketch of the discussion as pursued through six evenings, but we shall present such points of it as will put our readers in possession of its substance, and we may also intermingle more or less of a running commentary of our own.

The "Secularists" claim to be the legitimate successors of the philosophical sceptics and free-thinkers of previous ages, who have been persecuted or silenced or brought under opprobrium. These inheritors of their principles are determined to avail themselves of the perfect freedom of present times, to go to the bottom of all religious theory and practice, that they may probe and test every thing which demands their faith. Of course we are to allow that the exponents of the form of unbelief advocated by Mr. Holyoake are the spokesmen and representatives of many others who remain silent.

Mr. Holyoake insists upon his rejection, and demands the disuse, of the terms *Atheist* and *Infidel*, as applicable to himself and his friends. The reason given is, that the terms have acquired conventional associations of evil and disrepute; the public understanding by the word *Atheist* one who is and who wishes to be "without God, and also without morality"; and by the word *Infidel*, one who is unfaithful or treacherous to what is known to be the truth. The term *Non-theist* is preferred; for though it is admitted to be only the Latin of which *Atheist* is the Greek, the term is now free of prejudgment and imputative iniquities. There is something seemingly fair, but none the less significant of an adroit policy, in this selection of a new name for an old opinion. It amounts to asking liberty that doctrines which ages of experience have proved to be of a ruinous and pernicious influence may take a new start under an indifferent name, and may avail themselves of a new freedom to riot with a recklessness which society long since learned to hold in check. How did the words *Atheist* and *Infidel* acquire such repulsive and odious associations? How long will it take new words meaning the same things to acquire with equal justice the same associations? The test-judgment of time and experience has decided that an *Atheist*, under any name, must be content to forego the respect and

confidence of the better sort of his fellow-men, on the score of that one characteristic, however he may be regarded for personal virtues, attainments, and good principles. The *practice* of Atheism is the extension of the havoc of civil and social anarchy over all man's relations and life. So the judgment of civilized society at present declares; and if Mr. Holyoake wishes the judgment reversed, his friends must remember that much time, at least, must elapse, and a great many "Secularists" must live in honorable testimony to the excellence and safety of their principles, before it *can* be reversed.

Mr. Holyoake further avows it as among the principles of his friends, —

"To recognize, not as a matter of policy merely, but as a matter of fact, the sincerity of the clergy and the good intention of Christians generally. We doubt not the truthful purpose of the prophets and the apostles, and the moral excellence of many passages in their writings; but we hold ourselves free to reject such tenets as seem to us to contradict moral facts or the moral sense. To seek the maxims of duty in the relations of man to society and to nature, and, as the *Christian Spectator* did us the honor to admit, 'to preach nature and science, morality and art; nature, the only subject of knowledge; science, the providence of life; morality, the harmony of action; art, the culture of the individual and of society.' " — p. 4.

"We believe in relative Truth and discretionary Silence; in Reason as a test; in Science as a power; in Service as a duty; and in Endurance as a virtue. And in Truth and Silence, in Reason and Science, in Service and Endurance, as we understand them, we seek Light and Law, Power and Repose." — p. 6.

A most admirable creed, truly, if one could only believe it without believing something else too. Leaving out the *Science* as an equivocal word, what a striking statement does the creed embrace of just what the Bible has proposed to millions of our race, helping them meanwhile with a divine energy to believe it and to obey it!

Without positively denying the existence of God or a future life, the "Secularists" do not admit the facts expressed in those doctrines. They are amicably left, as theoretical questions and uncertainties, "to the solution of Intelligence and Time; they shall not be with us barriers which shall divide us from our brethren; we will not embarrass human affairs with them." — p. 7.

An alert-minded reader will not fail to anticipate the

overwhelming and decisive advantage which Mr. Grant had over Mr. Holyoake in the discussion of the first "Secularist" principle, viz. "That attention to temporal things should take the precedence, both in time and in importance, of considerations relating to a future existence." Logically and practically Mr. Holyoake made a fatal self-committal when he consented to leave the existence of God and the fact of a future life as undecided and uncertain, and then assume to give precedence to the duties of this life. The justice of this assumed precedence depends wholly upon the contingency which is left in doubt. Suppose we take Mr. Holyoake at his word, and leave God and a future life in doubt and undecided,—then what right have we to go on to live and act as if it were wiser and safer to assume the negative than the positive side of those unsettled possibilities? Perhaps Mr. Holyoake may mean that he prefers this life to another. But the wisdom of the preference may nevertheless be doubtful. The having exclusive regard for this life because another life is uncertain, and the living as if we knew there is no God, may be the very means of wrecking all the possible good of this life. And again, *another* life is not one whit more uncertain than *this* life. One doubtful moment, a to-morrow all unknown and insecure, is all that divides us from what may be the most stupendous of all realities.

On another evening Mr. Holyoake remarked : —

"But it is said we are without God in the world ; but remember, if it be so, that is not our fault. We would rather that your theory were true, and that light could be had in darkness and help in the hour of danger. It better comports with human feebleness and harsh destiny that it should be so. But if the doctrine be not true, surely it is better that we know it."— pp. 65, 66.

We have no idea that intelligent workingmen, or men of any other class, will long accept this philosophy instead of religion, or even admit that it is philosophy. If Mr. Holyoake would rather believe a God than not, why does he not believe? Why does he not allow his wish to balance his ignorance in the conclusion? And what does he mean by "*knowing*" that the doctrine is *not true*, when he has only presented its uncertainty? He may, after all, be one of those whom a loss of some excess of belief will bring back to faith.

Mr. Holyoake quotes a rhetorical paragraph from the "Anxious Inquirer," a book which seems to be a continuous nightmare to him. The paragraph expatiates on the sentiment which introduces it as follows: "Eternal salvation is the great end of life. Get what you will, if you lose this, you have lost the purpose of existence." Mr. Holyoake adds, that no person living, believing, and acting according to that sentiment "will ever after be of any use whatever for human progress." Yet that sentiment is the very spur to all heroic, patient, and faithful effort in this life. All true progress has been made under its inspiring, consecrating impulse; no true progress has ever been made without it. It has quickened, nerved, guided, consoled, borne up and led to noble triumph, all the wisest, most patient and devoted of our race. That future hope is the sunlight on all earthly labor and sorrow.

Mr. Grant tried in vain to bring Mr. Holyoake to indicate a discord or distinction between the duties of this life, and any thing enjoined by religion in reference to another life. So it proves that *Secularism* in fact only takes away the strongest motive which man has, in the hope of a future life, for the performance of his obligations here; and also subverts one of his most exalted principles of virtue.

In dealing with the second topic, "Science is the providence of man, and absolute spiritual dependency may involve material destruction," Mr. Holyoake aimed his argument mainly against any reliance upon prayer, or other spiritual helps or resources. By Science he understands the rules, and the reasons for them, which direct the operations of men in industry, knowledge, and government. A true understanding and regard of these, he believes, "would ultimately rescue mankind from all their vice and nearly all their sufferings, save their casualties and sorrows." He quotes a principle of the communion to which Mr. Grant belongs thus: "The efficacy of prayer is a fundamental principle of Independency." And he adds, "We have no faith whatever in prayer. We do not in any way believe in its efficacy; and we say, if you tell us that Providence interferes in human affairs, you only discourage human exertion, and you tell us that which does not prove true in the end." (p. 63.) A mar-

vellous assertion truly ! If Mr. Holyoake has any knowledge of the Scriptures, he must be aware that prayer is never proposed there as a substitute for the utmost exertion of human efforts within the whole range that is left dependent upon our own actions or feelings. Now how is any earnest and faithful man made weak by believing that an unseen and helping Spirit, with whom his thoughts and aspirations may commune, is aiding him, is disposing his results wisely, and, if not fulfilling his wishes, is doing better for him than that ? We wonder if Mr. Holyoake has any faith in *thought*, in *love*, in *resignation*, or in any *sentiment*, or in the *exercise* of *any sentiment*. He is compelled to parody the Christian doctrine concerning prayer in order that he may present a plausible objection to it. There are indeed a few passages in Scripture, like that in the Epistle of St. James, which, stating strongly the prevalence of prayer, make the verbal implication that it has an effect on external things and on material relations. But the general strain of the Scripture guards its doctrine of prayer within spiritual effects. Mr. Holyoake expresses himself as greatly shocked that God did not interfere to prevent the harrowing sufferings of those who perished in the British steamer Amazon. He asks, What advantage had they who prayed over those who did not ? Very well. How fared it with those who trusted to his god, to science or nature ? Did they escape ? May it not have been that, of those who sunk in the common fate, the few or many who raised their petition in anguish and trust to God were soothed in the fearful struggle beyond those who gasped out an oath, or died in sullen despair, victims of *science* and *nature* ? Mr. Grant restricts his defence of prayer wholly to its spiritual operation, and for this he is rebuked by his opponent, on the score of yielding an " Orthodox " doctrine. He, however, nobly vindicates the great, strong stay and hope of the Christian heart, and asserts fairly, that " the moral grandeur of a man's actions depends on the breadth of his principles."

Mr. Grant says : " I did not come here to deny that doctrine of Providence which is held by every intelligent Christian, and by all those who belong to my own denomination ; but I came here to deny that doctrine of Providence which Mr. Holyoake professed, of a miracu-

lous interference, so as to interfere with the ordinary course of the laws of nature. What those methods are by which God works to meet the necessities of his creatures, how he may have arranged so as to prepare for all those wants he foresaw, — the peculiar and special courses of Jehovah, — I, who do not understand the ordinary course of Providence, do not pretend to explain; but this one thing is certain, that Mr. Holyoake is entirely mistaken in imagining that the great doctrine of prayer is a doctrine of prayer for defending ourselves from physical evils against the course of nature. I say there is no such doctrine in the New Testament from beginning to end." (p. 127.)

In discussing the third proposition, that "Morality is independent of Scriptural religion, and has guaranties in reason and utility," Mr. Holyoake showed considerable acuteness and ability. And well he might, for the proposition, besides offering a degree of truth, is a tempting field for declamation. He enlarged upon the immorality and evil which exist in the world, and almost triumph, in spite of the presence and the claims of religion. He made great account of the allowance of some preachers, that we must look wholly to the future life for a just retribution, and expect often to find vice perfectly successful here. He added: —

"We differ from this doctrine widely; we indeed acknowledge the disorder and the anarchy, but we say, the order should be restored here, the confusion should be cleared up in this world, the rectification should take place now. It is not wholesome that it should be left to a future state; it breeds a contentment which makes suffering merit passive, and insolent tyranny triumphant. What! do you Christians tell us that vice is successful, and virtue does not answer in this world? We say, virtue ought to answer, and, as far as in our power lies, it shall answer. You tell us, after eighteen centuries of interminable Christian preaching, that we shall often find 'vice perfectly successful.' The more shame for you that it is so. While vice succeeds, society is a blunder, government is anarchy, civilization is a criminal connivance. What is religious discipline for, unless it takes care, and can take care, that vice shall *not* succeed? You say we would break down the barriers of virtue, and flood the world with sensuality. We who seek to do what you ought to do, and what, with your numbers, and your power, and your wealth, you might do, — we who would strive to make

even-handed justice ever compel the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to the lips of those who proffered it to others! You tell us that God hates sin, and yet you permit sin to remain; you tell us that God is too pure to behold iniquity, and yet you let the world be overrun with vice, and every week in your pulpits lament it. Why, your own doctrines discourage virtue, and grant impunity to vice. [*Interruption.*]" — p. 109.

Mr. Holyoake pleads that human nature is itself a guaranty of morality, and that good training, a regard to utility, and a cultivation "of the artistic sense," will help to enforce it. He would have a "Crystal Palace" in every large place, and children should listen to lectures on science and art, instead of going to Sunday schools. He "would have all retribution here, and make this world as perfect as we are able." "Every year," he says, "there is coming more and more of unanimity as to what is moral; while every year there are growing wider and wider differences of opinion as to what is religious and essential to man's salvation." (p. 125.)

Mr. Grant showed a disposition to admit the utmost that could be claimed for the force and value of the earthly, the natural, and the constitutional motives for morality. Of course he did not fail to show that in the imperfection, the weakness, and the experimental insufficiency of all these, the motives which religion offers are of essential power, and are indispensable. He likewise granted that "the Gospel is built altogether upon the supposition that there are moral elements in human nature." (p. 149.)

The fourth topic brought up the "Orthodox" scheme of the Atonement. We are forced to admit that Mr. Holyoake had the better of the argument here. We have seen that, in the discussion on "Prayer," Mr. Holyoake reflected on Mr. Grant for evading what the former regarded as the "Orthodox" construction of that doctrine. Mr. Holyoake then said, "I have not heard for a long time such a formidable speech as Mr. Grant's against the holiest, against the most consolatory part of the Christian religion." (p. 121.) Mr. Holyoake pressed him with a very bald statement of the placatory, vicarious sufferings of Christ, as a substitution to God for the penalty of human sin, and Mr. Grant was obliged to parry the difficulty by reminding his opponent that he

had agreed to "attend rather to the moral and practical, than to the metaphysical side of Christianity." (p. 142.) Near the close of the discussion, too, Mr. Holyoake said, "What definition of Christianity has Mr. Grant committed himself to? He professes not to know what I am. But is that uncertainty all on one side? He came into this debate an *Evangelical* Christian; but I am sure no man can tell what he will be theologically, when he goes out." (p. 238.) Indeed, if our interest in a common cause had not absorbed our partial feeling for our own distinctive views of Christianity and the Bible, we might enlarge upon the significant indications found in Mr. Grant's advocacy, that, in an argument with sceptics, the less the peculiar doctrines of "Orthodoxy" are obtruded, the better for that common cause. Mr. Grant admirably defined *saving faith* to be "practically relying upon a safe system, or plan, or leader." (p. 187.)

Mr. Holyoake stumbles, as we ourselves do, at the Calvinistic view of the doctrine of the Atonement, in which he had been educated by Mr. James; only we do not accept it as the interpretation of the Gospel doctrine. Mr. Grant contented himself with presenting the mildest shade of the Calvinistic doctrine of the Atonement, refusing to be held responsible for any man's view of it, requiring chapter and verse for any objection he was called to answer; and then he confessed his inability to explain how and why that Atonement was necessary, and by what philosophy it became effective, while he insisted upon its complete adaptation to the nature and wants of man, and its accordance with the yearnings of the human heart in all ages.

The sixth evening having been assigned for a review of the whole discussion, the last appointed topic occupied the fifth evening. It is stated as follows by Mr. Holyoake: "The example of Christ unsuitable for imitation, and the teachings of the New Testament unsuitable for guidance, except on the principle of arbitrary selection. Mr. Grant stands here, to maintain that the whole Scriptures were inspired by God; that we cannot disbelieve any part, without danger of eternal damnation. I, on the other hand, am going to argue, that we ought to be free to make an eclecticism of the Scriptures,—that is, to select those parts which are wise and noble, and

disbelieve those which are uninstructional or misleading. Mr. Grant, however, says, ' You shall take all or none.' " (p. 178.) Throughout the whole debate, Mr. Holyoake had reiterated this source of his perplexity, this ground of his objection to the Scriptures. Among the Articles of the English Church which Mr. Grant had accepted was the eleventh, which says, " We are accounted righteous before God only by faith, *and not for our own works or deservings.*" Quoting this, Mr. Holyoake presents the presumed antagonism between *faith* and *works* in the New Testament, and adds that St. Paul gives the balance in favor of faith, thus: " For to him that *worketh not*, but believeth, his faith is accounted for righteousness." Mr. Holyoake is not so stolid as to be unaware that the *works* which St. Paul often refers to are the works of the Jewish law. What a parody upon some preaching is contained in the following:—

" What a wilderness is the Evangelical doctrine of motives ! First you are told to attend to your moral duties ; then you are told that you cannot do any thing unless God first disposes you ; then you are told that whatever good works you perform will be of no avail unless you also believe ; and then that you cannot believe unless God gives you grace to believe ; and then that God will not give you this grace unless you ask him ; and then that you cannot ask him effectually unless you already have the grace of faith, which is the very thing you have to ask for. What effect can all this have, but to bewilder the young searcher after truth and duty ? Contrast this perplexing doctrine with the simple and straightforward instruction of Secularism : Mean well, and act well, and you will deserve well, both here and hereafter, whatever you may see reason to believe." — p. 49.

Mr. Holyoake complains of objectionable passages, offensive to delicacy, as found in the Bible. These his opponent explains and accounts for, as even an intelligent child may ; though Mr. Grant does not describe them happily when he calls them the " Police Reports of God." Mr. Holyoake says, " Mind, there are great features in the life of Christ, which I admit to be very noble." He argues that his words, and those of the Apostles, are open to objection, because of the manner in which Christ spoke of his opponents. These " opponents," whom Mr. Holyoake thus puts on a par with the Saviour, are those very scrupulous and tender-hearted creatures, the

Pharisees. The Scriptures, too, we learn, for the first time, "inculcate and justify persecution." St. Paul also was sharply denunciatory towards the *rival teachers* and heretics of his time, — though, as the civil power was against him, and not in his hands, Mr. Holyoake must find comfort in knowing that after Paul became a Christian, at least, he was disabled from being a persecutor. Mr. Holyoake tells us, that from his very childhood he was troubled with the idea of two Christs, — the one gentle and blessing little children; the other austere, condemning "*his opponents*." Perhaps the fact that Christ addressed two different classes of persons might throw some light on this mysterious problem. "There are," says Mr. Holyoake, "human and popular elements in Christianity, which have undoubtedly been of service to mankind. Our complaint is, not that they are there, but that they are fettered by contradictory doctrines, which have almost rendered them nugatory." (p. 236.) "And here is my confusion and my difficulty. If I could believe the whole of the Scriptures, I should be willing to do so; but when Mr. Grant says to me, 'No, you are to believe all or none,' you may depend upon it, I will take him at his word, and I shall believe none." (p. 183.) Scripture, too, greatly to the scandal of Mr. Holyoake, makes promises which are not fulfilled; thus, in Psalm xci. 10, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." (p. 236.) The doctrine of "eternal torments," as popularly understood, is also most exciting in its effect upon Mr. Holyoake.

Mr. Grant finds no difficulty, as may well be supposed, in replying eloquently and cogently to all this confused treatment of the contents of the Bible. Of course he avails himself of the utmost license allowed him within the range of his creed, but he is fair, thorough, and effective. If Mr. Holyoake and his friends would use some portion of the time which they spend in picking the Bible to pieces, in the better purposes of harmonizing and digesting its unerring religious lessons, their minds would be relieved.

Some judicious persons may doubt the wisdom or the practical good of all such public discussions, and may even give reasons for regarding them as mischievous in their effects. Those who are firm, and at peace in their

own religious convictions, may view such measures as only making proclamations of infidelity, announcing its presence and its arguments to those who are ignorant of them, and detracting from that sanctity which should be guarded for all religious interests, but which is diminished when they are brought into question. We do not intend to argue this matter here. We indeed feel a prevailing sympathy with the objections just stated. Certainly we could not expect any great good to result from such a discussion, except indirectly, and as it led to wiser and more effective measures from Christians. But such discussions cannot be suppressed. They will virtually take place without a hall of meeting, or chairman, or fixed rules, or defined topics, or the opportunities of direct assertion and reply before the same audience. They will transpire, they do transpire, through the press, with its many devices and facilities for reaching the minds of all classes of people. Nor must believers expect to monopolize the discussion of the great religious questions of the day; they should not wish to do so; they will lose half their strength if they try to do so. For some of the strongest arguments that can be offered in support of religion and Christianity are suggested to the mind only through the collisions of antagonism, scepticism, and unbelief, and in answer to objections. The strength of faith lies, in a measure, in the weakness and insufficiency of unbelief. Just as St. Paul found a text for his discourse at Athens, in the confessed incompetency of heathenism, as shown in one plain stone inscribed "To the Unknown God," though surrounded with altars, statues, and temples to gods which had names, so the void left in the heart by unbelief, the vacuum which nature abhors, is usually the exciting cause of the love of debate which is so strong in a sceptic. There are two sets of the practical evidences of religion, — good people and good deeds; bad people and bad deeds. The one set show the fruits of true religion, the other demonstrate the effects of its absence. There are two sets of arguments for the verity of Christianity; the one composed of all the positive, demonstrable, and unanswerable evidences on which it rests, in fact, in history, and in the tests of experimental trial; the other exhibited in the silly puerilities, the weak evasions, and the ingenious but always discomfited shifts to which objectors to it may be driven.

When, as in the case before us, a discussion of the claims of religion and Christianity is mixed up with an indirect discussion of all the debated themes and all the crude devices and all the earnest reforms of the day, he must be a visionary or a most superficial person who trusts to mere dogmatism for strength on the side of belief. There were evidently listeners to that discussion who are not to be trifled with, in any way, whether with the weapons of the body, the fist and the tongue, or the weapons of the heart and mind. Their brains may hold a mass of undigested speculations, their breasts may be burdened by many untamed, envious, or disturbing feelings, but they have their thoughts, their struggles, their problems, and their woes. They have come to feel that they have a personal right to engage in the conflicts which were once left to kings, scholars, philosophers, and preachers. They have their *preachers* too,—if a word which the Gospel invented is not wholly unavailable to some who nevertheless assume it, to give them a sort of professional prestige in their antagonism to the Gospel. For ourselves, we are willing to admit that there is a great deal more of honest than of dishonest unbelief in Christendom. Among actual criminals and vicious and reckless persons, the faculties, instincts, and mental processes with which both belief and unbelief are concerned lie wholly dormant, unthought of. Active unbelief by no means implies any vice of character. It may prove a weak, an erratic, an ill-balanced, or a prejudiced mind. It may connect itself with all “the vices of the mind,” and it may work mentally in a manner which shall be sure at last to result in moral deterioration. But these facts are consistent with the unavoidable conclusion, that some of the most blameless and well-meaning persons may be utter sceptics. Then, of course, scepticism will unite to itself all the uneasy, rancorous, and violent passions which are inflamed by all social wrongs and the iniquitous institutions of society. That a strong and a dangerous phalanx of infidels and atheists, or *Secularists*, if Mr. Holyoake so desires, is to be found among the working-classes of England, we do not need his word to inform us. How far he has their respect for weight of character and singleness of purpose, possessed by him or not, we have no means of knowing. We regard this

discussion of his with Mr. Grant as one of many strong and irresistible appeals made to Christians to bring back their religion to its first principles; that all the difficulties which existing social or religious institutions oppose to its just influence may be removed; and that its own divine power, which once had eminent demonstration with "the common people," and its imprisoned spirit of truth, liberty, holiness, and love may be felt over Christendom. We have no more fear for the security of the Gospel, than for that of the sun. We have as cheerful a confidence that the Christian faith will come bright and pure through the clouded way of men's strifes and the gloom of their unbeliefs, as we have that the sky, now veiled, as we write, in melancholy mists, through which heaven is weeping its renewing tears, will shine in all the glory of our chief star again, and will shine for others when our brief days are closed.

G. E. E.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign: Why it exists, and how it may be extinguished. By H. C. CAREY, Author of "Principles of Political Economy," "The Past, the Present, and the Future," &c., &c. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1853. 12mo. pp. 426.

THIS is the work of a political economist altogether. Scarcely a word does it contain in relation to any other aspect of this immense subject. It has the merit, if it has no other, of keeping rigidly to a single view, indulging in no sentiment, going into no description of horrors, making no appeal to feeling or fancy, nor yet to facts except of one kind, — those belonging to cause and effect. It is difficult to understand how a man can write so much on such a subject, without any enthusiasm, and, as many may say, without any evidence of a large humanity. Yet we have no idea that there is any want of humanity there, or any less of it than in those who exhibit great sensibility, and appeal to nothing else. Such men may be more one-sided than Mr. Carey, and much less likely to accomplish their object. Such books as his are needed. There is a large class of men, North

as well as South, and in all lands, who can never be reached by any other calculations than those of profit and loss ; and it is a great matter to compel that class to admit, what they profess to believe, but do not show that they believe, namely, the utter impolicy and fatuity of every form of slavery, as demonstrated by abounding facts and unquestionable statistics, drawn from the history of commerce in all countries.

This is the design of the book before us, and we doubt if any book has been written on the subject, in which greater pains were taken, or more impartiality intended. One pledge of impartiality the author gives, by taking nearly all his facts from writers holding views directly opposed to his own, "and not therefore to be suspected of any exaggeration," as he says in the Preface. Yet this is not always a safe inference, and we fear this writer, like many others, has assumed it too easily. A man may make mistakes, where he does not exaggerate ; and that many mistakes must have been made as to the facts of this subject, particularly in reference to the effect of emancipation in the British Islands, is evident from the directly opposite statements of actual results. Yet there are undisputed facts ; and out of the immense mass which Mr. Carey has brought together, enough can be found to satisfy even the most prejudiced minds of the short-sighted and ruinous policy of all systems of trade and schemes of conquest based upon human bondage.

The book consists of twenty-one chapters ; treating of freedom and slavery, and the transition from one to the other, both ways, in the United States, the West Indies, England, Ireland, Scotland, Portugal, Turkey, India, Germany, Russia, Denmark, Spain, and Belgium. This enumeration is enough to show how much the writer has attempted, and how impossible it must be to be accurate in all the details. We confess, the very extent of the ground covered, and the large period of time involved, make us sceptical of the entire accuracy of all the statements. Still, as we have not the knowledge which would enable us to disprove, or authorize us to deny, many of the assertions, we content ourselves with adducing some of the most important, and remarking upon inferences and principles of which we may be competent to judge.

It is an old apology for slavery, — carrying inconsistency in its very face, refuted again and again, yet repeated and repeated, as if it were new and sound, — that there are many kinds of bondage besides that of the negro race. We are sorry to see any countenance given to this poor apology, by such a man as Mr. Carey. Yet his opening passage goes to favor it, or it has no relevancy. To speak of all forms and modes of suffering, whether from poverty, sickness, want of employment, wearing

toil, inadequate wages, unavoidable exposure, separation of parents and children, and even banishment or imprisonment for crime, as "slavery," is confounding, not only terms, but facts and essential differences. The great distinction, and incomparable as well as inseparable evil of slavery, is, that it puts human beings entirely at the mercy of all kinds of human character and temper. So long as absolute power, and for the most part irresponsible power, over the liberty, limbs, labor, and life of a man, is lodged in another man, and may be transferred at any time to any and every *kind* of man, it would not relieve the system of its very worst feature, if you could prove that every slave in the land is at this moment well treated and content. All comparisons, therefore, with other forms of subjection or hardship, such as those of laborers in the mines and operatives in the factory, even at the worst, are irrelevant and unfair.

Mr. Carey institutes a labored comparison of the slavery of the British colonies with that of the United States, in order to judge of the *duty* of emancipation here as well as there. And he shows the important fact, that the "terrific waste of life" among the blacks in the colonies was such, prior to 1829, that *any* act of emancipation, and almost any change, must have been a mercy. His calculation is, that, without some change, the whole negro race would have perished there in half a century more. If this be true, it reveals an unpardonable neglect and inhumanity on the part of the English government, for which the large amount afterward paid for the liberation of the slaves was a small compensation; especially as it went to the relief of the owners, and its benefit to the blacks still remains a disputed question. One fact, we believe, cannot be disputed. The dangers of emancipation to the masters, so much apprehended, have been literally nothing, — not a single white man having lost his life as a consequence of immediate emancipation. It is also seen, that the islands which gave not only instant, but unconditional freedom, as Bermuda and Antigua, have suffered far less, even economically, than the islands which continued a semi-slavery, under the name of "apprenticeship." It is not a law of human nature, or a fact of history, that men incline more to injure us when we are just and kind to them, than when we oppress and wrong them.

The number of slaves in the Union now, Mr. Carey places at 3,800,000. And to pay their masters for freeing them, at the average rate paid by the British government (£25 per head), would require nearly £100,000,000, or five hundred millions of dollars. And if based upon a calculation of the higher price of slaves in this country now than in the colonies twenty years ago, the amount required would rise to the enormous sum of nearly

two thousand millions of dollars! So that while we may well doubt the justice of such a demand, made too upon the Free States, none of which asked any consideration for the emancipation of their own slaves, there is not the least reason to anticipate the attempt. Mr. Carey assumes that our slaves are much better fed, better clothed, and less overworked, than were those of the English planters before emancipation. But many of the facts he adduces, and many more easily furnished, are rather inconsistent with this assumption,—if not comparatively, at least positively. Fearful testimonies, yet indubitable, may be found in the “Key to Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” Indeed, we could bring admissions and assertions from many slave-holders, Henry Clay one of them, going to prove any thing rather than kind treatment of slaves on the more Southern plantations. The fact that the births do not equal the deaths, that the system does not sustain itself, but depends still on the inhuman slave-trade, domestic and foreign, ought to satisfy even the narrow political economist. Mr. Carey ascribes much of the evil to the principles of “free trade,” on which he thinks our present administration incline to act. But we commend him to his own declaration as showing enough of the nature and cause of the evil. “Unless a change be somewhere made, abroad or at home, we must perforce submit to the continuance of the existing system, which precludes education, almost eschews matrimony, separates husbands and wives, parents and children, and sends the women to the labors of the fields.”

The chapter entitled “How Slavery grows in India,” presents an awful picture of the seeming rapacity of the English nation. It is a subject which we do not comprehend, for some of the statements are almost beyond belief. But if true, there is no language of condemnation too strong to be spoken of it.

“How Slavery grows in Ireland, Scotland, and England,” illustrates what we have said of the vague use of the term “slavery.” Yet the proofs given of the misery and crime, and their equal growth, in England especially, are such as would justify the use of almost any terms. For example, a statement is given, “by the coroner of Leeds,” to the effect, that “three hundred infants are put to death yearly in that single city, to avoid the consequences of their living.” While “burial-clubs” are becoming common among the poor, by the payment of a small annual sum, which entitles the parent to receive from three to five pounds from the club, on the death of a child; and parents are said to cause death, “by starvation, ill-usage, or poison,” with a view to the compensation. Such atrocity, and more than savage inhumanity, is possible, but it should be credited only on evidence that none can resist; and some of the evidence here adduced is not of that character.

All these evils, and many more to which we cannot advert, Mr. Carey appears to ascribe chiefly to the low price of labor, and the attempt of that vast nation, England, to coerce all other nations into compliance with her commercial system. Here is to be found, he thinks, both the cause of the evil, and the nature of the remedy to be applied. To us this seems a very narrow view; as does also such a general, confident statement as the following, which may be taken as a summing up of this writer's argument; though, to do it entire justice, the whole book should be read.

"It is to the country of Hampden and Sidney that the world *should* be enabled to look for advice in all matters affecting the cause of freedom; and it is to her that all *would* look, could her statesmen bring themselves to understand how destructive to herself and them is the system of centralization she now seeks to establish. As it is, slavery grows in all the countries under her control, and freedom grows in no single country of the world but those which protect themselves against her system. It is time that the enlightened and liberal men of England should study the cause of this fact; and whenever they shall do so, they will find a ready explanation of the growing pauperism, immorality, gloom, and slavery of their own country; and they will then have little difficulty in understanding that the protecting tariffs of all the advancing nations of Europe are but measures of resistance to a system of enormous oppression, and that it is in that direction that the people of this country are to look for *the true and only road to freedom of trade and the freedom of man.*"

With due deference to the vast array of facts and show of reasons in this work, we are compelled to leave it with the conviction strengthened rather than weakened, that the causes and remedies of slavery lie deeper than tariffs, and that many of them may be found nearer home than England.

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1. *History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1814.* By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1850. 8 vols. 8vo.
 2. *History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852.* By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. Part I. New Series. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 196.

THIS unwearied writer has issued the first volume of a "History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852." As we do not, like him, possess the gift of prophesying as well as recording, and are not so fond as he is of dealing with certain things that would inevi-

tably have happened if certain other things had not come to pass, we will not venture to pronounce beforehand what the merits of his new book will be, or what reception it will find from the British public. We suppose, however, that we shall not be rash in the surmise that it will contain similar faults to those which he has already made familiar to us; with the same trashy thinking, and the same ambitious, but inelegant, style of expressing his thought; and that it will meet with much favor in some political circles. For ourselves, we have but just risen — late in the day, to be sure — from the perusal of the tenth volume, more than a thousand pages thick, of his “History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons.” Subsequent events, though they have not made this title a misnomer, have refuted the idea on which his work proceeds under it; which is, that the Revolution, begun in 1789, was terminated by the return of Louis the Desired in 1815. Now the fact is undeniable, that the great era which we call the French Revolution either ended at the point where Carlyle fixes it, and where it really stands, the 5th of October, 1795, when the cannon of the “bronze Artillery officer,” Napoleon Bonaparte, swept the streets of Paris, or else it must be considered as going on still. There is no other alternative. We can say nothing else since Napoleon the Third has begun to reign. He has established thus much.

Our historian seems to hold nothing in such horror as revolution, of every kind, in every place, at every period, past and to come. His conservatism is perfect. This may be among the reasons why Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. was recently further honored by a degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford, where Mr. Punch describes him as “sitting proudly.” He can hardly be styled a doctor in the laws of historical propriety, rhetoric, or English grammar. Lest this should appear spoken too harshly, a few passages may be quoted in apology for the last expression. What is to be said of such phrases as these: “The forces *whom* they had so often been told were cut to pieces”; “each ship returned to their respective harbors”; “it lasted an hour and a half; but at the end of *which* time”? Oversights of a merely literal kind may not be regarded as of much consequence; though he should have known that the hero of the American Lake Erie was not Commodore Parry, and the origin of the name given to a small but famous French town, “Fontaine de bel eau,” should have preserved him from spelling that name always wrong. With regard to this country, he might easily have informed himself, before he sat down to write, that there are no such “two States” in our Union as “Massachusetts and New England”; and he ought not to have hazarded so hastily

the assertion, that "all the State judges, from the highest to the lowest, are elected by the people, their tenure of office never for life"; and therefore "judicial independence is unknown in America." "Literature and intellectual ability of the highest class meet with little encouragement in America," says Sir Archibald. He makes mention of but three distinguished authors among us, and there is nothing to show that he is aware of the existence of any others. These are Mr. Cooper the novelist, Washington Irving, and Dr. Channing. "But," he adds, "their works are almost all published in London,—a decisive proof that European habits and ideas are necessary to their due development." What the precise meaning of those last words may be, and what is its logical connection with the words that preceded, is one of those difficult questions with which he sometimes chooses to perplex his readers.

The Edinburgh "Advocate" was quite sure ten years ago,—nor did it "require the gift of prophecy to foretell" it,—that the American Union cannot "hang long together." We will not complain of the confidence of that assertion, though it would have been better suited to a political pamphlet than to sober history. We will rather listen to it with solemnity of mind, as to a voice of admonition, coming from an unfriendly quarter. But we cannot take it so well of him, when he declares that "nothing is more certain than that hostilities with the United States are not only probable, but imminent,"—"not only probable, but, it is to be feared, unavoidable,"—and then goes on to give instructions how we may be soundly beaten. He has been proved a false prophet thus far; and may a merciful God forbid that any disastrous circumstances should give his predictions even a remote fulfilment! Such a conflict would be worse than those battles of Chippewa and Fort Erie, where he is pleased to say that, "*literally* speaking, 'Greek met Greek,'" and that "the Kentucky rifles dealt out death with no sparing hand among the trees." We are pained to be merry over so serious a subject; but we cannot refrain from uttering the hope, that no occasion will ever arise for him to say again, "The English colors were mournfully lowered to the broad pendant of *their emancipated offspring*." Whether the word "their" refers to "English" or to "colors," may be a problem for grammarians. We are sure, at least, that no future historian will ever state a similar fact in the same language.

The History of Leominster, or the Northern Half of the Lancaster New or Additional Grant, from June 26, 1701, the Date of the Deed from George Tahanto, Indian Sagamore, to July 4, 1852. Fitchburg: Reville Office. 1853. pp. 263. 12mo.

THERE are several reasons why this little volume should receive a notice among the publications of the day. Doctor Wilder has introduced his book and given its narrative in a manner peculiarly his own. Having passed the allotted age of man, and having withdrawn from the duties of an arduous profession and from public office, (he was for several years State Treasurer of Massachusetts,) he has devoted a few leisure hours to gathering up and placing upon record many facts, incidents, and traditions, that would otherwise soon have been lost. For this we thank him; and so, we believe, will generations to come. Many of the facts he records are of course local, and not of general interest; still they are valuable as furnishing stores for the future historian.

To the Ecclesiastical History of the town Doctor Wilder has given a peculiar interest. Few can read his brief account of Mr. Rogers, a direct descendant from the Smithfield martyr, or the touching and beautiful letter of the pastor to his flock when about to be separated from them, without interest.

Would it not be well if the venerable and aged among us would more frequently improve the evening of life in recording stores of memory and tradition that must otherwise so soon be lost?

History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Vol. V. The Reformation in England. By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D. D., President of the Theological School at Geneva, and Vice-President of the Société Évangélique. Translated by H. WHITE, B. A. Trinity College, M. A., and Ph. Dr. Heidelberg. The Translation carefully revised by DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 518.

DR. MERLE, as he is called at Geneva, has now completed his great work upon the Protestant Reformation, with the same zeal, vigor, apparent originality, and uncommon graphic power which have made the merit of his previous volumes. The first few chapters of earlier history are somewhat wearisome, and the necessity of burdening his work with this tedious preface is not at all clear; but from the moment that the narration takes up

Wickliffe, till its close with Wolsey, the interest steadily increases. Of course, this author is not expected to give any thing like an impartial view of that spiritual revolution from whose fountain-head our own churches drew their waters of life. Dr. Merle does not claim to be any thing else than a fervent partisan. In intercourse with mere strangers he is wont to handle with excessive severity even Protestants differing from him in opinion, and the Romish Church finds no mercy either from his tongue or his pen. Still, it is this sort of zealous advocates for one side who find the largest audience and reap the richest harvest; and in our country more than in any other, where the moderate opinion of profound learning is little heeded, and the calm verdict of philosophy passed by, of the hurrying crowd.

With this characteristic fault, there is united a stirring eloquence, an energetic style, and a dramatic power, which have won for themselves an unbounded popularity on our side of the water. The present volume is entirely independent of the others, and is therefore, as a smaller work and one nearer home to ourselves, entitled to still more favor among Protestants of English origin. But we regret, for the author's permanent reputation, that every representative of Protestantism finds unmingled praise, every adherent of the old Church unsparing criticism. Protestant cowards like Bilney, Protestant cringers like Cranmer, Protestant sensualists like Henry the Eighth, find their faults extenuated, or their crimes concealed; while every weakness of Wolsey is exaggerated, the basest motive attributed to each Romish act, and a character noble as that of Sir Thomas More awakens no admiration beside the girlish frivolity of Anne Boleyn and the unmanly timidity of Dr. Barnes.

There is something of epic unity in making the divorce of Queen Catherine the leading thought of the whole history, but other events would just as surely have cast off the Papal yoke from the English neck, and we cannot resist the conviction that Protestantism won no laurels by sanctioning the persecution of a wife of twenty years, who had been faithful through all her husband's faithlessness, who maintained a queenly dignity under every insult, and would undoubtedly have gone to the stake for the religion she loved so well and the God she obeyed in such tender awe.

Poems. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 16mo. pp. 190.

AN auxiliary pen in our last number treated briefly of the contents of this volume, uttering a word of praise with large

qualifications. Its continued notoriety justifies a more extended criticism, especially of its principal piece, — “A Life Drama.”

This bold extravaganza has been received with a whirl of applause by magazines and newspapers on both sides of the water. The Boston reprint of it has already reached its “eighth thousand.” To the eyes of many persons, a new poet capable of “outrolling” such “a lay” as was never heard of before, — a “streaming moon,” “a palpitating star,” a “comet’s spoom” of a poet, — seems to have arisen in the person of Alexander Smith. We are credibly assured that here is a real name, this time. At first we were led to doubt it, from the exceedingly mystifying and pretentious strain of the work; and while we remained in this doubt we were ready to say, If the writer is really in earnest, and intends to shadow forth in his dim way his actual feelings and experience, — if he is seriously the hero of his own piece, — we should wish to keep such a person as far as possible from our domestic circle; and indeed, if he were one of our acquaintances, we should be painfully concerned for his wits. We are happy to be relieved from every suspicion of this injurious kind. The poet, who certainly is one, and a most imaginative and fervid one, represents himself as burning with ambition to write “great songs,” such as will carry the whole world captive and make their author famous to all after-times. More than this, he fancies that he can do it; and his eager hope of triumph, coupled with some contempt for what has been achieved before him, pervades his wild performance from the beginning to the end. Such passionate vanity — if it is indeed his own feeling — is not the best preparation for success; though the very audacity of it, and the swelling pomp of imagery and the frenzied expression to which it naturally leads, may set men gazing and admiring for a while. Mr. Smith has a very poetic phraseology. He flows out sometimes into passages of admirable beauty. It would be foolish to deny that he shows broad and noble signs of genius. There is nothing ordinary about him, either in word or thought. In his incessant beating about after similes, he sometimes hits upon those that are not only ingenious, but extremely fine. We should hesitate whether to put into this class one that has been abundantly praised: —

“The sun is dying like a cloven king,” &c. — p. 117.

It seems to us far-fetched and violent. But the pendant to this picture is touching and masterly: —

“When the heart-sick earth
Turns her broad back upon the gaudy sun,
And stoops her weary forehead to the night,
To struggle with her sorrow all alone,

The moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain,
Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,
Till she is calm." — p. 107.

This is one of his quiet figures. He is more in love with the monstrous ; as this, for example : —

" Lady ! he was as far 'bove common men
As a sun-steed, wild-eyed and meteor-maned,
Neighing the reeling stars, is 'bove a hack
With sluggish veins of mud." — p. 19.

In his zeal to be forcible and original, he commits frequent offences against the proprieties of the English tongue ; repeats a few favorite phrases till we become sickened even with the best of them ; and hunts down metaphors till we are thoroughly weary of the chase. The staple subjects in his verse are the moon, the stars, and the sea. Every thing is like one or the other ; and very odd comparisons they sometimes bring before us. If we should strike out from his verses whatever has reference to these three grand objects in nature, we should make a terrible thinning in their ranks, and a great plundering among their jewels. We have admitted that there are jewels, genuine and rich. They have been pretty freely extracted by laudatory journals. But we must declare our conviction, that we could quite match them in number with gross faults in language, in taste, and in spirit. And apart from any particular instances, the general tone of the piece is painful and offensive. We should not care so much for a few vicious periods, a little unjustifiable use of single words, a slight and even considerable overflow of exuberant talent, or a too excited brain. We should be willing to overlook it, if an honest intensity occasionally rushed into rant. We would try not to smile when we found something ridiculous where the author meant to be superb. But the work as a whole is in a bad vein, — meretricious, unwholesome, fantastic. It smells of moral fever and disease. There are parts that affront and shock us. We will not excuse its indelicacies. We have a right to complain of it, when it takes irreverent freedoms with the HOLIEST NAME.

The London "Spectator," meaning to pass high commendation on Mr. Smith, says : "It is to the earlier works of Keats and Shelley alone that we can look for a counterpart," &c. As to Keats, we leave those to judge who can take any pleasure in reading him. But we think that the English critic who compares the new poet with the author of "Queen Mab," does an injustice where he intends a compliment. Percy B. Shelley, whose atheistic and libertine notions are pretty generally understood, impresses us, we confess, with little more respect for his poetry than for his principles. But we already relent towards

the bard of the "Life Drama," and fear that we have dealt too harshly with this fresh candidate for laurels. If his blemishes are great, his merits are great also. We conclude, therefore, with the hope, that, when a sharp but appreciating criticism shall have lopped his extravagances, and when a matured experience shall have tempered his fires, and when a pure taste shall have redeemed him from the influence of pernicious models, we shall have other products of his mind more worthy of the divine gift that appears to have been bestowed upon him.

Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians. By REV. THOMAS LAURIE, *Surviving Associate in that Mission. With Portrait, Map of the Country, Illustrations, &c.* Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 12mo. pp. 418.

MANY will recall the interest excited, thirteen years since, by the visit of the Nestorian bishop, Mar Yohanna, to this country. It was indeed a strange thing to see the representative of an Oriental hierarchy, one who could trace his predecessors back to the days of the Constantines, visiting a country whose date is but of yesterday, and welcomed by churches to which hierarchies are unknown. Some also will remember to have read, that a year after that visit there took place a bloody massacre of the Nestorians, perpetrated by the hands of their Kûrdish neighbors, but with the sanction of the Turkish government. These occurrences prepared us to feel an interest in the volume before us; but the depth of that interest went far beyond our anticipations.

The Nestorians, once a powerful branch of the Church, who sent their missionaries to India and to China, still exist, though in a state far removed from their former greatness. Their relation to the Greek Church is that of protest against its superstitious observances, their leader, Nestorius, having been driven from the patriarchal see of Constantinople, about the middle of the fifth century, because he denied to the Virgin Mary the title "Mother of God." The chief seat of this interesting sect is in the mountainous country in the centre of Kûrdistan, an Asiatic Switzerland, where the simple inhabitants live on the milk and the flesh of their flocks, and where till recently they knew little of any government but that of their religious chief. This personage, known in every generation by the name of Mar Shimon (Bishop Simon) claims the lofty title of Patriarch of the East. The patriarch who ruled in the period to which the book before us relates, and we presume still rules, is described as a man of middle age, of commanding presence, with much in his bearing and character of the dignified ecclesiastic, and not a little of the thoughtful and ambitious statesman.

On the mountains, the authority of the Patriarch was supreme. At the foot of those mountains, surrounding them entirely, were the Kûrds, zealous Mohammedans, but distinct in race and in manners from the Turks, by whom they had but recently and to an imperfect degree been brought into subjection. Thus there was a double *imperium in imperio*, the Kûrdish clans being but loosely subject to the Porte, and encircling in their turn an independent community of the Mountain Nestorians. Between these and the Kûrds, the usual relation was that of hostility. Even when actual war did not exist, religious bigotry and the difference of races made intercourse between them difficult and dangerous. Among the Nestorians themselves, the inhabitants of different valleys were often upon terms of strife; and the little state exhibited a miniature resemblance to Europe, in the days when the Pope was lord spiritual and temporal, and the semi-barbarian princes seldom rested from war among themselves but at the threat of a common danger and the call of religious zeal.

It could hardly be expected that the Turkish government should willingly acquiesce in such a state of things. Indeed, the more intelligent that government became, the more it would feel called upon to establish its own supremacy in every part of its territory. The Kûrds, we have seen, were already in some degree subjugated, at the period of which we are writing. Their emir, Nûrûllah Bey, who figures in the work before us, appears for a time to have vacillated between allegiance to the Turkish power, and alliance with the Persians; but was at length induced to unite his forces with those of other chiefs, to aid the designs of the Porte in subjecting the Nestorians. This end was accomplished in an invasion in 1843, the leader of which was Badir Khan Bey, a Kûrdish chief. It was less war than massacre. Atrocities were committed which, though not worse than might be expected from the ferocious tribe employed, reflect great dishonor upon the government which now desires to be ranked among the civilized powers of the world.

It was during the disturbed state of the country which preceded this fatal invasion, that the mission to the Mountain Nestorians was undertaken by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and in its establishment the excellent and remarkable man whose memoir is before us bore the leading part.

Dr. Asahel Grant was born in the town of Marshall, New York, on the 17th of August, 1807. He did not enjoy the advantages of a college education, but prepared himself for the medical profession partly with practising physicians, and partly at respectable public institutions. It was while pursuing these studies that he became deeply interested in religion, and united himself to the Presbyterian Church. He married young, and settled in the

practice of his profession, at first in Braintrim, Pennsylvania, from which place, after the death of his wife, he removed to Utica, New York. Here he soon gained an extensive practice, and became a leading member and officer of the church to which he belonged. His thoughts, however, soon turned to a wider sphere of Christian usefulness. After many doubts, connected chiefly with his two young children, he felt that it was his duty to leave these in the care of religious relatives and friends, and embarked at Boston for the Levant in May, 1835. The previous month he had married his second wife, who accompanied him on his mission. This lady, as eminent for learning and industry as for religious zeal and Christian excellence, became the first of many martyrs to their noble effort, whose loss to earth is recorded in the pages before us.

The missionary station at Oroomiah, in Persia, was established by Dr. Grant, in connection with Mr. Perkins, who had hitherto made Tabriz the centre of his operations. In Oroomiah, Dr. Grant labored for more than three years, as physician at once to the body and to the soul, among a population consisting principally of Persians and Nestorians. His medical skill gained for him immediate attention among persons of all ranks and of all religions. While at this place, he was called to deep suffering in the loss of his second wife, a loss which was followed, a year after, by that of two children. During the interval between these afflictions he made his first visit to the Nestorians of the mountains; being the first journey ever made to that secluded region by any Protestant Christian. The difficulties of the way were great in reality, and greater apparently in the opinion of some whose advice he felt bound to respect; but after many delays the object was at length accomplished. In his subsequent labors he visited the mountains repeatedly, and had, with the consent of the Turkish and Christian authorities, erected a house there, where he was to have been joined by other missionaries, when the invasion of 1843 effected a sad interruption to his efforts. Even in that invasion, however, such was the respect felt for him by all classes, that the whole valley where he had lived was spared for his sake, until, at a subsequent period, the imprudent conduct of the inhabitants made them sharers in the general ruin. On the invasion taking place, Dr. Grant removed to Mosul, where, with his associates, he ministered to the relief of the fugitive Nestorians. They found here also an opportunity of exerting a useful influence upon the Jacobites, another considerable branch of the Eastern Church. The faithful laborer rested at length from all earthly toil, being attacked with sickness as he was preparing for a second visit to his native land. He died at Mosul, April 24th, 1844.

The purpose of Dr. Grant's mission was to bring the ancient

church to which it was directed into communion with the general mind of Christendom, to diffuse intelligence, and restore or increase the spirit of vital piety. This work could not have been intrusted to hands more fitted for it than were those of Dr. Grant. Of equal enthusiasm in design and prudence in action, with much of that happy boldness which discerns when the safest way to meet danger is directly in front, with a truly catholic spirit which prevented his intercourse with the Oriental churches from being embarrassed at the outset by questions of forms and creeds, he was enabled by his skill in medicine to win the confidence and gratitude of Turk and Persian and Kûrd, and to obey the laws of his Divine Master by requiting with the most valuable services the opposition he encountered from some of other Christian denominations. Gifted in instruction and exhortation, though not regularly a member of the clerical body, he added to all these qualifications a commanding person, and a frame accustomed to endure fatigue and exposure. The celebrated explorer of Nineveh, Mr. Layard, gives a warm testimony to his worth. His biographer, referring to the circumstances of his death, remarks : —

“ We may be comforted, also, that he did not die at home. For the grief of his aged mother and his children could not have borne such a testimony to the power of a holy life, as did the tears of the Turkish governor, and the multitude, who could restrain neither their sobs nor their commendations round his grave. Not devout men alone made great lamentation over him. Some of the people rebuked us, because, they said, while all Mosul was in tears, we alone did not weep. All ranks and religions watched the progress of his disease with affectionate anxiety. The French consul visited him daily ; the Kaimakam, then acting governor of the city, came also in person to inquire for him. On hearing of his death, Mar Shimon said, ‘ My country and my people are gone ! ’ Now my friend is gone also, and nothing remains to me but God ! ” — pp. 396, 397.

We give a single extract, from many which might be inserted, illustrative of the courage of “ the good physician,” and of the influence which he exerted by this, and by the spirit of love which he breathed over the wildest hearts. It is the account of a visit to Heiyo, a chief who had been guilty of robbery, and had been outlawed and anathematized by the Patriarch.

“ At first,” he says, “ he received me in a very surly manner, and even hinted how easily he could rob and then despatch me with his dagger, at the same time drawing it from its sheath and passing his fingers along its edge. Some of his attendants also boasted of the numbers they had murdered, and their looks certainly did not belie their words. But I felt persuaded that, however they might waylay me in the mountains, I was in no danger there. So I replied, that, as I was his guest, he could do with me as he pleased. But I felt deeply concerned for him and for his people, who were drawing down the wrath of God upon them by

their sines and animosities, and it would not be strange if they were all delivered to their foes. He pointed, with a sneer, to the rocky ramparts around, and asked how they could scale them. But I had touched a chord in his heart that responded to the touch; and though at first he declared he would sooner turn Moslem than obey the Patriarch, he gradually relented, and in the end was restored to the church. The anathema that had rested on him for years was removed, at the feast of the cross, in September, and Heiyo himself walked some miles to meet the Patriarch, and make peace with the Malek, with whom he had long been at war. Mar Shimon came in person and re-consecrated the church, which, from its central position and hoary antiquity, was held in great veneration. Many thousands, from all parts of the tribe, joined in the festivities, and I was welcomed by Heiyo with the cry of 'Hoba! hoba!' (love), about which I had spoken to him so much and so earnestly." — p. 250.

One is tempted, on reading the accounts, in this volume, of atrocities committed under the sanction of the Turkish government, to relinquish all regret in anticipation of the doom which has so long threatened the Ottoman empire, and to welcome at any price the annexation of its territory to Russia or to any power which recognizes Christianity, and where at least order prevails, if it be the order of despotism. But such is not our lasting thought. The treatment of the Nestorians by the Turkish government, though it can be neither justified nor excused, is in some degree palliated by their attitude of independence toward the empire in which their territory was included. And if we find enough in these pages to convince us that Kûrds and Turks are still barbarians, and that even the statesmen of Constantinople are but learners in the school of philanthropy, we yet hesitate to believe that the sufferings of the East are to be alleviated by Russian cannon. Rather would we look, under Providence, for the restoration of that interesting region to prosperity, outward and spiritual, to the diffusion of knowledge, proceeding from increasing intercourse with civilized Europe, and to the efforts and the example of Christians like Dr. Grant and his associates. To the efforts of such men no sectarian feeling can prevent us from according the honor they deserve, while we echo with all our hearts the sentiment of Dr. Grant: "Churches might learn to cease contending with each other, and unite their strength against the common foe. Surely there is enough to engage the whole force of the Church, without one bickering word, from this time forth. *We need union in action for the conversion of the world, rather than mere union in name or organization.*"

The History of New England, from 1630 to 1649. By JOHN WINTHROP, Esq., *First Governor of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay. From his Original Manuscripts. With Notes to illustrate the Civil and Ecclesiastical Concerns, the Geography, Settlement, and Institutions of the Country, and the Lives and Manners of the Principal Planters.* By JAMES SAVAGE, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society. A New Edition. With Additions and Corrections by the former Editor. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. xviii., 514, 504.

THOSE who have grown to mature years in this immediate community without having read Savage's edition of Winthrop's Journal, cannot be expected to know or feel the spirit of the place in which they have been brought up. Among all the great and good men who have been nurtured upon this soil, or have but pressed their feet upon it, there has been no one of a nobler soul or a truer heart than John Winthrop. To him we are indebted as the first of our Christian magistrates, the first of our annalists, and the most single-hearted of our lay churchmembers, in giving us in bodily presentment, and in a most guileless record, the true ideal of a Christian gentleman on these wilderness shores. Often as we have mused over his quaint and antiquated style of thoroughly Puritanical frankness in recording what each day brought to pass, we have felt a new sense of admiration and reverence for the man. For sweetness and magnanimity, and courtesy, and kindliness and charity towards others, we know of no superior to the honored leader of the Massachusetts Company when, with the Charter that secured their rights, they made their settlement at Boston and Charlestown.

The Journal of Governor Winthrop extends over a period of nineteen years. The illustrative matter introduced into the Appendix, and in the elaborate and ingenious annotations by the Editor, has the effect of extending the historical and biographical interest of the volumes into many years prior and subsequent to that space of time. The rich variety of matter thus presented embraces the homeliest details and affairs of the highest moment. The superstitions of the age are found attested on these pages in many harmless, and in a few painful exhibitions of human credulity. No report of the organization of each new administration for these United States is written with more of grave dignity, as warranted by the importance of the interests involved, than is the entry by the honored Governor of a record of the proceedings of the Court of the Colony, or of the doings of a church body in providing for the establishment of public worship and

the ordinances. No novel will ever be written "founded on facts" in our history, which will exceed in romance, pathos, or vividness of interest the veritable contents of this Journal. The Editor has for a quarter of a century been identified with the work on which he has so faithfully labored. A new generation of readers is now furnished with the opportunity of entering into his labors with high pleasure and sure profit.

The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By WILLIAM STIRLING, Author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain." From the Second London Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 322.

THIS delightful volume disturbs some of the romantic myths which Robertson, in the scantiness of his original materials, or in his superficial way of using them, had incorporated into his history of the Spanish Emperor. What is lost, however, to romance, is gained on the score of authentic narrative; and the result is not one whit less pleasurable in its effect upon that exquisite sense of the reader which is ministered to by some of the rarer incidents of historic biography, as it deals with the great of the earth. Mr. Stirling showed a persevering spirit in obtaining the choice documents from which he has constructed his narrative. Their genuineness is unquestioned, and the fulness of their information leaves scarcely any thing to be desired in reference to the subject on which they treat. The theme of the volume is the abdication of imperial sovereignty by Charles the Fifth, that he might retire to the holy life of the Cloister. The thread of history is taken up at the time when he completes the purpose which he had long meditated. We think that the author would have met the wishes of a large portion of his readers, if he had given an introductory sketch of the political, religious, and civil relations of the states of Europe, and of the early career of the Emperor, so that his pages might have been perused with a fuller understanding of the part which Charles had played on what was then the whole theatre of the world's dramatic action. There is scarce any period of history more complicated for general readers than that of the later empire, when the family relations of reigning sovereigns, and the connection of independent princes by a feudal union, involve every incident and every public personage in a tangled web of confusion.

The old myth of the watches or clocks gives way in Mr. Stirling's pages to a passion for horology in the illustrious recluse. The story that he celebrated his own obsequies is somewhat reduced in its details, though it is still left essentially the

same in its eccentric display of a morbid devotion. But when we read of the epicurean and the gormandizing propensities of the Emperor, and of that intensity of surviving interest in the affairs of state which he had nominally surrendered over that he might prepare for eternity; when we find him in his convent at Yuste, feeling, as it were, in his gouty fingers the threads of sensation which coursed through the politics of Europe, — we realize that he was in no sense dead to the world. There is a charm over the pages which detains the reader, and leads him to lapse into frequent reverie upon those common human traits which seem to grow colossal in those who fill the higher places of the world.

A Memorial of Horatio Greenough, consisting of a Memoir, Selections from his Writings, and Tributes to his Genius.
By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 245.

A WARM and appreciating friend of the late admired artist, the first of American sculptors, has here paid to him his own tribute of respectful love, and has gathered together many similar expressions from others. Such memorials are apt to be overwrought, especially when offered in the freshness of that sorrow which follows the time appointed for all men on the earth. Mr. Tuckerman's tribute is not chargeable even with that pardonable mistake. The subject to which he devotes his pen here neither needed exaggeration nor required that one who wrote upon it should be specially on his guard against it. Mr. Greenough was eminently a sincere and simple-hearted man. His delicate virtues as well as his shining genius impressed all who were thrown into a transient intercourse with him. The qualities which kindle and keep alive friendship were largely possessed by him. Mr. Tuckerman follows his career from his birth and childhood in Boston, his education at Cambridge, and the early tokens which he gave of an artistic taste, to his residence in Italy, and his return home on a visit, which proved to be to die. An extract from the biographer's "Italian Sketch-Book," renews the impression of his pleasant home and intercourse in the land of art.

A rich selection of essays and fragments from the sculptor's own pen, with tributes in prose and poetry to his genius, and a list of his finished works, complete the contents of this volume. We hope it may win that regard from a large circle of readers to which the merits of its subject and of its contents entitle it. May it help to extend a taste for art, and to win sympathy and honorable encouragement to those who devote themselves to its often ill-requested labors.

The Romance of Abelard and Heloise. By O. W. WIGHT.
Translator of Cousin's "History of Philosophy." New York :
D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 16mo. pp. 266.

THE moment our eyes fell upon the title of this book, so inviting and promising in its theme, we felt assured that its perusal would afford high pleasure and sound instruction. Mr. Wight has eminent qualifications for the undertaking which he has here most successfully completed. That strange intermingling of religion, love, romance, and philosophy, which the veritable tale embraces, has always divided an interest in it between classes of minds of a most opposite character. The story has often been told confusedly. Some who have dealt with it have allowed themselves to yield wholly to its sentimentality, while others have written it as but a chapter in the history of philosophy. Mr. Wight has skilfully combined all the features of interest in the tale itself with a lively and vigorous representation of the framework of society, of the life and thought and action of the time in which its personages performed their parts. How many tears have been shed over the story ! How many visitors to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise have sought out the stones which commemorate Abelard and Heloise ! Mr. Wight fears that the charge of severity may be brought against him because he withholds his condemnation of the dreadful vengeance which was visited upon Abelard. But the author's judgment is just,—though vengeance might have sought a less brutal penalty.

The Complete Works of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. With an *Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions.* Edited by PROFESSOR SHEDD. Vol. VII. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 702.

WE again make mention of Professor Shedd's excellent edition of the Complete Works of Coleridge, in connection with the publication of the last volume, which brings the undertaking to a successful result. This volume embraces the author's Poetical and Dramatic Works. Our pages from time to time make frequent reference, as is the case with some previous pages of this number, to the erratic luminary whose works are now within the reach of all American readers. We are very far from joining in the extravagant laudations of his genius which, though not so common now as they were a few years ago, do still exceed the bounds of sober and healthful justice. How Archdeacon Hare, as in the dedication to Coleridge of his "Mission of the Comforter," can ascribe to him such a religious power

over himself, is to us inconceivable. Still Coleridge represents an order of mind which will ever be instructive to a class of minds when in a transition state. He may be studied with pleasure and interest by many who neither respect his character nor would accept his philosophy.

Tribute to the Memory of Seth Low, Esq. A Sermon preached in the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 26, 1853. By FREDERICK A. FARLEY, D. D., Minister of the Church. New York: Billings & Taylor. 1853. 8vo. pp. 24.

WE use no extravagance of expression when we say that no minister of a Christian congregation ever preached a funeral sermon more justified in the subject of it, or more faithfully and touchingly true to all the harmonies of a solemn and instructive theme, than is this before us. The honored and beloved man, the exemplary and devoted Christian, the endeared husband and father, the dispenser of municipal charities, the chief pillar in a Christian church, these are epithets and titles which belonged to the late Deacon Low, in all their fulness of meaning. He was known to many of our brethren through his presence at our religious conventions, where his dignity and courtesy added a grace to his intelligent interest and his earnest zeal in all that concerned the good of our denomination. He was known by not a few of us in the pleasant and kindly hospitalities of his home, where he made the stranger welcome and caused Christian sympathy to be a strong tie of relationship to many young ministers.

The members of our elder religious society at Brooklyn owe more to him than to any other individual. He was its earliest friend. Through its days of weakness he never relaxed his labor for it, nor yielded his hope in that ultimate success with which its present full prosperity has been crowned. But his own character has been from first to last his richest contribution to it, generous as were his benefactions. A course of doctrinal lectures in explanation of our views, delivered each year, would not have done so much to remove prejudices concerning those views, and to commend them to the regard of opponents, as did the beauty and devotion of his daily life. In reading Dr. Farley's excellent discourse, we have had no rising misgiving as to any excess of eulogy, but, on the contrary, have felt that the preacher had only to give expression to the deep sentiments of regard and veneration and personal gratitude wrought in his own heart through many years of intimate intercourse with his departed friend. Truly have we lost one whose faith and example should work upon us a holy influence.

A Geological Map of the United States, and the British Provinces of North America: with an Explanatory Text, Geological Sections, and Plates of Fossils which characterize the Formations. By JULES MARCOU, United States Geologist, Member of the Geological Society of France, etc., etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 8vo. pp. 92.

THE text of this book is designed to illustrate the map and to elucidate the geological structure of the northern half of this continent. Of course we have here a strictly scientific work, rigidly confined to one view of the facts which it embraces, leaving the economical applications to be made by those who have the power to make them. Only a practical geologist, following the matter by his own immediate investigations, could be competent to give us a sketch of so vast a field of inquiry as is here opened. The treasures of mineral wealth covered by the soil of our wide-spread domain unite with the many curious questions of scientific interest to exalt the theme of this map and volume into great importance for our citizens. An immense amount of labor here presents its results in a very small compass. The volume is dedicated to Professor Agassiz, with whom M. Marcou shared the zest and the toils of an exploring expedition in the interior wilderness of our land.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Commencement at Harvard College. — The first Commencement at this ancient institution under the Presidency of the Rev. Dr. Walker took place on Wednesday, July 20th. The day was further signalized by the fact, that the class which graduated upon it was the largest that ever went forth from the College. Propitious weather, a full church, some excellent speaking, and many well-written exercises, gave a pleasant interest to the occasion. The honorary degrees which were conferred were bestowed as follows: — That of Doctor of Divinity, upon the Rev. Jaazaniah Crosby of Charlestown, N. H.; the Rev. William Newell, and the Rev. William A. Stearns, of Cambridge; the Rev. George W. Hooper of Buffalo, N. Y.; the Rev. Richard Fuller, D. D. of Baltimore; and the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D. of Boston. That of Doctor of Laws, on his Excellency John Henry Clifford, Governor of Massachusetts; the Hon. Pliny Merrick, and the Hon. George T. Bigelow, Justices of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth; the Hon. Henry Barnard, of Connecticut; the Hon. Willard Phillips, and the Hon. Nathan Hale, of Boston; the Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General of Canada, and the Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere. That of Master of Arts, on the Rev. Otis Ainsworth Skinner, the Rev. Edmund Burke Willson, William

Henry Swift, Uriah A. Boyden, Benjamin Franklin Tweed, and Thomas William Parsons.

The venerable and Rev. Dr. Willard, of Deerfield, who had graduated fifty years ago, and who for more than twenty years has maintained a cheerful spirit, and found means of serving his fellow-creatures, in a state of total blindness, implored the Divine blessing at the well-spread tables, and the usual Psalm was sung by the crowded company.

In our Number for May appeared an extract from a letter from Rev. Mr. Hunter, the distinguished antiquary of London, in which he ascribed to Mr. Drake, in his History of Boston, an error of ten years in the date of the birth of the celebrated Captain John Smith. It seems but justice to Mr. Drake to state, that in this Mr. Hunter was mistaken; and in justice to Mr. Hunter we will add, that he soon discovered the source of his error, which was duly acknowledged, — being misled by an inscription upon a Dutch copy of Smith's Map of New England.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Installation. — The Rev. FREDERICK HINCKLEY, late of Haverhill, was installed as Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, in HARTFORD, Ct., on July 6th. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Hudson of Southington, Ct.; Selections from Scripture, by the Rev. Mr. Tiffany of Springfield; Sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Bellows of New York; Prayer of Installation, by the Rev. Dr. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. Mr. Longfellow of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Closing Service, by the Pastor elect.

Dedication. — A new Unitarian Society has recently been organized at New Brighton, on Staten Island, New York, and its place of worship, under the title of "The Church of the Redeemer," was dedicated on June 29th. The Sermon, preached by the Pastor, the Rev. John Parkman, was printed in the New York "Christian Inquirer," for July 9th. This Discourse presents one of the most lucid and earnest statements that we have ever perused of the religious wants of our time, and of the mode and spirit in which Christian truth must be applied to meet them. It seems that the edifice, which it was supposed would accommodate all who might wish to attend it, needs enlargement already.

Theological School at Meadville, Pa. — The exercises of the graduating class of this institution for this year were delivered on June 30th. The following are the names of the graduates and the subjects of their Dissertations: — "Christ, the Head of the Church," by Mr. William Beller; — "The Prophet Joel," by Mr. Charles Bugbee; — "The Aged Pastor," by Mr. William D. Haley; — "The Unitarians of Poland and Transylvania," by Mr. Almanza S. Ryder; — "The Apocalypse," by Mr. A. A. Spencer; — "The Doctrine of Justification," by Mr. Benjamin F. Staman. The Anniversary Sermon was delivered by the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston, whose subject was, "The Word of Life; A Living Ministry; and A Living Church." The institution has received during the last year, besides other donations, some legacies amounting to three thousand dollars. It has now been in operation a sufficient length of time to fulfil in some degree the hopes which attend-

ed its foundation. That its influence has already been felt for good in the region whose religious wants it was designed to aid in supplying, we have gratifying evidence. The fruits which have already grown from it must help to enforce its claims upon the regard of our denomination, and upon the munificence of those who are able to enrich it with the means of greater usefulness. Its laborious and devoted teachers are wholly given to the service of those who seek its fostering care.

Theological School at Cambridge. — The usual Sermon before the graduating class of this institution was delivered on Sunday, July 17th, by the Rev. C. A. Bartol of Boston, on the theme, "Christ's Authority is the Soul's Liberty." The Thirty-seventh Annual Visitation of the School took place on Tuesday, the 19th. Four of the members of the Senior Class read dissertations as follows: — "Romanism and Protestantism in relation to the Sentiment of Religious Reverence," by Mr. William Martin Bicknell; — "The Peculiarities of the Gospel of John," by Mr. Samuel Abbot Smith; — "Paul's View of the Moral Nature of Man," by Mr. Frederick Augustus Tenney; — "The Character and Influence of Melancthon," by Mr. Loammi Goodenow Ware. The two other classes contain respectively seven and ten members. The number who intend to enter the new class has not yet been ascertained. How inadequate to supply the wants of our pulpits this small number of theological students must be, is obvious to all our readers. Our own denomination is in this respect in the same situation for the present, and under the same prospects for the future, as are all other Protestant denominations. We recently read in a Baptist paper a statement, which, if it is not referrible to an error in the types, is certainly of an astounding character. The statement was, that four thousand of the Baptist churches in the United States are now without settled pastors. We are wont to say of evils of this sort, that when they reach such a pitch they are sure to work their own cure. This, however, is attributing to blind circumstances more of an intelligent power than it is right ever to ascribe to them, while we are wholly silent about the divine or human agencies which ought to guide circumstances. We are indeed left at no loss to account for the relatively diminished number of candidates for the Christian ministry; the reasons for it are sufficiently plain, though we have no intention now of enumerating them. The relation of the Theological School at Cambridge to the College remains precisely the same as when we referred to the matter a year ago, except so far as the issue which the case presents grows more and more complicated by the assertion on the part of the Commonwealth, or of a portion of its citizens, of a right to interfere with the chartered administration of the College.

The Annual Meeting of the Alumni of the Theological School was held in the afternoon of the day of visitation, the chair being occupied by the Rev. Ralph Sanger of Dover, Vice-President of the Association. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: — Rev. Dr. Gannett, President; Rev. Ralph Sanger, Vice-President; Rev. J. F. W. Ware, Secretary; Rev. Wm. Newell, Rev. A. B. Muzzey, and Rev. A. R. Pope, Committee. The following resolution, proposed by the Rev. S. Osgood, and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Sanger, was unanimously passed, to be entered on the records: —

"*Resolved*, That in the death of the Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman, late President of this Association, we have lost a most faithful friend, and we do hereby place upon our record our tribute of affectionate respect to

his memory, as a most kindly brother in the ministry, and a munificent benefactor of this school."

The Annual Address before the Association was then delivered by the Rev. Oliver Stearns of Hingham, as found on our previous pages.

The Rev. Edmund H. Sears of Wayland, and the Rev. W. G. Eliot of St. Louis, Mo., were elected First and Second Preachers for the next year.

OBITUARY.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS BROWN, Pastor of the First Congregational Parish in West Cambridge, Mass., died June 14th, 1853, in Springfield, Mass., at the age of thirty-three years.

He was on his homeward way from a journey to the South, undertaken during the preceding month, at the advice of his physician, — the state of his lungs having, for some weeks, disabled him from preaching. The benefit hoped for was not realized; the disease — for such it proved — developing itself with unwonted rapidity, and terminating his life as above stated. Aware of the improbability of his reaching home, he sent for his wife and child and sister to come to him, and until the very last had a mental brightness and activity enabling him to enjoy their presence and society, while his heart was full to overflowing of faith and love and trust and peace. His remains were brought to West Cambridge, and buried, from the meeting-house, in the village cemetery, — in a lot he had selected for himself and adorned, and where an infant child had been laid before him; a large company of parishioners and fellow-townsmen attesting, by their presence, the respect and esteem in which he was held among them. His ministry was a short one, — only four and a half years, — but by no means an ineffective one. It was diligently and faithfully occupied, and had increased, year by year, in power and promise. Mr. Brown had no extraordinary intellectual endowments, nor had he enjoyed the advantage of that academic culture which usually precedes an entrance upon the studies immediately preparatory to his profession. These he entered upon not until several years of manhood had been passed; circumstances forbidding an earlier gratification of a wish, indulged even in childhood, and growing with his growth. After pursuing its prescribed course of study, he graduated from the Theological School, Cambridge, in 1848; and in November of the same year received and accepted a call from the parish in whose service he died, — taking at once, and continuing to hold, a most respectable rank as a thinker and preacher, while as a pastor and man he won, we believe, universal confidence and respect. He was a noticeable example of what an earnest purpose and a consecrated will may do for the quickening and enlargement of the mental powers. He loved his profession. His heart was in his work. He gave himself wholly to it. And therefore, while he had happiness in it, he had also, as no one thus laboring can fail to have, — apparent or unrevealed, — success. He was a sincere man, without guile, single-minded; meek, gentle, full of kind sympathies, delighting to serve and comfort others; a man earnestly and spiritually religious. His loss will be long and deeply felt by those to whom he ministered, as well as in that narrow circle of which he was the centre and the joy.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CLXXX. FOR NOVEMBER, 1853.

Writers.

- ARTICLE I. — Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol Boston.
 „ II. — Rev. Solon W. Bush Brattleboro', Vt.
 „ III. — Rev. Thomas Hill Waltham.
 „ IV. — Rev. S. Osgood New York.
 „ V. — C. C. Smith, Esq. Boston.
 „ VI. — { Rev. Joseph H. Allen Bangor, Me.
 { Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D.D. . . . Boston.
 „ VII. — Rev. George E. Ellis Charlestown.
 „ VIII. — Rev. William Newell, D.D. . . . Cambridge.
 „ IX. — Notices of Recent Publications.
 „ X. — Literary Intelligence.
 „ XI. — Religious Intelligence.
 „ XII. — Obituary.

. Under the present law, postage on periodicals is one cent for three ounces, and one cent for each additional ounce; but, when paid quarterly in advance, a deduction of one-half is allowed.

The "Examiner" weighs not over eight ounces. The postage is, therefore, six cents per number, and, if paid quarterly in advance, but three cents per number, or eighteen cents a year.

CROSBY, NICHOLS, & Co., 111, Washington Street.

the soul's liberty, — considering the subject in the division already named. First, there is nothing to enslave, but power only to liberate, in Christ's laws. He does not attempt to conceal his claim of moral authority. He lays down the most unbending precepts in the plainest terms. He would not catch men by keeping his yoke out of sight, or saying he has no burden for them to carry,

but by explaining that this yoke and burden are from no tyranny, have no weight but what is put in them by a meek and lowly heart, and are thus so light and easy as to be not the oppression, but the emancipation, of weary and heavy-laden mortals. But does it not seem mockery to talk of liberating by a yoke and of giving rest by a burden? In regard to the yoke, we answer, No; for, though this figure is constantly misused, the purpose of a yoke is not to cramp, but to afford ease and the best advantage for drawing a burden. In regard to the burden, too, we answer, No; for the rest of a human being is not, is never, in bearing nothing. So he becomes the heaviest of all burdens to himself, and lugs about his own body and soul, a wretched load, depressing him more than aught beside he could lift, till he becomes like the sailor in Eastern fable, mounted by a spectral monster which no agony could throw off.

Christ's idea here is but man's experience. Not the worker, but the idler, has a heavy tread; only the charge of a thousand responsibilities gives an alacrity of step scarce touching the ground, and the necessity of exertion fires the nerves and speeds the circulations. Ambition itself is less discomposing than a forced calm. Napoleon rested less in the little island of St. Helena, than when a score of empires made his bed. That line of the old versifier's fancy,

"Some place delight in action, some in ease,"

assumes a contradiction which hardly holds in fact. The little child, weary of its leisure and asking if you have not another errand for it to do; the bird, more at rest on its wings than on its feet; the horse obediently toiling for a faithful master, with more repose than the wild animal of the desert; the kingly eagle, fatigued in stooping for his prey, but by what he seizes and sustains impelled as with a motive up to his nest; the ship, without a cargo fretting at the wharf, with her freight swimming cheerfully before the breeze; — all these are emblems of spiritual truth; and the burden Jesus imposes by his moral authority in the laws of duty he enjoins, relieves and delivers the soul with just giving it that to do in which it finds its real blessedness and freedom, as every creature finds perfect rest only in the fit and harmonious exercise

of its powers. His requirement is transport. There is in truth in all nature no rest in utter stoppage, but only in smooth motion; and nothing in the world is still, but all is astir; and all is at rest when stirring in its track, — the earth in its orbit like a child in a swing, the sun in his sphere like a rider in his chariot, all the shining orbs in their magnificent mutual poise, and the soul, as Christ beyond all others has taught us, in its obligation and attraction to God and humanity.

We would have no jealous sectarian or even Christian partiality. Let every moral system have credit according as it has thus exercised the nature of man, while to Christianity falls the award simply of having given it the best exercise, which benefits the more it is prescribed upon those else ignorant of their own welfare, and the stronger the signals inducing them to adopt it, so that impertinent and inhuman is the nice scrupulosity that would withhold its application or soften its severity.

In short, Christ's deliverance of the soul is an exchange of burdens. He finds the race heavy laden and he proposes to unbind Pilgrim's pack as he goes on his way, and replace it with what he ought for his welfare to carry.

But in speaking of those that are burdened, Christ refers not to such alone as are crushed by manual toil or goaded by physical necessities. Many are in worse labor than that of the horny fingers or the sweating brow. There are tasks and struggles which men stand to more painfully, and are worn by more dreadfully, than those of spade and scythe, band and wheel, rope and rudder. Beyond the furrow of the ground, the smoke of the furnace and tempests on the sea, his piercing eye saw the stooping of the spirit under sin, the shoulders of transgression bent through ages beneath measureless piles of brute and human sacrifice, and round with heaps of cruel expiation. He saw it watch and droop, gazing into the dim light of its scanty discoveries, such as but made bright-eyed and honey-mouthed Plato long for some navigator from the eternal shore. O, there was a burden on the soul already! The poor, crazy murderess yonder in our asylum, hearing from the adjoining room a cry for light, and saying she, for her part, was resolved, if there were more light in the other world, her neighbor should reach it, furnishes no unapt emblem of an intellect

bewildered under the burden of doubt. Wretched iniquities, too, like ghosts of judgment to the wicked king, lying heavy on the soul, with the common burden of mortality that lies on us all, sinking men into the grave, and, by a hold of the heart-strings, dragging survivors after them as the drowner draws those next him to perdition, or as down some inclined plane of way-side ruin slides one rank after another before plunged into the abyss, — oh! before Christ came, were not the generations of men indeed laden with the huge three-ply burden of sin, uncertainty, and sorrow? But, untying from it this burden, he would not leave it loose and irresponsible, with the levity of a feather swept about in every wind or the vanity of a vessel empty of its contents, to show that last misery of an existence in vain. Therefore, for the burden, so miserable, of false ideas and superstitious tasks, he substitutes the happy one of a true faith and a righteous labor.

We offer no proof in words that so issues the practice of Christian principles. The logic of human history sufficiently evinces how joyless always it is to leave the highest standard of duty. As the punishment of the deserter is always severe, so doom cannot be escaped by the self-loving refugee from the divine kingdom; for the rest man wants is not an outward state, but far more within; and by a secret jar, by a grumbling pain, by their internal clash or essential ache, while every thing in the outward lot may be fair and soft as summer, the vital powers will feel the judgment on a wrong or negligent life. As it is dangerous for the merchantman unballasted to cross the deep; so in the winds and waves of temptation will founder the soul that skims light and vacant with all its gay streamers on the eternal voyage. Christ's moral authority, though it prescribes our course, does not violate, but enlarges our freedom, just as the road upon the land or the channel through the waters, though defined and authoritatively laid down, is precisely and only the path in which the traveller or seaman is *free* to go, while deviation is entanglement, overthrow, destruction. The rest of Christ's yoke and burden is not indeed the dead slumber of an exhausted frame, but of a living nature, rest from guilt and struggle and remorse, rest in congenial activity and aspiring love; as the angels sang,

peace on earth ; as the saints tell, a Sabbath-day's journey towards heaven. It is a burden lightened by increase of strength, by supply of motive, by stimulus of example, not by exemption from duty, or diminished weight of responsibility, but by turning duty and responsibility, which will ever cling to us, into liberty and joy.

Verily it is a reality in the history of searching and wandering man. While, at our momentary look, unrest comes like an all-disturbing flood from the very eyes of the alienated being that has not found his home in God, what a river of peace serenely runs into us from the reconciled and communing heart ! Not alone from the well and prosperous, but from the sick, from those that have suffered, from those surely declining, yet looking clear and open-eyed at the grave into which they decline, a sight as sublime, we think, as the sun shines upon, a life-giving quiet, a resistless spiritual order, of which the elements of the universe moving with primeval dignity and depth are but a sign and picture, marking Christ's moral authority for the soul's liberty ; the soul's liberty, because action is the essence of freedom, and right action of perfect freedom, and Christ alone, of all law-givers, enjoins action purely right ; because, moreover, to such peaceful action forgiveness of sin is requisite, and Christ, offering the atonement of his blood on the cross, teaching by his own example that the sacrifice of self is the true sacrifice and that the loving acceptance of God is boundless to the believing penitent, assures the pardon, opening a highway over the earth into the heavens.

But Christ's authority is not only moral in his laws : it is also intellectual in his lessons ; for so he implies by his direction, *Learn of me*. This command assumes that there are certain matters on which we are beforehand inquiring. Truly so it is. To ask questions on all subjects, but especially, as the mind awakes, on our own origin and destiny, is indeed a chief characteristic of our nature. We see it in the endless inquisitiveness of a child, who would at once rove and drag us into every hard problem which has foiled the most ancient, inveterate ingenuity of the race ; and who is in this but "the father of the man," showing to us our adult selves. But man cannot answer the questions as easily as he asks them ; for it is a proverb, that the child or the fool can

ask questions to which the philosopher cannot reply. Oh, what power made me? for what end? by what way? We ask the question often, like one that shouts among the hills and hears but an echo. The earth says, It is not in me. Death and the grave say, It is not in us. The fields, now blooming, soon to fade, grant but hints and guesses. The stars, that neither bloom nor fade, but ride in perpetual splendor, shining now on our steps and next on our ashes, turn us back to the riddle which they seem almost to wink and mutter that we can solve better in our own breasts. Some eternal Power and God-head the visible scene declares, but, with all its brightness, is dark or very dim — let the groping spirit of ages tell how much so — upon his purposes or our fate.

Now it is upon this questioning and uninformed lot of humanity that Christ's words bear. He affirms mankind's religious ignorance, no man, he says, knowing who the Father is, or who the Son, — the original parent and producer, or he into whom first his life flowed, — the Being that is for ever, or his filial and representative spirit, — till Christ came with the revelation.

The nature of man is an inquiry, and so perhaps best defined; but the Gospel is not an inquiry; it is a reply. This is peculiar about it; it does not propose or repeat our enigmas; it does not invite us to join in a hunt and chase through the universe after truth, but settles every point of doubt. It is not a book of conjectures, but, like the folios in a judicial library of laws and decisions, full of statutes and heavenly precedents for every case of human procedure. In the mind and in the world are open questions; in Christianity these open questions are closed, and a period put to the busy barrenness or blank suspense of our most solemn interrogations. We learn from Jesus whence we came, where we are, whither we go, what we must do, and how the existence in us shall truly and immortally live. He tells all plainly, unequivocally, oracularly, on authority; nor on his beautiful, blessed soul, clear and calm, pervaded by God's spirit, does one cloud of doubt seem ever to rise.

But does not this authority to teach invade the privilege of free inquiry, and thus oppress the soul? So assert those who take not Jesus for their master, but trust only themselves, and try every thing by the human facul-

ties. But when we talk of privileges, they forget that the great privilege or freedom of the human mind is not merely or mainly to ask questions, but, moreover, to have replies. It is a melancholy privilege, indeed, simply to inquire, and inquire and get no answer. To be a free inquirer alone is, like Noah's dove, to be for ever flying over the deluge and finding for the sole of our foot no rest. To have answers, the more certain and authoritative the better, is to see the waters by divine power abate, so that we can move every way happily and freely through the world.

From daily experience in familiar things, we perceive the qualified and at least partial value of this prerogative of free inquiry ; when, on occasion, from house to house, and street to street, in quest of some particular place, or thing, or person, making inquiry after inquiry of one and another, we are referred and referred from door to door and agent to agent, till at last, exhausted and wellnigh discouraged, we are but too happy to find any body, though else a simpleton, by whom our question can be met and our search concluded. So on that sublimer pilgrimage through time, in which graves of fallen friends make our milestones, and the path leads soon into eternity, it is our privilege, not only to inquire the way, but, thank God ! to know the way ; and Christ's authority to tell the way is not our slavery, but our liberty. That authority cuts a road through the stony mount of difficulty and the tangled wilderness of uncertainty. That authority rolls away the obscuring clouds from over our heads and makes the Sun of Righteousness burst forth to illumine all our steps. That authority opens a heaven of ever-blissful advance for our home.

Free inquiry forsooth ! *Unlimited* free inquiry ! It would be nothing but the sharp wrench and endless torment of the mind. It would be the thinker never coming to a conclusion. It would be the experimenter never succeeding. It would be the explorer for some north-west passage hanging and hovering with his fleets round the icy pole, through baffling winds, amid dank, chilling vapors, against sandy shoals or rocky bounds, never entering the coveted sea or finding admission through the narrowest straits. It would be the settler in the far woods having no certain abiding-place, because the first

approach of man, the faintest sound of civilization, drives him off continually nearer to the Pacific Sea. It would be Columbus, in the midst of mutiny and fear, never reaching an end to his voyage, but, as his crew verily thought and told him, piercing into a boundless wilderness of waves. It would be Kepler or Newton never ascertaining or allowing the laws of celestial motion, but through the misty air plunging restless till the day of their death. Nay, it would make the mind a monster, to turn its whole exercise into free inquiry, and, with a grand and universal sound in the ear, be a poor and destructive fact for the life. For the mind wants not only to inquire, but to discover; is constituted by its Almighty Maker with capacity for satisfaction as well as impulse of aspiration; has organs not alone for inquiry, but for love, and will, and conduct; craves not the agitation of a perpetual inquest, but inward serenity, comfort, and peace, yea, though it seem almost too sublime a thing to mention or imagine, even peace with God; and its demand for these things is in it a divine pledge and earnest that somehow, somewhere, it shall have them, — is a prediction in our nature of a revelation, and a prophecy, not recorded in the Hebrew books, of the Son of God. Nor could there be of this a juster statement than that in the holy oracles themselves: *Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.* If there be no arbitrary, humanly devised limit to the freedom of inquiry, or none which we can tolerate, there is, in the wisdom and mercy of God, a rational and practical limit, in those positive results of benefit for the sake of which alone we should inquire.

So the very quality and meaning of our existence would teach. Life is well compared to a journey; but who of himself can tell where it runs? The bird, over land, athwart the sky, by instinct, without surveyor's instrument or chain, flies its course. The soul, because it questions of a grander flight or journey, is at a loss. But at the outset of its childhood Christianity comes and opens the gate, bridges the gulfs of difficulty and peril, plants the guide-board, brings the living guide directing to the mountain-top of age, and points to the mysterious prospect of futurity; and is not all this guidance, as well as our capacity to inquire, God's blessing? We would

not speak lightly on a solemn theme, but the definition once in a literary dispute given of a note of interrogation, *it is a little crooked thing that asks questions*, aptly suggests the decrease, distortion, and abuse of that interrogator's mind who is ever querying and never willing to receive instruction. Christ's authority expands it into better proportions, does not chain, but, like as it did the lunatic, looses and lets it go. For though by a very false contradistinction reason is set over against Christ and against revelation, yet Christ came not to balk but to bless our reason, and in him and his supremacy our reason most rejoices. He is reason to us corresponding to reason in us.

It is in the moral as in the material sphere. Not simple inquiry into the outer world gives ease and liberty. Unsettled inquiry involves in doubt and fear. But a few determinate replies of science about the shape of the globe, the relation of land and sea, of the sun and moon and Jupiter's satellites, emancipate sailor and traveller, and send them forth across every plain, along every river, into every harbor, through every ocean and clime, the franchise of all nature secured, not so much by the interrogatory of ignorance as by the answer of knowledge. So under the lustre of Christ's replies the heavenly country shines out, as, in the light of growing invention, the old, once unknown globe peers forth from the monstrous dark of unreckoned ages. We can ask questions. The child can ask them. The fool can ask them. We need the answer of Christ, to console and encourage, that we may labor cheerfully and suffer hopefully, that sorrow may not deject, nor dissolution affright, nor aught that can happen to those we love disturb us.

The human race has gone greatly forward, as by its own strength and wit, in worldly improvement; has ascended many a hill of advantage and found out many an instrument of pleasure. The cultivator annually brings his fruits to greater perfection; commerce pours out more abundantly riches from every zone; the loom weaves finer every fabric for our defence or fancy; the locomotive takes us up in its cunning-jointed arms of iron and wood, and carries us and our burdens whither we will, beyond the compass of our feeble, outworn feet: and more than we can tell of vast and countless ameliorations

has the human species made in its lot. But oh! the very beings thus aided and gratified, and if we will self-aided and self-gratified, what are they but a weak, short-lived race? Death dashes cup and loaf from our hands. Death takes off the gay and comfortable robes. Death stands in the way of the splendid and rapid car. Fast as it goes, we see it has to stop for Death! Such dignity and grandeur has he! Shall the soul escape him? We can ask the question. Some sage thinks he sees the light of an answer. Christ gives an additional answer, clear and decisive, which the common soul can receive and, receiving, from all terror be free. Men have often made religion gloomy; yet his is not a gloomy religion, but takes the gloom out of gloomy things; so that death which has been gloomy, and the grave very gloomy, and sickness and grief gloomy, may be gloomy no more, but we go through them all in spiritual light, liberty, and joy.

We would cheer no assault on the rights of the mind. Only one voice can say, Thus far and no farther! To the behests of that voice alone we bow, or ask another to bow. It is our prerogative to inquire. Let us yield it up to no tyranny. Let nothing, however sacred, be shut against it. Let Christianity, according to each one's proper measure and ability, be the subject of it. It is the word of the latest champion of the ancient faith against the modern latitude, — we mean Bunsen, — that, from those competent to make, we want more of it. Let us, however, have wisdom, not only to inquire, but of Christ also to learn. It is sometimes said free inquiry may lead us away from the institutions and faith of his religion, but not away from God. But true inquiry will lead us both to him and his Father, while what has been called free inquiry has, in later and former times, led not a few into atheism as well as infidelity, by perverting and misusing into hurt and disproportion the powers of the mind.

It is a matter of common sense. If I find more inquiry fetching me into a fruitless field of useless thought and unblest existence, I need no despot to restrain me. I myself voluntarily modify such inquiry, by calling up other faculties and engaging in a more profitable activity. What, we pray, is inquiry among the other exercises of this

undying mind, that it should assert precedence of all beside, and, in the moral exhibition of this world, claim to be the great, peerless diamond from the mine and treasury of creation, like the Koh-i-noor gem, to shine chiefly in the eyes and attract the wishes of all! But why attempt to prove that the intellectual authority of Christ's doctrine emancipates us from spiritual bondage? Compare in the book perhaps on your library-table the horrible fancies, the heavy oppressive style of Egyptian drawing and architecture, setting the best attainable ideas of the highest themes, with the celestial hues and ascending proportions of Christian art, and see demonstration in the symbol. If we want an answer when, on a journey, we inquire the way, or, sailing in unexplored seas, hail a passing ship, or from some returning company seek news of dear ones left on a foreign shore, do we not want it respecting the track of duty, the bourne of destiny, and the state of those conveyed before us to the eternal coast? Will we insist on spelling out every thing for ourselves, when the spelling out of many things for us may be our best furtherance? Let us learn these things of Christ. We shall not learn from him other things, about the organization of our frame, or the make of nature, or the dubious and distant history of this world, about the circulations of the sap below or the revolutions of the planets above, no geology or astronomy, business or political economy. These are little things, very little. He will teach the great and ever-during.

In fine, Christ's authority as supernatural, which was his own first proof of his mission, though now it is strangely made the chief objection to his religion, and charged as binding our belief to an absurdity, has really been, not the oppression, but the liberation of the soul, as it was of the body. For the soul wishes, of all things, to feel that it is not subject to the absolute rule and working of the material world, that the external law of the universe is not its lord and final disposer, but that it holds of a higher sphere and is in the hand of a mightier king and judge; and of this Christ's wonderful deeds are a pledge.

Beautiful are the laws of nature, vast and splendid the building they are instruments to rear; and who, that with any sensibility scans that building, would speak ill

of the magnificent lodging into which he has been received? But what the heathen poet so finely called the flaming walls of the world, are but the walls of a prison, when within them the soul feels its life wholly included; and the supernatural finger from God which unroofs the little edifice, shows other rooms for his children's abode, and transfers all sacred endurance from the statutes of the earth and sky to the Builder's own personal freedom and love, is not the soul's fettering, but that very soul-liberty, in our New England phrase, of which our fathers came in quest over the sea; for it is a release from matter and material law.

Law! material law! what would it do for us and with us? It would seem to take us when we begin and have just got into being, to make us grow from feeble rudiments into mature understanding and enjoyment of the world. It would give us the earth for our chariot, and let us ride bravely in it a few times in its journey round the sun. Beside the plants and trees it would set us, and clothe us awhile in the bloom and promise of spring. It would open to us the grandeur of the Divine works, to look at as we gaze on a swiftly passing panorama, or delight ourselves in the show of an evening's entertainment and converse. Like a giant holding a child, it would put us parallel with all nature's sublimity, as it rolls in the tides below, or sparkles in the beams above, flashing upon us and sweeping us along in the short, ephemeral journey of our existence, till the rein slacken in our grasp, and we drop out of our seat. But the law, the cold material law of the world, having done thus much for us, having cheered and flattered us with such display of riches and demonstration of benefit, would then, of its own action, weaken our hold and dim our sight and reduce our strength. Yea, it would cast us down from the pinnacle of the temple where it had placed us, and bow us to the dust, and while we sat looking on, it would, like a sexton, dig our grave. Yea, while the sun, with his fellows and inferiors, should still march on, and the ranks of the forest rise in verdure, and the theatre into which we had been admitted remain in all its brightness and solidity as fine and spacious as before, it would lay us away for ever senseless and lifeless as a little ashes. Verily Christ's supernatural authority, superseding this law, is the soul's liberty.

So decides the lowliest faith, so the loftiest genius. Literature may here borrow an argument for religion from that art which is the sister of them both. The miracles of art, as they are called, have risen out of the miracles of our faith. The painter has dipped his brush in that tint from the sky, that color of glory, as it has been called, which Jesus brought to robe therewith himself and his doings, and the canvas repeating the New Testament miraculous register, and telling the Son of God's annunciation, conception, transfiguration, crucifixion, and resurrection, has an immeasurably transcendent merit and triumphant fame. Indeed, it is not genius, man's highest mark, not genius of any sort, that is sceptical about Christ's supernatural authority, or feels enslaved by its injunction, but only the pride of reason, — which is a poor phrase, for reason is not proud, and cannot but by an abuse of language be so termed, — let us rather say that lower critical understanding, by a distinguished modern writer called the least of our faculties. It is not Dante, soaring into heaven after forms of seraphic loveliness and grace, and celebrating every marvel of religion, — it is not Milton, writing in his funeral lines for his friend of

“ the dear might of Him that walked the waves,” —

it is not Shakespeare, finding space in a play for a tribute to

“ those blessed feet

Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross,” —

it is no such poet, inspired of God with the crowning faculty of imagination to discern and describe spiritual things, that is infidel; but some cold logician, violating a true philosophy as he delves in the mercurial mines of a narrow metaphysics, or some superficial antiquarian, losing the harmonious life as he puzzles over the varying letter. O no! not Dante, or Milton, or Shakespeare, but it is Strauss, it is Hume, it is Paine! secondary men, always secondary, exercising the secondary faculties of the human mind, while the soul of childhood and the heart of humanity join in the faith of genius, and Christ's supernatural authority vindicates itself by delivering mankind from the else boundless reign of superstition, with her false pretences of miracle from ancient times, and

casts all the deluding manifestations of our own day, in any comparison of beauty, dignity, or instructiveness, into the lowest deep under the clear and perfect pattern of our Saviour's works.

If it be said, We believe in Christ not because of his miracles, but in the miracles because of Christ, it matters not; for he was himself the first great miracle, from which the other miracles flowed as the most natural thing in the world, — in preaching to the poor he was as extraordinary as in giving sight to the blind; and, in the height of his spirituality, could afford to disparage his miracles themselves, so that his light mention of them on one or two occasions, as quoted by the Evangelists, is unsuspecting proof of their reality. Miraculous works are not the ultimate verification of any intellectual or moral propositions, though they may bring them into the forefront of the mind, lay an emphasis on them in the record, separate them from the general body of truth, from all other statements or doctrines however intrinsically just, into peculiar importance, bind up for all time the historic volume in which their testimony is contained, and seal the authority to teach of him by whom they are wrought. But the supernatural authority of Christ's life and temper, breaking upon the world, the most wondrous phenomenon that ever entered it, to contravene the base habits of men, — this above all is the redemption of the soul.

Indeed, the supernatural is at bottom the spiritual, that power — name it how we will — within, beyond, before, above matter, not subject to its rules, but using and changing them to its purposes. Nay, the whole miraculous movement of the Gospel finds its consummation in making us aware of a spiritual and supernatural principle in ourselves, which is capable of essential life and purity, which is not the property of the matter that clothes it, which came not from it and shall not go to it, on which its clods shall not press, nor its hills fall, which its rocks shall not cover, which its dissolutions shall not dissolve, and over which the cold winds of its valleys shall never blow. It has been a pleasant fancy of the poet, that out of the dust of those dear to us the pale and crimson freshness of the flowers may grow. Ah! it is but a sad grace, a melancholy beauty, to which they thus contribute. On such flowers, were they all, only bitter tears could

drop. More blessed is it to perceive in the wasting frame a vital, undying energy of holiness and love, a divine power and will, tenacious of life, — not of the present bodily, but of the immortal, independent life, — a token that Christ's supernatural authority is the soul's liberty.

It has been said, we cannot believe in a miraculous fact as we believe in an unseen principle, as we believe in God. So we would admit and affirm. But this is no slight upon the particular fact of miracle; for we cannot believe in *any* fact or mass of facts as we believe in God; — bless and praise Him! Every thing we behold is passing smoke before that mysterious glory. But the indications of that glory, which we receive most of all from Him who was the brightness of it, may lead us on into the liberty of the sons of God.

We hope the theme we have thus presented may prove not untimely. The great cry of our age and our land is *Liberty*, liberty for all! There is to this lifted a counter-cry of *Law and order*! From our discussion it would appear that, truly understood, there is no contradiction in these cries; but that they meet in one idea, there being no true liberty but in obedience to just command, and no proper moral law without freedom to act and to obey. Again, there is in one class or another, or from the heart of mankind, a cry for our rights! which the self-renouncing spirit of religion in the soul answers with a lowlier cry to know and do our duties. Here too philosophy and piety unite to teach every creature, man or woman, that the duties are the loftiest and most blessed rights. The poets Coleridge and Herbert, the one appealing to liberty and the other celebrating law, have by Ruskin been contrasted. They should rather be reconciled. For the former addresses the free elements as those that yield homage only to eternal laws; and the latter but warns against the worst bondage, when he cites the trusty sun and sky for our examples of living by rule, that we may keep company with all God's works.

"Lose not thyself, nor give thy humors way;
God gave them to thee under lock and key."

Accordingly, with what beauty, as by an instinct for truth and impossibility of any exposure to narrowness or extravagance, the great Bible speaks of the *law of*

liberty and of that *service which is perfect freedom*, joined in one seemingly antagonistic principle, as in nature we so often see opposite elements coalesce from their struggle in one simple product. We know of no topic more wholesome than this, especially for the mind of our own country to ponder. In the conflict among us of false extremes that can never be harmonized, boldness of speculation on one side and subjection to creeds on the other, utter individual independence and social servility, political license in the majority with unjust slavery in a weaker race, there is nothing it so becomes us to strive for as that combination of principle with free-will, which has its rise in religion, the fountain-head of all human thought and action, and thence pervades with sanctifying, cementing power all the departments of human life.

Such a consummation will be promoted if an idea can ever find us which will do away the antithesis, in particular, that has always been supposed between Christ's authority and the soul's liberty, and makes that authority and liberty the same, as verily, in the sight of God, we believe they are. We cannot offer a better prayer to God, we cannot breathe a better wish for man, than that this antithesis may be solved in our hearts, and so we be empowered to solve it in the hearts of all whom we may reach. So we shall move forward a little the chariot-wheels of the great God, who is Father and King. So we shall hasten the blessed day when Christ's universal lordship shall prove the emancipation of mankind.

To the argument, however, which we have now presented for Christianity as the great liberating power for the world and the soul, there are not in our time wanting those who will object, that more is accorded to this special system of religion than it deserves, nay, that, could it do all we affirm, God were unjust to bestow benefits so immense so partially on a remnant of the race in a fragment of time, and therefore that such a faith in it as we require does not thus enlarge, but narrows, the mind. These critics are learned and reflecting men. Let one fact, however, in regard to them, be noted, that they wish not to be called infidel, but rather cling to the Christian name. Among intelligent men few have the hardihood, or, as one expressed it, strength of constitution, openly to renounce Christianity. How and wherefore is

this? What is that vital power in the Gospel, that embracing reality, of which they who have once seen it cannot be rid? They criticize its prophecies, stumble at its miracles, doubt its inspiration; itself they are unable to throw off. A mysterious influence here balks all speculation, and wellnigh baffles all description. The truth is, Christianity has so possessed itself, beyond mere belief or respect, of the very consciousness and instinct of mankind, so vindicates itself to the common sense of the world as the noblest birth of time, chief dress of divinity, and supreme title of humanity, by the very sound of its syllables so designates universally to the ear and heart what is best, that it cannot fairly be disowned. It has a strange predominance and an unaccountable superiority. Its bidding is ghostly and compulsive of regard. Its operation resembles that of a natural law, and the attempt to check it is like trying to hinder the flow of the sap or still the circulation of the blood. It exerts a supernatural influence over even those who deny its supernatural claim. Something not to be antiquated, an air which we cannot help breathing, the climate in which all pure manners grow, the moral horizon and limit of vision, the unearthly grasp of an invisible hand, it constrains in the breast a tribute the lips may refuse.

But leaving this incomprehensible and intuitive charm, of those who doubt the equity of such a higher disclosure we ask, How has the Divine Providence proceeded in other matters? Has it poured out the cornucopia of all privileges once and for ever on all the sons and daughters of Adam? Or was it wrong, that men in the foregoing ages should be clothed in skins, dwell in tents, creep along the shore, or, without polar guide, doubly stagger over the deep? Was it wrong, that only in some coarse signs or rude picture-language they could record facts and convey their ideas, and must run bleeding against every sharp law of the creation before they suspected its existence or knew its action? And is it unrighteous in God to have handed down successively at long intervals, in limited and sparing discovery, the compass and loom, the alphabet and the press, as it were doling out his gifts, ordaining, in art and science and outward comfort, everlasting progress for his creatures? No. We admit in all

this an order and fitness to human nature. Then neither is it wrong to have decreed ever higher forms of religious knowledge, and unfolding even unto the perfect pattern in Christ our Lord. His advent, so far from being anomalous or contradictory to the Maker's attributes or style of conduct, is only in beautiful and sublime parallelism with his other doings. His last word, like the second member in a Hebrew ode, is but responsive to the first, and in his infinite and unchangeable glory, through endless variety of benefactions, he but repeats himself, his acts poetry, and his steps through ages the rhythm of a hymn.

But to this charge, that Christianity is a scheme partial and unjust, we may furthermore answer by honestly admitting in this matter a theological excess. The Church painting of the wretched condition of the pagan world has been wholly overdone. That entire condition, as compared with the lot of Christendom, has no doubt been very low. The pagan sacrifices and superstitions, in their crushing burdensomeness or bewildering distraction, were but restless agony in sad contrast with that serene worship of the Father which Jesus first inaugurated and with so exultant prediction, as though his calm breast throbbed and his cheek for once kindled, set shining in the coming history and practice of mankind. But God did not, in the olden time, abandon his offspring. The arm of the Almighty was not shortened, nor his ear heavy, four thousand years ago. He was God even then, the universal friend and benefactor, when the morning stars began their song, as in the latest music of the spheres, and one shout of his sons links all the periods of time. Verily life was a boon in the dawn as well as at this midday of time. The world, that we have explored and studied, grown so familiar with, and broken open like a worn-out toy, and many of us gotten tired of, — what a plaything of wonder and delight indeed it was when first dropped at the feet of infant man to lay hold of in its freshness and prime! When this human tribe was young in its growing health and strength, having little that was painful to remember, without the vices as well as without the virtues of civilization, stung with no inveterate remorse stretching back through the long centuries of the past, bearing no Olympiads of sin in its bosom,

and tracing in fiery comet-track no measureless cycles of deviation and mistake, — in the experience, too, of many deep and dear natural affections, that bound the members of humanity, who did not yesterday learn to love each other, — human existence was no wretched and melancholy thing.

Moreover, in respect of the protracted postponement of such a revelation as we enjoy, it must be recollected that the mass of men were not fitted to receive it, and did not even yearn for it. Their spiritual nature was undeveloped. The mind of man, like some huge edifice, seems by the great Architect to have been built part by part, as the grandest temple for the Almighty's praise is, proportion after proportion, centuries in rearing. His senses were at first keen and his external perceptions vivid. Thought slept in him. Time tyrannized over him. The body held his soul as a cradle does the child, and he neither wished nor was able to get out of it, but was occupied in looking round with pleased and curious observation through the house let him to live in. So best we can fancy his state. By no tradition and no imagination, of course, can we more than dimly follow the elder generations through the stages of their infantile joy and wonder, or understand how they learned the lessons and finished the processes of a commencing existence. Emerging from muddy Egyptian ignorance, still, like the tawny creature Milton describes in its introduction to the world, how they must have been half entangled in the clod, nor able, though struggling, quite to free themselves. This *κόσμος*, beauty, order, charmed the Greek; its conquest took up the time of the Roman; while in nomadic wandering through the wild expanse, in making a crook to gather from the boundless pasture flocks and herds for a subsistence, or in toil on the unsoftened glebe, the earth itself absorbed its inhabitants. Rest from the pressure of primeval care, the advance of commerce, the weaving of bonds of friendly communion, the opening of a true social and civil life, above all, an end to the engrossing spell of matter and some awakening of intellectual inquiry and aspiration after objects invisible, permanent, and immortal, must all come to constitute that era which was as much the human as the divine fulness of time for Christianity.

But meantime the Most High was not even religiously wanting to the beings he had made. To the dormant, half-conscious, groping nature he had fashioned for himself, that yet could not truly apprehend him, he appeared in symbols shooting in grand and cloudy gleams across its fancy, giving sincere shudders of joy and starts of homage to embrace its author, which, even through the manifold shapes of polytheism, were more precious in his sight than the dull devotion of many a modern worldling to the one God he has professed. Oh, how often, contemplating the character of the cold, earthly-minded worshipper in the blaze of celestial light, have we indeed occasion to cry out : —

“I'd rather be
A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn ; —
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Neptune rising from the sea,
Or hear old Proteus blow his wreathèd horn !”

But this may not be. Though some in these days seem to covet the old Gentile religion, and would roam through the breadth of nature seeking their divinities, the real spirit of antiquity cannot be recalled. The faith is gone. The fellowship is gone. The reality, the spontaneity, is gone. The very atmosphere to generate or sustain the forms of ancient belief and worship is gone with that which brought forth and fed the old forms of animated being, and can no more than they from the sepulchres of rock be recalled for ever. There are new heavens and a new earth : there must be new creatures, spiritual as well as material. Nature-worship must, with rare exceptions of very peculiar persons, be a sort of will-worship now. We cannot be good pagans any more. We know too much. The thing is exploded. We must, if any thing, be good Christians. There is no alternative except to be irreligious or sceptical men. Or if, like a sect of yore, one may still kiss his hand to the moon, and be taken captive by the host of heaven, it must be in a kind of private sorcery all his own ; — for any public adoration after this model, with a spark of either human or divine love in it, any communion by it, is no longer a possibility, any more than to have in a republican state a patriarchal government, or to be an Athenian citizen in a modern town, or a veritable, unaffected Stoic in this

nineteenth century, all alone, out of time. Thank God for a religion, in which our sympathies and prayers may mingle and rise all above every worn-out type, as the heavens are above the earth!

But, once more, in reply to the accusation, that our glorifying of the Gospel consists not with an even-handed Divine administration of the world, let it be considered that the Christian privilege of faith is offset with a strict Christian responsibility. There is, we are often told, an atonement in Christianity for our sins. But there is another atonement, not in our favor, but against us and in behalf of the heathen, for our opportunities. We have got to answer for our light and law and spiritual culture and saving grace, yea, for the very mercy of forgiveness. So He, at once lawgiver and lamb, abolisher of death and bringer of life and immortality to light, with terrible solemnity of adjuration assures us. He has other sheep that are not of this fold. Whoever doeth truth and mercy, whether walking with him or away from him, whatever any of the disciples may say, has the Master's commendation. In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him: and the woes against Chorazin and Bethsaida and heaven-exalted Capernaum burst in everlasting thunder against mere nominal believers; while out of the falling gates of Tyre and Sidon, through the sulphurous smoke of sinking Sodom and Gomorrah, from arctic regions of ignorance and dreadful miasms of tropic corruption, shall ascend multitudes without number, in white wedding-garments, to Him, discerning One, who holds the unerring scales over all, willing to put in many a grain of mercy for the offending, but no more for one than for another.

Christianity unjust and partial! In its own terms is a compass of equity beyond the sweep of any unaided human reason and conscience. All its means are obligations, its new lights added duties, its treasures of motive and knowledge swelling sums to be reckoned on the debtor side at the judgment-day. Do we, indeed, rejoice in our wealth? Let us tremble at it! The whole loan will be required at the great bar. Yes, for every line in living light which the pencil of inspiration has drawn, and for every precept graven in tables of stone or stamped

in a newer covenant; for every sanction that flashes out of the word of God, from the angelic sword that waved over Eden to the vials of wrath that overflowed in the mystic visions of the Apocalypse; for every forward look and pre-announcement of prophets, and for every utterance of the Lord and repetition of his witnesses and Apostles; for every certifying sign and sealing miracle, and for every scene and picture in the record of eternal beauty; for every conversation of wisdom, and for all encouragement, with each rebuke; for whatever talk our spirits have had with the Saviour, and for every visit in fancy to his cradle and cross and tomb; for our walks by faith with him to Calvary and to Emmaus, and for the use of every institution which the power of his Gospel has built up; for every loud admonition and silent partaking of the tokens of love unto death; for the sweat as of blood in Gethsemane, and each Sabbath remembrance of the Resurrection,—we must stand and speak. All this amount must we balance with some credit of diligence and faithfulness. We have had the five talents. We have had the ten pounds. It was not because God loved us and hated the heathen; but because, as Jesus said, “he that sent me is true.”

“Thy truth and justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last reward.”

The objection to a special revelation from God is of the same class with that to his manifesting himself in a part of the universe, as on this little ball of the solar system; running into the same absurdity of making the dignity of the Infinite Spirit measurable by outward extent; when the least sum of divine goodness, and even the feeblest moving of human virtue, outruns all external vastness, and preponderates over globes and constellations. One virtuous aspiration from earth, or one gracious touch from heaven, exceeds and includes the whole of that grosser immensity that we call space; so that the sceptical argument of a partial Christianity brings into absurd comparison things incommensurable. Or if it be said the question is not merely of visible spread, but of moral illumination, then we answer, that an historic religion, addressed to the human understanding, by its very terms must be particular in its beginning, in order that it may become universal in the end.

The objection we have considered takes, in fine, the form of asserting that Christianity is partial as respects the faculties of the individual mind ; that there are other things in the world besides religion, — manifold intellectual interests and practical callings not to be held inferior or shouldered aside, but in the grand congregation of human agencies having indefeasible right to room, nor, without trial, to be driven out from the chief places in the synagogue ; and that it is time to break up this foolish priestly notion of life as being a ceaseless prayer on earth or an interminable song in heaven. In short, the plea is, that spiritual interests are in the Gospel made too much of, and that Christ, as their representative, is a figure drawn preposterously large on the canvas, filling such a field of view only by a sort of optical illusion.

We answer, that it is certainly by no ambition of Jesus, or easy forbearance with him, that he has thus risen. Neither could he by any accident so preside. He sits in his place. He holds the seat God has given him. If the Almighty does, or ever did, any thing in this world, he has borne him irresistibly to the head and lordship of mankind ; for no blind chance or forward will can explain a phenomenon so vast and momentous as his superior position and prevailing sway. But, moreover, it is an erroneous understanding or false setting forth of Christianity, which assumes rivalry between her and any needful interest or honorable vocation of human life. She would not have the world divided unequally between her operations and other concerns, so that she may take the lion's share and niggardly mete out a mere support and bare foothold to every secular function. No, far different and more lofty is her ground. Instead of conquering the world, like Alexander, for herself, to leave it a subject of endless dispute among inferior officers, she would stand clear of contention, over and above all else, with a requisition simply to guide with her truth and inspire with her motives every shape of human action, art, government, business, toil, pleasure ; even like the judge in the ancient race-course, not being in the way of the chariots or limiting by an inch the reach of the track, but prescribing the righteous rules and awards of the competition. So, too, would she order all the inward faculties, which make this stir of our existence, reining

not to retard them, but to fix their direction, to harmonize their movement, to give them in the long run the best speed, and so magnify the achievements and trophies of their career.

This point in the argument, namely, of influence on the individual soul, according as it may justly turn, we admit to be vital and decisive. To take this human nature, and train and transform it, to bring out its finer energies, to loose it from every clog, cleanse it from every stain, and renew it from its original temper into a spirit of love and purity, in which all its powers shall have free play to honor their Author and bless his creatures, — this is indeed of any system the test. To whatever shall best do this, be it Christianity or aught beside, we must yield the palm. If any other scheme or independence of all schemes can accomplish it better or wider, to that we are ready to transfer our allegiance. Character is the highest proof; the sort of character any method produces is not only its result, but its touchstone; — and if there be character, from any source presentable, higher and more comprehensive than from Christianity, then her reign is over, her occupation gone: she must forthwith surrender or retire. As Napoleon said his empire rested on continued conquest, and he must go forward or lose all; as the savage has a notion that the strength of a fallen enemy passes thenceforth into the victor; as the type of animal or vegetable life that cannot by its growth and vigor make good its right to a particular locality is inexorably swallowed up by some sure successor; — so, we confess, our religion is bound, for her life, to outstrip or wrestle down every antagonist or rival. If she can do this, her case is made out. If she can do this, all minute wordy criticism upon her dates and documents, save as an humble smoothing of her outworks, is impertinent and poor; like disputing whether the seed of some venerable, gigantic tree could have planted itself, or its roots struck at the spot where its boughs hang laden with nutriment and sweetness.

The question is one of fact, and fact open to common observation. Where, then, are the grandest statues of history, the loftiest engravings on the walls of time, the warmest and purest portraits in the temple of the world, that shall hold their colors beyond the last tint of old

Thebes, of disinterred Nineveh and Pompeii, and outshine the final sunset of all the glory of the earth? where, but in her saints and martyrs, her prophets and apostles, her Author and Finisher? What other plan of human improvement and earthly perfection succeeds in moulding from the same material of our ordinary, ignorant, selfish humanity, forms more beautiful? Let the potter's clay, in its shapes under his hand, answer for his skill! There are those, we know, among us, claiming to have, in their modes of procedure and patterns of character, more breadth. Very well! Let their pretensions be submitted to that test of fact, whose providential and divine potency is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. Alas! how often is it shown that a man may be broad and barren, have ample and splendid generalities in the head and on the tongue, with narrowness and coldness in the heart! The only unsuspicious goodness is not in word, but in deed. A literary philanthropy, a metaphysic generosity, we see to be consistent with actual pride, self-indulgence, egotistic unconcern for the race to which one belongs, and the Being from whom he sprang. The smooth essay, the philosophic conversation, the comfortable profession, cannot come in here as evidence. There is room only for all sincere love, all practical goodness, sacrifice, and self-renunciation. These are the witnesses. None beside can enter. Let them come from every quarter, Nazarene or heathen. The doors of the court shall not be shut. Let the testimony be all rendered in and weighed. Let the scales of judgment be even and the decision fair; and God, the Judge, protect the right!

Beyond all invention and discovery of cunning instruments or mines of gold, beyond all attainments and marvels of intellect or genius, exceeding the deepest penetrations of thought, is the glory of a true life. This was the old, lamentable defect of time, this the long desire of all nations, this the gift of Christ; namely, not an imaginary, but a real goodness. This on earth and in heaven, above all other researches, is the grand interrogation,—for life, more abundant life. He does better who serves his fellows, than he who lauds an abstraction of their nature. He does better who looks not on God as one of his ideas, but on himself as one of God's creatures. To make the greatest manhood is Christianity's challenge, the blast of

her silver trumpet to the world, the summons to lists of godly valor, where in no case she has yet been defeated. This is her sublime and matchless art, in which she upholds herself from age to age; this her holy battle, where the noblest captives have fallen to her spear and bow; this her chosen ground, where she has reached the honor of the earth, and gathered the beauty of Israel with the flower of the Gentile world. Herself glorified in her transformations of vileness into sanctity, she has made out of man's proneness to sin her own mount of transfiguration, whereon dwellers in earth and travellers from the upper shore still meet for converse.

C. A. B.

ART. II. — THE SHADY AND THE SUNNY SIDE OF
THE MINISTRY.*

FICTION, especially as it falls more and more into the hands of woman, is marked by greater moral earnestness and elevation of purpose. In view of this, it is well to temper our denunciation of fictitious writings with the recollection that thus have some of the noblest and truest words been uttered. For the spread of science and philosophy the novel is out of place, but it legitimately glides into the service of religion, and becomes an efficient aid in its advancement. Moral and religious truths are always most effective when exemplified in persons. Character has great influence, whether bodied forth in ideal creations, or exhibited in actual life. Hence it is that we burn with indignation or are melted to tears by "Mary Barton" and "Uncle Tom." One of the most forcible arguments for the genuineness of Christianity is the fact that its truths are enforced by the personal character of its Founder. The beatitudes were not simply pronounced in the Sermon on the Mount, they

* 1. *The Sunny Side, or the Country Minister's Wife.* Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. 16mo. pp. 142.
2. *A Peep at No. Five, or a Chapter in the Life of a City Pastor.* By H. TRUSTA. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 16mo. pp. 296.
3. *The Shady Side, or Life in a Country Parsonage.* By a Pastor's Wife. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 349.

were also illustrated throughout Judea in the actual life of the Great Teacher. The biographies of the Bible, which either personify or dramatize religious truth, lie deep in the common heart. It is for this reason that the novel is a fitting vehicle for conveying the principles of morality and piety; they thus become personified, and speak with commanding power and eloquence.

These thoughts are suggested by the books whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. They are constructed upon a similar, general idea, and have a like aim. "Sunny Side" and "A Peep at No. Five" are from the same pen, and represent the home trials incident to the ministerial profession. The former is portrayed upon the background of a country parish, and presents scenes which are a transcript of the country clergyman's experience. The story is told with a simplicity, sweetness, grace, and beauty, which impart liveliness and interest to the narrative. It deals, however, almost exclusively with the trials incident to the multitudinous every-day cares and insufficient support of the ministry. It is founded upon real life, though the conclusion would seem like romance, were we not assured that it was sober truth. The second book above named carries the reader from the quiet country, with its Aunt Cribby, Deacon Jones, and Mr. Dodge, into a city parish. But here human nature does not change, though the circumstances vary. These give rise to a somewhat different kind of trials, and unfold the deeper and more vital experiences of the ministerial life. But "Shady Side," by another author, is a book of more power and genius than the other two. It seizes upon the feelings with a stronger grasp, and makes much greater demands on the reader's sympathies. As a whole, it is a sad tale, while some portions of it wring the heart to tears. It is to be hoped that in full it is the picture of but few parsonages; and the evils delineated are so obviously unjust, and the remedy so readily at hand, that they need only to be exposed to be removed. The authoress in the preface declares that the *facts* wrought into the story are real, and taken from actual life. The stir which its publication has made in her husband's parish, and the consequent close of his ministry there, for no reason other than that his wife had written this book, confirm the accuracy of her statement.

By this act his people have betrayed a consciousness of guilt. Besides, the incidents are so naturally told, and so many of them come home to those acquainted with a minister's life and experience with such reality, that the whole can readily be believed.

These three books afford fruitful themes for reflection, and have an additional importance, because they help to explain the causes which are operating to produce in young men a disinclination to enter the ministerial profession. This is so prominent, that the thought has frequently arisen, Is not the tone of these books one of discouragement? This was doubtless far from the aim of the writers, for they evidently designed to awaken the attention of parishes to their delinquencies, and to quicken them to their duties. For the attainment of this end, it was necessary that the "Shady Side" should be in the foreground. But this ought not to beget a spirit of complaint, or a disposition to croak. The ministerial profession has its trials, and in some instances these fall heavily upon their victims; but we have still to be convinced, that in this respect they are more weighty than those which belong to other professions. There are doubtless evils and experiences which are peculiar to it; some of them accidental, and that can be removed, — others that are inherent, and such as grow out of that imperfection which marks all human relations. It is the part of true wisdom to discriminate between these two, that we may remove the one and cheerfully endure the other. The youth who would choose that calling which is free from toil, trial, and difficulty, has yet to learn that there are none such, and even if there were, they would leave him at life's close weak and imbecile. Out of struggles comes conscious strength.

While this is freely admitted, one or two inquiries naturally suggest themselves. In the first place, are the toils, drudgery, and suffering so truthfully portrayed in these works necessary? Do they inherently flow from the voluntary system, or are they to a great extent accidental? To a considerable degree they arise from causes within control. The chief of these is doubtless the want of an adequate support of the ministry in our country towns. The numerous divisions into which every community is separated give rise to many feeble relig-

ious societies. Some of these are driven by the force of necessity to limit their minister in his salary. But leaving out of view the really poor societies, it is clear enough that most can fulfil all just duties, when they become fully aware of them, and are by this knowledge disposed to do so. In the great majority of the societies connected with our household of faith, there is no lack of the requisite ability. They already do as much, if not more, than societies around them. Yet with this admission it is a fact that our suburban and country clergymen, as a class, find it difficult to keep themselves from pecuniary obligations. The whole of life is spent in struggling against debt. They are not able to make the necessary provisions for the accidents of sickness, or to anticipate the wants of old age. And this, too, in the face of the fact that, the moment a minister's active labors cease, he is cast upon the world. How often it happens, when the minister's blood cools and his race is almost run, that he has unmistakable hints that he must give place to a younger and more popular man! As soon as he does so, the interest of the people clusters around the new incumbent. All the energies of the society are exerted to provide for him. It is true the old and faithful servant, who has spent his mature strength, and worn himself out in his duties, will find an abundance of sympathy expressed. This will be given without stint, and some of it will doubtless be sincere. Many of his old parishioners will "pity him from the bottom of their hearts." It would contribute more to his peace and comfort, if it moved their fingers to unloose their purses. As he cannot buy bread or gain shelter with the aid of sympathizing words, he finds himself on terms of intimacy with poverty, so that when death comes it relieves a few really devoted friends of a pecuniary burden. This is no exaggeration: scenes like these are wrought into the mosaic of real life, and furnish one of the dark chapters of human experience.

But are such things necessary? If so, what a fatal charge can be hurled at our boasted voluntary system. But it is not necessary, if parishes would justly compensate their ministers. Sometimes, it is true, these results proceed from a want of foresight and economy. It may now and then be the consequence of a thoughtless ex-

travagance, — to be placed beside similar examples in other vocations. Admit this, and you dispose only of the occasional, and not of the general experience. For it is a notorious fact, that at present the average salaries of ministers will not give a full support, and drive them often by the stern pinch of necessity to devise other means of increasing their income. Is there no remedy for this? Yes, and that too by a simple act of justice.

We here put the plea upon this broad principle. For if religious institutions have any claim on the community for support, the obligation to be faithful to them is as clear as the corresponding one to sustain other needful institutions. It is no charity to pay a minister an adequate salary, but a *duty*. We doubt whether the evil will be fully remedied until the clergy take the matter in their own hands, and *insist* upon a more liberal compensation. Society needs the aid of the pulpit, — the soul of man must and will have established modes of worship. Religion as an aid for securing order and sustaining the rights of property is indispensable. To abolish the pulpit would be to take from society a great spiritual working force, and one of its most conservative safeguards. But not only is religion necessary for men and society, so are institutions by means of which it is expressed and diffused. It is clear, then, that an established *cultus* is no accidental or conventional arrangement. The priest has played an important part in every society, from the lowest form of savage life to the highest civilization. The sentiment which he represents is as ineradicable and indestructible as the soul. It connects itself with some of the noblest and most enduring fibres of man's life, whether as an individual, or as organized in civil society. Sooner than let go of it, he will accept the grossest superstitions with which it is associated. Society never has been able to dispense with religious institutions. It never will be until human nature changes. The ministry, then, is not a supernumerary, but an active, living energy in society. How it shall be sustained is a conventional arrangement which arises from prevalent customs, usages, and ideas. In this country we have adopted the voluntary system, as most in accordance with the principles of freedom. Here is an absence of legal coercion, but that does not weaken the binding

force of individual obligation. If we believe religion to be true, and its institutions necessary, is not the duty as stringent as if it came in the form of a civil enactment? In supporting the ministry we are not dispensing an act of charity, but fulfilling the calls of a just claim.

But, on the other hand, no one person is bound by any considerations out of himself to become a minister, by none but such as spring from his individual convictions. And if society, through its religious organizations, fail to deal justly with him as a clergyman, he violates no duty to it in leaving the sacred desk. He may by this act be disloyal to his own conscience, and his duty to God, but so far as any religious organization is concerned he is guiltless. In the Protestant Church he unites the function of a priest and teacher. To some extent he combines what was included in the Jewish idea of priest and prophet, but in a manner suited to the altered conditions of society. According to the recognized demands, he must give to the work his whole mind, time, and strength. Before he enters upon its duties, a long and expensive preparation is required, and this too at his own individual cost. Is it then more than a just demand that he be fairly compensated, that he have a support at least approximating to that of the other professions? There is no reason in justice why the clergyman or college professor should go threadbare, that the best and most gifted should at the end of a long and laborious life, spent in efforts for the instruction and elevation of their fellows, and for the advancement of knowledge and religion, be left with scarcely a competence, while the first-class lawyers and physicians can amass a fortune in a few years. If ministers are equally necessary to society, why should there not be an equality in compensation? So far as we know, the most gifted clergymen in our cities have a salary which is not more than equal to one third of the income of an able lawyer. There are very few of our college professors who can save from their yearly compensation enough to gain a competence for the ease and comfort of old age. This ought not to be.

Impressed with the truth of these considerations, we think Mr. Vernon in "Shady Side" erred from a false idea of self-sacrifice in not insisting upon a more ade-

quate maintenance at an early period of his ministry. The societies over which he was settled, especially those in Millville and Olney, were abundantly able to place him in a better condition. The latter had increased in numbers under his ministrations, and could easily have saved him from pecuniary embarrassment, and his devoted wife from a life of slavish drudgery and wasting toil. This would have been only an act of simple justice; by enduring in silence, and especially in passively allowing himself to be cheated, he yielded to their wicked thoughtlessness, or deliberate selfishness and wrong. It makes the heart ache and bleed to read some of the records of that truly heroic woman's endurance and labors. Had these been beyond the control of human power, they might be termed providential; but as they proceeded from the injustice of others, these should have been awakened to a sense of their wickedness and meanness. What principle of religion can justify a slow and gradual suicide which is not necessary? It would have taught the parish a lesson of self-sacrifice, or at least of common duty, to have opened their eyes. Then, too, something in cases like this is due to professional independence, and the people should have been told that the minister was as necessary for them as they for him; that he could find another parish, and if not, other spheres of activity were open that would remunerate his labor, and that he could do without their support quite as easily as they could dispense with his services.

This whole subject has a deeper significance than at first sight appears. It bears upon the inquiry that is becoming more and more serious every day, How shall our churches be supplied with efficient ministers? The complaint of this want meets us on all sides. There is a falling off in our principal theological schools, or at least the increase does not keep pace with the growth of our churches. Young men, especially the gifted, hesitate before entering upon the ministry. This fact is unquestionable, and doubtless many causes combine to produce this state of things. By no means the least among them is the uncertainty connected with the profession, and its inadequate compensation. The authors of these books describe the influence which the struggles with poverty have, not only upon the ministers themselves, but also

upon their sons. Thus, in "Sunny Side," Henry during his second college vacation at home says, in a conversation with his brother George, "If I choose any profession it will be that [of a minister], I think; and yet I have not got over my childish feeling, that it is hard work and poor pay." "The greatest drudgery in the world," said George. "No, no, not all that," said Henry. "A man cannot help feeling that he is working for something when he is working for eternity. The calling of a minister has altogether a new interest to me now, and yet I find I cannot get away from my old impressions about it. My mother has had to work too hard." This was said by a youth full of fresh religious feeling, and by one who had a noble idea of a minister's vocation, and profound reverence for his father as one. It is no reply to say this is a fictitious character, because real life furnishes like examples. Then, too, how many, when meditating upon a profession, think what the author of "Shady Side" puts in words. "I only wish to say," says an imaginary hearer, whom she represents as speaking to her, — "I only wish to say that it appears to me there is a plain way of relief for you ministers, and for all others who meet with like trials. Let them abandon the work, and go about something else. I do not believe God requires men to *starve* in the ministry in these days. If I were in Mr. Vernon's place, I would seek some employment that would yield a fair remuneration. I would go into the field, or the shop, and work where my services would be requited." However much we may deprecate such thoughts as these, they do come to the minds of young men, and we believe deter even those religiously disposed from buckling on the armor. Most men are governed by mixed motives, and on one who gazes upon life through his memory and past experience, the uncertainty of professional remuneration has an influence, and such hesitate to urge their children to enter upon the sacred office. We would be far from justifying this course. It is inconsistent with the highest and noblest idea of duty. Still we are confident that in many cases the influences alluded to do deter some from the ministry who would become zealous and devoted servants of Christ.

But to rise to higher views. In "Shady Side," the

minister literally wore himself out, and so did his faithful and true wife, not simply in the legitimate duties of the profession, but in those struggles and labors which poverty forced upon them. They worked beyond their strength, until they were both brought to a premature grave. He was abroad so much in the day, or so harassed by petty cares, as to be obliged to write late at night; prostration followed as a consequence; then came depression of spirits. Now is this doing the will of God? Can it be that a beneficent and holy Father designed that his creatures should violate his laws and work themselves beyond the power of recovery? Duty is only commensurate with ability, and when we pass this limit we transgress the Divine will. Our Heavenly Father has written his laws upon our frames, as well as on our consciences and in the Bible. They are universal in their operation. He evidently has no elect who are superior to them, and he designed that all his children should obey in each and all of them. To secure this obedience in respect to the body, he has affixed inexorable penalties to a violation of the laws of our physical constitution, and will exact them pound for pound. The entire prostration and headache which follow a night's exhausting study or writing, is an expression of his displeasure as clearly as remorse for a departure from the moral law. Good men, especially Christian ministers, need to be awakened to a full conception of this truth. God's law is sacred, and if no regard to health is of any avail, the Christian should act from the obligations of duty. The minister at the sacred altar, of all others, should obey the Divine will with scrupulous fidelity. For the want of this, how many clergymen have to groan and suffer! We have yet to kneel with a reverend spirit at the religious teachings of science, and discern how close is the connection between the soul and body, and how intimate the relation between man's diet, habits, temperament, and his religious sentiments and feelings. By a blind fallacy religionists have learned to disregard the body, and the influence of a false and unscientific mental philosophy still helps in the perversion of an important truth. But the body is the work of God no less than the mind. "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye

have of God, and ye are not your own?" It is surrounded by fixed laws, and he who violates them will certainly suffer the just penalty of disobedience, whether he does it in writing a sermon at night through the excitement of unnatural stimulants, or after the body is exhausted, or in the grosser forms of overeating and inebriation.

As we read these records of ministerial life, the mind naturally reverts to olden times, and the imagination recalls the pictures of the quaint, but sincere and devoted Mathers, in their study poring over their theological lore,—or gazes at the sturdy giant, Edwards, as with pen, ink, and paper he rides on horseback through the beautiful meadows of Northampton. As the images of these men and their times rise up before us, we see at a glance into what entirely new conditions society has fallen. Then the minister made himself felt; he was a man of power, he was far more erudite than those around him; the means for acquiring knowledge were far less than now. Even writing-paper in the times of Edwards was so expensive, that he used his pulpit notices, newspaper margins, and half letters, on which to note down his thoughts. The printing-press had not achieved its present miracles of art, and public libraries were unknown. In addition to these considerations, which gave the minister a personal advantage on the score of intelligence, he derived power and commanded respect from his position. He was esteemed holy by virtue of his office. We have frequently heard, from the lips of those who were Dr. Hopkins's younger parishioners, with what awe and reverence he was regarded, and how the very mention of him as coming through the streets would frighten the boys from their petty thefts at the farmers' wagons in fruit season. But all now is changed. The minister wields power only by means of his actual worth and ability. Parishes are not content when the preacher possesses a sincere and exalted piety. To this must be added mental and spiritual power. Doubtless the judgments are often based upon false principles or caprice; but leaving out of view this fact, there is now no doubt that there is an actual demand for a ministry endowed with vigorous and living thought. The pulpit which is true to this requisition is no sinecure. It is no place for mere traditional conventionalisms or mental

feebleness. The minds which are kept to their highest tension during six days, will sleep on the seventh, unless they are aroused by stirring thought. The popular theology in many of its aspects is not suited to the times. It sprang up in an ignorant, unscientific age, and it has done a noble work. But it is not adapted to the present condition of society. The common pulse beats with the fevered throb of enterprise. The change in our external life has affected the prevailing intellectual and religious development. The attitude of thought is not that of hearty sympathy with the popular belief. Science and the new acquisitions of knowledge have enlarged our sweep of vision. The ultra reformer and the anti-supernaturalist are dealing out stout and vigorous blows upon the established opinions regarding the Bible, and even the foundations of religion are questioned by some forms of philosophy. In this state of things it is no easy task to engage in the conflict for faith. Old modes of defence will not avail. As well might the modern soldier be encumbered with the armor of a knight, as for the Christian preacher to clothe himself with an antique theology. And as the discovery of gunpowder gave rise to a new system of military tactics, so must religious thought and institutions be adapted to meet the new social, intellectual, and moral conditions into which society is thrown. It is a period of transition. The preacher, to be true to its wants, must be both priest and prophet. His heart must burn with devout fervor as he officiates at the altar, and place upon it the offering of sincere and holy consecration, while his mind shall throw its eagle glance into the future, and be stirred by the inspirations of hope, and the ideal of a spiritual beauty, joy, faith, and blessedness yet to be realized, when the New Church, the Heavenly Jerusalem, shall come down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. To fit himself for all this, the preacher must retire to the solitude of the study, become a priest of thought, and like a holy prophet stand upon the mountain heights of meditation to catch the first faint glimmerings of spiritual truth as they gleam down from heaven on the pathway of man.

But while the condition of society demands a higher order of ministers, there are many causes which combine

to draw away from the pulpit the noblest and most profound thinkers. The greatest power of thought runs into political, legal, and commercial channels. There is in this fact much that should awaken serious reflection. And do we not see in its truth a powerful plea for so sustaining the ministry as to draw to its service minds filled with fresh and vigorous thought? But let a man be ever so liberally gifted by nature, if placed amid circumstances akin to those which surrounded Mr. Vernon, he will feel their pressure. By the exercise of a lion-like energy and a giant strength of will, he may overcome them: but in the conflict he turns his powers to a warfare which does not belong legitimately to the profession. Should one who is called upon to wrestle with the great questions which are now agitating the soul, and heaving below the surface of society, — should he be driven to the edge of starvation, or be worried through life with the apprehension of poverty in old age? He cannot be faithful to his profession and work in other ways for his bread; and unless you discard the idea that an educated ministry is necessary, a reform in this direction is worthy of immediate consideration. It is futile to suppose that those ministers who are compelled to fritter away their precious time and strength in efforts to get ahead and escape debt, will be robust and athletic enough to grapple successively with the foes of religion. These are neither few nor feeble, and he who does not bring to the contest a vigorous mind, an elasticity of spirit, and an unclouded faith, will find himself vanquished through his inefficiency.

In thus calling attention to this subject, it is very far from our purpose to awaken the least feeling of discouragement. The ministry with all its struggles is a noble vocation, and to be coveted by those who aspire for a devoted and heroic life. It is no place for the mere lover of ease, or one who is wanting in moral hardihood or lofty aims. But to him who would prove his Christian faith by noble toil for man's best good here and hereafter, it opens a career filled with the grandest inspirations. One of the most touching and morally beautiful lessons in "Shady Side" is the last scene, where the devoted minister's wife takes her leave of life with a parting exhortation to her children.

"She recalls with him [her son Allie] the happy days he so well remembers, when, though there were many shadows hovering near, they had joy, and peace, and domestic love, and Christian comfort, around the domestic hearth. She tells him, too, of the unequalled joy his dear father felt when he had comforted some tempted soul, or brought back a wanderer to the Saviour's fold. Allie, in return, opens all his heart; and the tears, till now repressed, flow down her pale cheek, and she clasps him to her bosom, as he says it is his great ambition to be a good minister of the Gospel, and follow his dear father's steps. She forewarns him, that, unless he has great singleness of purpose, trials may shake his resolution. But Allie smiles, and says, 'Have I not seen the dark side already, dear mother? So I shall not be disappointed.' And on Mabel's faithful bosom, with one hand in Allie's, and the little ones held where she could see them, in the arms of pitying friends, quietly and without pain, the silver cord was loosed; and, at the early age of thirty-three, she joined the beatified above, who wait the fleeting days till the whole circle shall be complete in a blessed reunion in the home on high. 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

While, then, we wish these books God speed on their beneficent errand, may no true and devout soul be turned by them from a consecration upon the sacred altar of the Gospel ministry.

S. W. B.

ART. III. — THE WHITE HILLS.*

It may seem to many people that November is not the time in which to speak of a place of summer resort. But the White Hills of New Hampshire are always at home, and often appear to greatest advantage when there are fewest spectators of their beauty. After the summer crowds have departed, the ripened leaves of the oaks, the maples, and the birches form contrasts and harmonies

* 1. *A Map, with Views of the White Mountains.* Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1853.

2. *Scenery of the White Mountains; with Sixteen Plates, from the Drawings of ISAAC SPRAGUE.* By WILLIAM OAKES. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 4to.

with the pines and firs to which no coloring on earth can be superior. The lofty hill-sides, exposing to the view the foliage of every tree in almost boundless forests, are marked, not only by recent slides of bare earth and rock, but also by stripes of wood varying from the adjacent forests, marking in October the courses of ancient slides by the variegated rows of brilliant foliage interspersed in a forest of sombre evergreen.

And when the ripened leaves, like ripened fruit, have fallen to the earth, the hills put on their glittering dress of snow. One who has seen snow-covered mountains can alone understand their beauty. In winter our White Hills become temporary Alps, and give us their avalanches, their snowy wreaths, and their sunset hues of clouds, with all the beauty on a smaller scale that is described for us by those who have seen Switzerland with truest eye.

In the spring, also, before the sight-seekers leave their city quarters, the White Hills sing their loudest songs of joy, and the Saco, Ammonoosuc, and Pemigewasset utter their voices as "fiercely glad" as ever Arve and Arveiron. Never have we felt more deeply the power of these hills over us, than when we have seen their valleys filled with the floods that followed a warm rain in March. The lonely silence of the chaste, white peaks, the majestic repose of the black forests upon the hillsides, were made more solemn, more solitary, nay, it seemed even more silent, by these roaring torrents, that bore such ample testimony to the extent of the snowfields of whose drainage they were the outlet.

At this season we have also temporary incipient glaciers, although too diminutive in dimensions to illustrate very forcibly their immense power. But inasmuch as patches of snow remain on the White Hills oftentimes to July, and sometimes throughout the summer, it is easy for any visitor, who is upon the ground at an early date, to satisfy himself that this solid snowbank, though hard enough to walk and leap upon, is nevertheless slightly fluid, and is continually sagging and bending under its own weight. Indeed, it does not need a visit to the White Hills to demonstrate this important point in the theory of the formation of glaciers. Let any man hollow out an arch in a snow-drift, and if he leave it of

sufficient thickness, he will find it flatten, and then invert itself under a February sun, as an arch of pitch might do in July.

Mr. Bond's map of the mountain region is a valuable travelling companion, and would add greatly to the pleasure of an outside seat upon the stage, or of a half-hour spent upon the summit of any of the hills. And after returning it is a pleasant reminder of the whole scenery of the group, recalling the various places by their names, and showing their just relative positions.

But if one would recall particular scenes, he must have recourse to the descriptive pen of Mr. Oakes, and the daguerreotyping pencil of Mr. Sprague, whose only fault seems to us to lie in the faithful prosaic accuracy of his drawing. A botanist could herborize in his foregrounds, a geologist theorize on his hill-sides. He draws landscapes with minute accuracy, as though he were upon oath to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And his landscapes have therefore a value as portraits, far above that of the beautiful idealized views which other artists give of the same spots. Seen by lamplight through a spyglass, they produce a feeling of illusion as though one were enjoying a second sight of the distant region. The two pictures in Mr. Oakes's volume which are not from Mr. Sprague's pencil will illustrate by contrast the accuracy of which we speak. They may be finer pictures, but they do not, like the others, carry the traveller back to the White Hills of New Hampshire.

The term White Hills, or White Mountains, is usually confined to a single chain, about fifteen miles in length. But the term might quite justly be extended to embrace nearly all the country given in Mr. Bond's map. This area, being about thirty-five miles from northeast to southwest, by twenty-five from southeast to northwest, is traversed by three roads, the only three which could readily be made. One follows the Merrimac or Pemigewasset to its source, and then passes into the valley of the South Ammonoosuc, by what is called Franconia Notch. A second passes up the Saco and out into the main Ammonoosuc. This is called the White Mountain Gap. A third passes up a branch of the Saco, into a branch of the Androscoggin. These three roads are nearly parallel, and none others could be made for common travel.

This tract of wild country contains one peak over 6,000 feet high, ten over 5,000, thirty-two between 4,000 and 5,000, and as many between 2,000 and 4,000 feet in height. It contains valleys, from seven to fifteen miles in length, and from two to five miles in width, in which there is neither road, fence, nor human dwelling to be found.

Here is then an opportunity for seeing the earth as unaffected by human patching, the earth as left by the hand of the Creator. To what purpose is that opportunity used? Eight or ten thousand persons annually visit these hills, — what is the effect upon their mind, heart, and soul?

We have been inclined to bring this question distinctly into view, because several recent writers have insinuated that this effect is of no importance, and that it has been over-estimated by painters and poets. The boors who live among the hills are declared to be

“Dull victims of their pipe and mug,
With heart of cat and eye of bug,”

not even seeing, much less feeling, the beauty which surrounds them. The summer visitors are sometimes but little wiser, seeing nothing more than remarkable rocks, grotesque profiles, and other accidental figures. Hence it is concluded that all this glorious display of hills and forests is in vain, and that those who behold it are in reality neither wiser nor better for the sight. Most premature conclusion! He that made man well knows how to teach him!

“One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost,”

whether that accent was spoken to the prophet or whispered through the rustling leaf. In our academies and schools, even the dullest scholar and the idlest reaps a certain species of benefit from the instruction, and it were a very rash judgment to deny the value of the text-books because he did not learn as rapidly as the industrious and talented pupil. The face of nature also has its lessons clearly written upon it, else were the art of the landscape painter degraded to a mere mechanical office.

But when we attempt to interpret Nature, we find a twofold difficulty. Our perceptions oftentimes are not

clear, and our power of analyzing and stating them may be deficient. For as it is an undoubted fact that many men of sound and clear judgment are wholly unable to state the reasons of their decisions, so also is it true that men of genuine and deep feeling are oftentimes wholly unable to express their feelings, much less to analyze them. There are, doubtless, hundreds of those who visit the White Hills who carry away deep impressions of their grandeur, and warm recollections of their beauty, and may yet in conversation on the subject express nothing but the merest commonplaces of sight-seeing wonder. There are others who delight in the mountain influences, and who nevertheless express themselves only in strained conceits and figures, the afterthought of their fancy, and not the lively response of their souls in the cathedral of Nature.

In considering the reality of the language of scenery, we may illustrate our views by reference to the language of music. The same doubt has often been expressed in regard to music as in regard to scenery; whether the expression be not wholly derived from the state of the hearer, as it is said, "To a man laboring under calamity, the light of his own fire hath a certain sadness in it";—whether in fact Nature does not breathe the tones as well as "wear the hues of the spirit." But experiments have proved beyond question that music is capable of conveying intelligibly from one mind to another definite and delicately marked shades of feeling.*

Quality of tone, arrangement of harmony, and the time of the movement of the music, have the power of modifying, but only to a certain extent, the expression of the melody. We have known Yankee Doodle to be played as a "voluntary" in church, and, on the other hand, the

* To give a single example: We played the Dead March from *Samson* to a friend who had never heard it, and who had no idea of what we were playing except from the tones of the piano itself, asking him to analyze its expression. He replied, "It is the utterance of a heart overflowing with emotions, so nicely balanced that it knows not whether to break forth into lamentation or eulogy." Now Handel has placed this march between the chorus "Weep, Israel, weep!" and the song "Glorious Hero."

One such experiment appears to us of great weight, and we have tried such so often, and with such uniform success, that we can no longer consider it possible to doubt that simple melody, independent of quality of tone and independent of harmony, can convey definite shades of feeling.

melody of the low song "Lovely Rosa" is taken from an old choral by Milton. But the song sounds like a travesty, and the "voluntary" sounded like a burlesque; the original character of each melody appearing through all the disguise of harmony, and accompaniment, and change of time.

We believe that, in the same way, there is a definite expression in outline, which can be modified, but not destroyed, by shading and coloring. If we confine our proposition to drawings of animate objects, it would scarcely be disputed. The bare *silhouette* of a stranger's face conveys an impression, generally a correct one, of his character. Or, to take a single example, the outline of the chin of Paris's dog in Flaxman's illustrations of Homer gives as much of the comical gravity of the brute's review of his master's judgment, as could be expressed in a painting by Landseer.

But we extend our proposition to landscapes. The outlines in a sketch of White Hill scenery have a definite expression of power and repose, of beauty and inflexibility, which awakens a peculiar state of feeling in the beholder's mind. And that particular scene will have somewhat of the same expression, whether the hills be covered with snow or with flowers, with mist or sunshine, or with the changing lights and shadows of floating clouds. Nay, an eye accustomed to analyze the expression of form will recognize the expression of these outlines as substantially the same, whether sketched in miniature by the finest-pointed pencil, or displayed in unearthly magnitude in the clouds. It requires but little effort of imagination to make alpine scenery wherever there are pointed and craggy outlines, if it be only in the frost upon the window-pane. And no absolute elevation or size of a hill will make it sublime, so long as its ascent is gradual enough to conceal its altitude. In the language of the calculus, the expression of an outline depends upon its equation and not upon the unit of its dimensions. A curve which does not vary much in its curvature, like the undulations of low hills, does not give so great an impression of activity and power, as one which has points of discontinuity like the sharp peaks of higher mountains. For this reason Chocorua with its sharp and almost overhanging point is as grand in appearance as any of the

White Hills, and whenever in sight it continually lures to itself the attention which its loftier brethren seem in vain to claim.

But outline alone cannot give the sense of the sublime any more than melody alone. The sense of sublimity arises from a vivid conception of superhuman power. It requires volume of sound as well as simplicity of movement to make music grand. The thought of the composer may be grand, but it is only because he conceives of his melody as rolling out in full volume. Some outlines are grander than others, because, as we have said, they imply more power; but they do not become grand at all unless they are filled either in fancy or reality with something massive.

Thus the landscape has a second means of conveying a definite sentiment, by our knowledge of its material. The snow-capped Alps recognized as such speak in a different tone from what they would if we knew that what appears to be snow were beds of snowy flowers or wreaths of white mist. The granite tops, the wooded sides, the meadows beside the brook, have each their stories to tell of weather-beaten constancy, of birds and beasts in the shady covert, of men with the plough and the sickle. Not perhaps distinctly, but nevertheless surely and invariably, the knowledge of the material affects the mind of the beholder.

Again, the shading and coloring have their effect upon the landscape. Sail eastward on Winnipiseogee at sunset, just after a shower, and look over its islands, northward, between the Ossipee Mountains and Red Hill. A light mist rising from the waters shall be just dense enough to soften the deep purple shadow of the valley, beyond which rises the stupendous wall of nearer mountains, their dark perpendicular sides crowned with a sunlit outline, over whose lowest point just to the left of Chocorua rise, in the clear distance, the soft glowing summits of the distant White Hills. A more lovely combination of majesty and beauty it would be impossible to conceive. It haunts the memory ever afterward like a dream of Heaven. Return at sunrise in a transparent air, and the dark perpendicular sides of Chocorua and Whiteface will be smiling slopes glittering in light, the purple valley, no longer glazed with white mist, will be clad in green, and the whole effect of the landscape incredibly diminished.

But take intelligent men, who have souls capable of feeling, to see the same scenery under the same circumstances, and they will receive the same impressions. The Willey Gap, with its walls unvaried save by the numerous marks of slides, tells to every beholder the same tale of a Power in whose presence man is nothing; the Franconia Notch, with its gracefully retreating and undulating hills, rarely marked with slides, repeats to all comers the assurance that this Infinite Power is wielded by One who has sought to delight, as well as to instruct, his children. All travellers agree in calling the one grand and the other beautiful. The White Hills, by giving us new conceptions of the infinite power of God, strengthen faith, exalt the thoughts, and act like a spiritual tonic to the soul that has been weakened by the confinement of ordinary cares; while the Franconia range, by their smiling beauty, cheer and encourage the heart, and have a soothing effect upon the mind of those who may have been tried with sorrow. And the two agree in suggesting more than they give. They show the possibilities of creation, and tell us of the reserved power and unuttered love of the Creator.

It is, however, vain to attempt to express in words all that is expressed in the landscape. God has made nothing in vain, and the sense of beauty, the power to read the moral, religious, or scientific truths of sight, gives us that which cannot be received through the ear. He that visits the White Hills with a spirit willing to be taught will receive a thousand lessons that he cannot repeat, but which will nevertheless leave a lasting impression on his own soul. But the amount which each man receives will be in proportion to his ability to acquire. To some men the Scriptures are but unmeaning marks upon the leaves of a book, to others they are the living oracles of God. To some men Switzerland would impart no spiritual gift, to others the landscape from their own windows is rich in teaching divine lessons.

T. H.

ART. IV. — THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.*

WE have not been unmindful in our pages heretofore of the great merits of Professor Hagenbach, a veteran of eighteen years' service in the field of Church history, and we are happy now to call attention to a new department of his labors. Our heart yearned towards this book the moment we saw its title, for what topic within the whole compass of human thought has been handled with more narrowness and dogmatism than the record of early Christianity, and what topic needs more the truth-seeking spirit, that is determined to state as certain what is so, and to leave all doubtful matters in the region of doubt? We have previously noticed the author's Dogmatic History and Theological Encyclopædia, and reviewed quite at length his Lectures upon the Christianity of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. These works, and also his Lectures upon the History of the Reformation, which preceded the work last named, were an excellent preparation for the treatment of the present subject. The difficulty with most authors who have dealt with the first centuries of the Church has been in the heaviness of their antiquarian learning, their disposition to cumber their pages with chronicles of defunct controversies, with very little eye to the points of view most interesting and important to the thought and life of our own time. How great then is the privilege of having through that dark and debated territory the guidance of a man who has qualified himself for the survey by a thorough study of the doctrines and literature of the Church in all ages, and who is fresh from his liberal and profound researches into the thought and policy of those three modern centuries which are so closely connected in their rule of faith, as well as in length of time, with the ante-Nicene age! We may be very sure that a man who keeps his candor undimmed through the cloud and smoke of recent sectarian controversy, and who

* *Die christliche Kirche der drei ersten Jahrhunderte. Vorlesungen von DR. K. R. HAGENBACH, Professor der Theologie in Basel.* [The Christian Church of the first Three Centuries. Lectures by DR. K. R. HAGENBACH.] Leipzig. 1853. pp. xii. and 349.

can treat of modern theology in a temper so catholic and so evangelical, appreciating the worthy element even in the poetry and art so often given over to Satan by dogmatists nominally of his own creed, yet preserving loyally his allegiance to Christianity as the Word of God to man, will not be very likely to belie himself into a bigot in the field of ancient theology. The result does not disappoint our anticipation, for the volume before us is marked at once by all the author's literary grace, and seems to have even more than his accustomed candor, from its contrast with the usual disposition among theologians to read antiquity through sectarian spectacles, and see nothing but their own church and creed among the early confessors. We are not aware that Hagenbach pretends to have added any new discoveries to our stores of antiquarian learning, or to have started any original theories touching the ante-Nicene doctrine or polity. Yet we are very sure that he exhibits the centuries which he treats, in a light so clear and interesting as to give even a scholarly reader the impression of great novelty, whilst to the general reader, to whom the heavier Church historians are invariably so dull, this volume will have an interest almost fascinating, from its happy combination of the taste of a man of letters with the learning of an historian.

We have not taken up our pen with the purpose of perpetrating a labored article in the patristical domain, but with the single wish to impart some of the pleasure that we have received, by a few running observations upon the book and its contents, taking the liberty whenever we choose to quote the author's own words.

He does not leave us long in doubt as to his point of view. Taking the day of Pentecost as the birthtime of the Christian Church as a visible body with an invisible head, he regards its origin as a creative act of the Divine Spirit, and not as a voluntary association got up in the same way as a literary society or a business partnership. He rejoices that our recent thought has gone back to the deeper laws of life, having repudiated the shallow and mechanical view of things once so prevalent, and that now all thinking men are convinced that Church and State are in their foundations divinely ordained creations, like the creation of Nature; creations, indeed, in which

the human mind in every age freely participates, but which nevertheless transcend human opinion and will, following laws of development which the Creator has implanted. He maintains that

"From this point of view the study of national as well as of Church history wins its higher interest, since we then have no longer to deal with the flighty notions of human caprice and humor, nor with the idle web of human follies and passions, but even with a history worthy the name, with a higher necessity which is at the same time fulfilled in the circle of human freedom, and in constant coöperation with it. As the individual soul once touched by the living breast of Christianity and held by its power, experiences a regeneration and receives the movings of grace not as something foreign and dead in itself, but appropriates this as a new vital principle by which it is henceforth decided and guided, so we see the whole world, so we see all nations, celebrate their regeneration. A new life, which springs not from this world, is not to be conceived from the conditions of this world, comes nevertheless into the world, to possess, to rule, to transfigure it. The world strives against the power of this new life, a battle ensues between the old and the new, between darkness and light. In this conflict, meanwhile, the opposite issues do not always appear pure and distinct; even the light is somewhat clouded, and the heavenly truth is alloyed by misunderstanding; error and sin crowd into the Church, and create phantoms of false doctrine and perverse practice."

It will be seen at once from this train of thought, that our author belongs essentially to the school of Schleiermacher, and that his view of the divine origin of the Church is not incompatible with the utmost latitude of opinion regarding priestly authority and theological doctrines. For ourselves, we regard his language as an under-statement rather than an over-statement of the providential beginning of the Christian Church. The spirit of God that moved of old upon the face of the waters, and educated order and beauty from the formless void, moved over the dark waters of our troubled humanity, and the new kingdom arose among men. We cannot compare Christianity with any historic fact so well as with the great creation itself, and the second Adam completes the divine order begun by the creation of the first Adam.

But in the spiritual as in the physical world, the new creation worked upon a preëxisting basis; the fresh seed

fell upon the old soil. The world, marked by the experience of ages, or humanity so full of error and sin, was the vineyard which the Divine sower went forth to sow. The harvest depends upon the soil as well as upon the seed, and therefore a survey of the state of character and opinion at the advent of the Gospel becomes a part of the history of primitive Christianity. Here we are met at the outset by the remarkable fact, that the new religion found itself arrayed at once in opposition to the whole culture of the human race. When we now talk of Christianizing tribes or nations, we mean pretty much the same thing as civilizing them, and since the days of Constantine the Gospel has had the intelligence and refinement of mankind at least nominally on its side. Imagine then the task set before the disciples, those unlettered men, who by the grace of God claimed for the Gospel of Christ the allegiance of the ignorant and the wise, and laid siege as resolutely to the philosopher's academy as to the idolater's temple. The learning of Jew and heathen was alike against them, yet by the cross they conquered, and temples and synagogues became shrines of the God of the crucified Messiah. Benighted as Paganism and Judaism in many respects were, they must not be regarded as wholly in the dark, — without traces of early illumination or yearnings for coming light. The best modern investigation is glad to trace the devices of idolatry back to the promptings of a genuine religious sentiment, and is all the more earnest in behalf of Christianity, from the fact that this religious sentiment had been dying out from the old temples, and men must have been wholly godless, had no revelation been granted. Beautiful as were many traits of the Grecian polytheism, the system had no moral unity or elevation, held out to man no spiritual aim, and ascribed to God no parental providence, no government of holiness. The unity of God was lost sight of in personifications of Nature, or confounded with the universe itself, so that pantheism entered wherever polytheism ceased. If the Greek mythology escaped the monstrous figments of Oriental superstition, and, instead of disgusting idols of beasts, adored the beautiful creations of the sculptor's genius, morality was little the gainer by the advancement of taste, and often the veil of artistic beauty was thrown around vices that would

have been simply disgusting if seen in their actual character. If Rome escaped in many things the corrupting softness of the religion of Greece, it was only by exchanging state pride for sensual indulgence. The life of the soul languished quite as much under the foot of Roman ambition as in the arms of Grecian pleasure.

Christianity, however, had a closer battle to fight with the philosophy than with the superstition of the Pagan world, for this superstition had lost much of its hold upon thinking people, and when vindicated by them, it was defended rather as a civil institution than as a philosophical faith. It was from Pagan philosophy that the Gospel had its severest assaults, and won its proudest triumphs. Socrates was of course the father of the heathen wisdom, and he has fitly been called the John the Baptist of the Grecian world. Whilst his sharp logic must have led his admirers to question every marvellous pretence, his constant appeal to the conscience prepared them to favor a faith which found its choicest worship in the human breast. Plato, his pupil, deepened philosophy on its speculative side, and whilst he commended it to thinkers, he withdrew it from the perception of the multitude. His chief influence upon Christianity was in the bearing of his system upon the relation between reason and the Divine Mind, or the philosophy of revelation. Aristotle sharpened the Greek intellect by his severe analysis, and unconsciously forged and pointed the weapons by which the great doctrinal conflicts were to be fought. But the people at large were more influenced by those who aimed at a philosophy of practical life than by those intellectual schoolmen; and they whose heads were confused by the ideality of Plato or the subtleties of Aristotle, saw at once the difference between self-denial and indulgence, as exhibited in the rival schools of Zeno and Epicurus. Different as these two schools were, yet they had much in common. The Epicurean was the disciple of pleasure in all its varieties, and believed in enjoying himself to the utmost, thinking as little about the gods as he supposed the gods to think about him. The Stoic urged self-control with the strictness of a Christian; and yet the law which he held up to allegiance was rather an eternal necessity than the will of the living God, and the Stoic's faith came as near to

pantheism as the Epicurean's came to atheism. The two systems agree in this, that both place an inexorable chasm between God and man; both lack faith in the fatherly love of God for men. If the Epicurean gods are too luxurious and proud to care for human sorrows, the Stoic fate is too hard and stiff to pity the unfortunate; so that Epicureanism is the egotism of sensuality and indulgence, whilst Stoicism is the egotism of self-righteousness, veiling itself in the pride of its own virtue. Between the two extremes there were many varieties of opinion, and Pilate's question, "What is truth?" indicated the prevalent unrest of speculation. The rise of the Eclectic system illustrated the diversity of thinking, and its leaders enriched the world by their collection of practical aphorisms, when they failed to mould their gathered fragments of opinion into an harmonious form of doctrine. Cicero is the most interesting man of the Eclectic school, and there is certainly much in his philosophical writings that might train the reader into a somewhat Christian taste. Little as his reasonings upon immortality satisfied his admirers or set his own doubts at rest, there was something in his way of thinking and tone of feeling that must prepare a generous mind for such views of God and man as the Gospel gives. Others who came after him, however, approached much nearer the tone of Christianity, especially Seneca and Plutarch. The former, who has been said to have been a correspondent of St. Paul, had enough of tenderness and aspiration to modify the harshness of his Stoical creed, and to favor the tradition of having been that Apostle's pupil. But Plutarch comes nearest the temper of the Gospel in his views of God, providence, and immortality. We find in him much of that yearning for the presence of a God forgiving yet holy, for the assurance of immortal life, which the Gospel so fully grants. In him we see philosophy in its nearest approaches to Christianity.

Yet such men were exceptions to the general rule, and their own illumination of opinion was no proof of equal elevation of life. The masses were benighted and degraded. The civilization of the world was evidently upon the descending scale when the new power came from the depths of the Godhead for its redemption, and

in the child of the manger the Divine Word was made flesh. The old religions had lost their power, and left their most monstrous cruelties. If Rome had for the most part outgrown the custom of immolating human victims on the altar, she did worse by immolating them in the arena; and the Coliseum, where blood was shed in levity without even the pretended sanction of religion, was to be a greater abomination than any temple of Moloch. The sanctity of marriage was dying out. The work of education was made the business of slaves, and the youth were trained only for politics or warfare without moral and religious aims. The prevalent doctrine was inhuman, and if Christendom is behind the philanthropy of its creed, the creed of Rome was behind the common kindness which is usually thought an instinct of the human heart. Interrogate Livy, Juvenal, Seneca, Ovid, Virgil, and let their pictures of manners give the portrait of the age. Well might Rome look eastward for the dawning light, and accompany her vague yearning for day by the tradition which Tacitus quotes, that from the Orient, in fact from Judea, the world would be conquered.

Turn towards Judea, and we find the Gospel beset by obstacles as great as in the Pagan empires. The Jews were hardened by persecution as well as by pride into the most exclusive of nations. Instead of being the centre of a cosmopolitan mirror, Judea seemed the most eccentric and perverse and exclusive of kingdoms. There seemed to be more hope of winning the Epicurean from his self-indulgence than the Sadducee from his secular materialism to the faith of the cross; and surely the Pharisee with his rigid law and his mountain of traditions seemed more shut against the pleadings of Divine grace, than the Stoic with his proud will and fixed fate. The Essenes were a very different class. Yet what could differ more from their clannish monasticism and contempt of nature and life, than the broad toleration and exalted spirituality of Christ and his Gospel? At home the hatred of the Jew against the Roman oppressor must tend to close his mind against a religion tolerant and all-embracing, and the nature of things promised what experience proved true, that the Jews who had been liberalized by travel, especially those who had imbibed the

Hellenistic liberty of thinking in Greece and in Alexandria, would be more ready than the Jews of Palestine to expand their national law into the universal Gospel. There are indications of conversions from heathenism to at least a partial Jewish faith, although very rare was the case of a "devout heathen" becoming more than a Proselyte of the Gate, complying with the ordinance of circumcision. It was not by Pharisaic zeal, but by a far different spirit, that the word was to be fulfilled which declared that all nations should be brought to God's holy mount.

When Jesus was born the world had just entered upon its fourth universal empire, and the Cæsars were consolidating under their sceptre the remains of the Assyrian, Persian, and Grecian kingdoms. It was a splendid age, and it needed more than human wisdom to see under its robe of magnificence the germs of weakness and decay that must bring its glory to the dust, and allow the cross of the Prince of Peace to rise above the eagles of its conquest. What the power was that wrought this great change, it is far easier to express by facts than to define by theories. Hagenbach carefully shuns ambitious speculation, and is content to let Christianity speak for itself in the simple language of the New Testament. He finds there no trace of any elaborate system of dogmatic theology, no vestige of any formal hierarchy. Jesus desired to be regarded first of all as the Son of Man, and went among men in a human way to be their helper and preserver. The higher relations of his being and office, as the Son of God, the expected Messiah, the Saviour of the world, were manifested more within the interior circle of his followers in a conviction ripened under God's blessing as the fruit of continued intercourse. He even exerted his miraculous power sparingly, sometimes with reluctance and with the request that it should not be publicly spoken of. His constant theme was the rise and progress of that kingdom of heaven or empire of God which he came to establish, and whose spirit and law his whole word and life breathed. His death gave his mission its characteristic mark and abiding power. The Church is built upon the cross, and its letter of institution is sealed with his blood. From his death and resurrection the Master became the head of an increasing spirit-

ual empire, and time constantly fulfilled his promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Thus has Christian faith regarded him, not merely as the historical founder of the Church, but as the living ground upon which the Church permanently rests, as the head of the body, as the vine from which the branches derive moisture and growth, as the shepherd who watches over his sheep, as the bridegroom to whom the Church is led as a bride, as the bishop of souls, as the high-priest interceding and blessing in the sanctuary, as the king and lord to whom every knee should bow, and to whom belongeth the kingdom which his Father hath given him.

In giving his views of the foundation of our Saviour's authority over souls and power over the world, our author quotes a suggestive passage from Ullmann, in his work on the "Founding of the Church by One Crucified." The first source of Christ's authority was, according to this writer, in the fact of his extraordinary nature, and in the consequent faith in him as the Son of God, the perfect image of the Divine Being, a pure expression of the Divine spirit, an embodiment of the highest truth and goodness, in short, in the Divine dignity of Christ and his oneness with God. A second source of his authority was in the force of that love which so dwelt in him and became the vital principle of the godliness and manliness of the new kingdom of heaven among men. A third fact of his authority was in the imperishable germ of truth in the doctrine of the Crucified. Yet the truth of itself and upon its abstract merits could but feebly have overcome the reproach of the teacher's arrest and death, without some subsequent displays of divine power. The crowning fact of Christ's mission was in a triumphant manifestation of life, and the continued influence of the master in a communion with his disciples uninterrupted by death?

We pass over Hagenbach's interesting survey of the traditions of the first century of the Church, and his discrimination between the apocryphal and canonical books. Nor will we dwell upon the conversion of Paul, and those Acts of the Apostles which have been so amply treated by familiar historians and critics. We propose to follow the thread most interesting to ourselves

and the majority of our readers, by treating chiefly the course of Christian thought, as indicated in the discussions of Christians among themselves and with their heathen antagonists. Our author dwells little upon the writers who are usually placed next to the Apostles in worth as in time, the Apostolic Fathers, having far greater assurance of the garbled condition of their alleged works than of the purity and elevation of their opinions. Comparing their letters with the Biblical Epistles, he says that it is like going down from the fresh air of the Alps into the close atmosphere of the crowded lowland.

It was an ancient tradition, that until the reign of Hadrian, the Church, in reference to doctrine, kept her virgin purity, and was not stained by a single heresy. First at the beginning of the second century error was introduced, it is said, although it is evident that all the controversies that agitated the opening age were virtually present in the time of the Apostles, among the many forms of Jewish legalism and heathen false science. In the second century, however, differences of opinion were hardened into sects, and took names which distinguished them from the Church at large. As might be expected, the first rupture was caused by the apparent opposition between the letter of the Jewish law and the spirit of the Christian Gospel. They who inclined more to interpret Christianity in a Jewish manner were called Ebionites, and they who spiritualized the Gospel away from all connection with the Mosaic law were called Gnostics. The Judaizing Christians were of various types, and at first they were not distinguished from other believers, with whom they were ranked under the common name of Nazarenes. But soon this name marked such believers as inclined more than others towards the Jewish standpoint, and urged the permanent obligation of the Mosaic law. They held views of Christ's nature essentially Unitarian, we are justified in thinking, and they did not at first fall under any censure on account of their opinions, nor aim to found a sect by themselves. The extreme portion of the Nazarenes, however, went so far in their Judaizing tendencies as to throw suspicion upon the whole, and under the name of Ebionites, which is probably derived from the Hebrew word *Ebion* (*poor*), took a stand apart from the Church at large. They were Unitarian.

rians of an extreme and too negative kind, slighting the Divine Sonship of Jesus in their desire to abide by their Jewish faith, and discountenance any views of the union of God with man that might appear to deny the strict unity of Jehovah. Finding their humanitarianism probably too bald and unsatisfying, they sometimes incorporated with their Judaism some traits of the Gnostic system, and recognized various incarnations of God, the last of which was in Jesus Christ. These Gnostic Ebionites differed from the common type of the sect somewhat as the speculative Rationalism of our time differs from the vulgar Rationalism of the last century.

The Gnostics had the same affinity with heathen philosophy that the Ebionites had with Jewish legalism. Without undertaking to enter into the particulars of their system, in their wide range from the imposing theosophy of Basilides to the monstrous blasphemy of the Ophites, we must content ourselves with quoting our author's sensible words on parting with the subject:—

“ We shall wholly misjudge the Gnostics, if we find in their systems mere nonsense like the fantastic dreams of a fever. There were within them seeds of thought, as you cannot fail to see, in spite of their strange dress,— of thought deep and deeply moving. This cannot be denied. Even the rise of Gnosticism is not to be regarded as a chance matter, which was outwardly imposed upon Christianity or grafted upon it. It was in the age itself, and took strong hold of the history of the second and third centuries, and we do not therefore pass it by. As the offset to the legalism and letter-bondage of Judaism, Gnosticism had its historical justification. It represented the genial, the free element. We find in it also the beginnings of Christian art and poetry. It kept the Church from hardening into formalism; but it was obviously necessary that bounds, firm bounds, should be set to it, lest a new paganism should break out and pour its wild floods over the Church. Therefore Gnosticism declined after it had fulfilled its relative destiny in history. It died by its own instability, by its own extravagance, above all, by its own moral infirmity. Such is the destiny of every religion which supports itself merely upon ideas and not upon facts, which sets the phantoms of its own brain in the place of historic revelation. So reads the word of the Apostle: ‘ They who hold themselves wise become fools,’ and ‘ Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.’ ”

We are much interested in Hagenbach's mode of deal-

ing with the parties in the controversy of the Christians of the second century with their pagan assailants, especially with Lucian and Celsus. He looks upon the Apologies of Justin, Tatian, etc. with respect, as the first contributions to that department of rational theology which aims to reconcile faith and reflection, philosophy and Christianity. He finds in their pages, also, many valuable illustrations of the manners, customs, opinions, and temper of the early Church. He does not disguise his conviction, however, that the root of Christianity was far deeper than the pen of assailants or apologists penetrated, and by a power far transcending logical or philological argument the Gospel went forth to its triumphs. It was with the Church as it has been lately with our national Union. The Union has stood upon its own basis, little the worse for those who have attacked its fundamental law, and little the better for those who have boasted of saving it from dissolution. The opinions of men are something, but they are small matters in comparison with the facts of God.

"If we weigh the several evidences which the apologists alleged in behalf of Christianity, and compare them with the attacks of the opposite party, we shall hardly maintain that it was the force of these evidences that drove the assailants from the field. We see that the apologies of a Justin and others had very little outward result, since the persecutions went on as before. Christianity, such is the result of our consideration, and of this Justin Martyr is a striking testimony, made its way through the power of its own being, since it approved itself to the heart as the saving power of God, and whatever partakes of this power, whether in word, in letter, in deed, we have recognized as a contribution to the proofs of its indwelling truth and divinity, which no wit can laugh away by his jests, no critic can explain away by his subtlety, no potentate can suppress by his force."

Before leaving the history of the second century, we remark that we find ample traces of several forms of Unitarianism, alike that form which based the divinity of Christ solely upon the union of his humanity with the One God, the Father, and that form which asserted the simple humanity of Christ apart from any essential union with God. It is very evident that, at the close of the second century, the belief held by many of our Unitarian brethren now, that Jesus was divine because of the in-

carnation of the Divine Word in his humanity, the doctrine which Bunsen finds in Hippolytus, the Roman bishop, would have passed for very good orthodoxy. We are, however, little disposed to look for standards of faith to that age, or to any age of dogmatic controversy. There has always been, since the time of the Apostles, pretty much the same spirit of dispute about doctrines, and always the true Christianity has been a living fact too deep and spiritual to be seized and held in the fingers of critical analysis.

In the third century the most noted feature of the Church in its intellectual aspect was the rise of the Alexandrian school, and its opposition to the more limited and dogmatic spirit of Tertullian and his followers. It is but the old story of Idealism and Realism in the Church; the tendency to dwell chiefly upon the sublime, incomprehensible attributes of the Infinite Spirit, and reject whatever tends to bring God down to the measure of finite things; the tendency, on the other hand, to apply to the Godhead, without scruple, the limitations of human language, and thus treat God as a man. These two tendencies may both be salutary if well balanced, and may help toward gaining the sound wisdom that seeks facts as the basis of ideas, and honors the spirit as the life of the letter. Sympathizing more with Origen than with Tertullian, alike in the humanity and the philosophy of his creed, we cannot acquit him of the charge of a fanciful theorizing, quite as little in keeping with the historic truth of Christianity as the dogmatic Realism which kept his great contemporary from perceiving the breadth and spirituality of the Gospel. The two tendencies are in the world now, and in the rival thinkers within the same sect that old antagonism appears. We find also in our own day the same tendencies that led to the disputes of the third century regarding the Trinity. Perhaps the most prevalent view of the divinity of Christ now is the modal theory of Sabellius, who denied any plurality of persons in the Godhead, and asserted the union of the One God with the Messiah's humanity. And now, as then, many persons who oppose this view, and are earnest to maintain the distinct personality of the Son's divinity, are very apt to follow the course of Dionysius of Alexandria, who maintained such a subor-

dination of the Son to the Father as to peril the equality of the persons of the Trinity, and virtually to anticipate the creed of Arius.

In keeping with the more philosophical and interior character of the theological discussions in the Church of the third century was the temper of its new philosophical assailants. The chief of these was Porphyry, who was a pupil of Plotinus, and of that school of New Platonists who sought to oppose the Christian Gnostics by a gnos-
sis of their own. They may be regarded as a class of Pagan mystics, and as corresponding in many respects with those Rationalist mystics of modern times, such as Rousseau, Newman, and many of the German theologians, who try to build up a spiritual religion without the authority of Christ. Porphyry was not a flippant mocker, like Lucian, but his was a profound, meditative, religious mind, yet wholly devoted to Paganism. Born in Syria, A. D. 233, he died at Rome, A. D. 304, and had the means of knowing Christianity far more thoroughly than his predecessors had done. His attacks upon Christianity, however, were turned chiefly against the discrepancies in the letter of its record, and thus bore more severely upon the letter-worship of the age than upon the essential truths of the Gospel. Although he did little justice even to the personal character of Christ, he perhaps unconsciously felt the power of his teaching, and a letter from him to his wife might be supposed, if read by itself alone, to have been taken in great part from the New Testament. Hagenbach sagaciously remarks of the opposition of such men as Marcus Aurelius and Porphyry to Christianity, that in their very opposition they manifested a moral affinity with its spirit, as if in the moral world, as in the physical, like poles repelled each other. He deals quite plainly with the Christian bigotry which has painted such men in the darkest colors and doomed them to hell. He reminds those censors who consign a Julian and a Porphyry to the everlasting pit, that they may reflect profitably upon the words of Christ which promise forgiveness to sins against his own person from errors of opinion, and denounce as unpardonable the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, the witness of truth. Matt. xii. 31.

The last three lectures of the twenty that make up the

volume give a rapid survey of the doctrines, government, and life of the Church of the first three centuries. They are full enough of important facts and suggestions to warrant an entire translation. The liberality of the author's creed is shown in every page, and the orthodoxy which he finds at the basis of all earnest primitive Christianity, and which he asserts as essential to all evangelical faith, goes no farther than the creed of all of our school of liberal Christians, who believe in the supernatural divinity of Christ, and the regenerating power of his Gospel. His explanation of the rise of the scholastic doctrine of the Trinity is such as is now common with our own theologians. He maintains that, whilst the unity of God was to be asserted in opposition to Pagan polytheism, the Christian theism was to be distinguished from that of the Jewish theologians by the fact that God is not only to be regarded as *beyond and above* the world within the remote confines of his majesty, but his very being entered into the nature of man, the Eternal Word, the Eternal Revelator of God, became flesh. He laments that this central truth should have been circumscribed by so much dogmatism, and that human conceit was often more conspicuous in theological questions touching the Divine nature, than the true desire to know the way of salvation.

In treating of the rise of Church power, the author finds no proofs of any divinely established priesthood under the Gospel, and traces the rise of priestly power through gradual steps, under the pressure of a hostile world, and by the force of a zeal so resolute as to overrule small discords in the passion for universal organization. Nothing can make a modern reader feel the weight of Pagan prejudice, that pressed upon all Christians alike, more than the simple and touching description of the trials of a Christian wife in a heathen household. Where there was so mighty a foe, as universal as civilization itself, there must be an opposition equally resolute and general. So we may say that Roman hatred as well as Christian zeal consolidated the early Church; as when metal of various kinds is fused in the furnace, and if left to its own course might flow at venture into capricious forms, it is consolidated by the very mould that imprisons its burning tide, and the hard, sonorous bell sends

out its music upon the air, as if in triumph over the sandy shell in ruins upon the ground.

The survey of the early Church through which Hagenbach leads us, leaves a few impressions which we can barely hint at in closing. Such studies help much to enlarge our views and sympathies, by showing the marks of a common type in all the varieties of Christian form and faith. Very clear it is that the germ of all theology, as of all Christian life, lies in the nearer relation of men with each other and with God, through the work and spirit of Christ. The Church is the great fact of human history and God's providence. Without the fellowship thus divinely given, the individual is but a severed branch that withers away. This fellowship exists wherever Christ is acknowledged as the Head of the Church, and loved as the Lord by those joined as living members to his body. The study of this common fellowship, so strongly marked amidst the various and often extravagant speculations of Christian antiquity, may teach us a larger charity towards the conflicting sects of our own age, and close in humility many a mouth burning to shout out its petty anathema. It may teach us also to present a far braver front towards the heresies and excesses of our age, by revealing in the very halcyon time of primitive Catholicity the working of theories far wilder than any that now trouble the Church. Men dogmatized and rationalized then pretty much as now, yet Christianity survived the ordeal, and the Church went her way over the troubled sea of opinion. Imagine Tertullian catechized by the board of Andover examiners, or Origen overhauled by a Princeton committee, and we can well imagine the ominous shaking of heads among our grave doctors, scandalized at the unsound Trinitarianism of the one and the lax Scripturalism of the other. Our own school of Liberal Christians needs not a little of the enlargement that they teach to others, so tremulous are they at the reappearance of familiar speculations, and fearful that the Gospel is falling from its power because once in a while a bold critic interprets the Scripture with a freedom common in the early Church, and claims for reason a divine illumination which some of the most honored of the Fathers rejoiced in acknowledging.

Warnings, too, most significant and pressing, we find in

this historical survey, — warnings against errors rife in our time, from causes so deep in human folly and passion as not to be put down even by the first love of the primitive Church. On the one hand, the pride of speculative opinion, on the other hand, the pride of priestly discipline, and between them both every form of selfishness and superstition, invaded the Christian fold, and made the day of its proudest triumph the day of its most pressing danger. Now, as of old, the great security against corruption and assurance of progress is a hearty faith in Christ, as the true light of life, a faith that shows itself in practical piety and humanity, and builds up the character within the divine kingdom.

Three centuries passed after the rise of the Church, and then the session of the Nicene Council revealed the working of all the elements that have made Romish Christendom the strangely mingled empire that subsequent history reveals; and, more than a thousand years afterwards, Trent completed what Nice began. Three centuries have also passed since the New Protestant order began or was restored. What is the hope of a new Catholicity, more pure and enlarged, more reasonable and free, yet grander and mightier, than that of the Romish See in its best days? Rome has a ready answer, and claims to have learned wisdom without abating ambition after the schooling of a thousand years. Her answer is not the true one. What the true one is, we cannot say, but we leave it to Him who is preparing so mightily the way to some final union of the nations under his peaceful kingdom, by the opening of paths of intercourse immensely vaster than the Roman roads, by developing a language more comprehensive than Greek or Latin, by imparting physical, intellectual, and social powers beyond the dream of those Cæsars whose eagles were the unconscious pioneers of the old Catholic empire. We must do our part and wait God's time.

ART. V. — HILLARD'S SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.*

EVERY person of average intellectual culture is, in a greater or less degree, familiar with the geography, the history, and the antiquities of Italy; and it should seem that nothing new could be added in illustration of subjects which have engaged the attention of so many generations of scholars. Yet a perennial interest attaches, in the mind of every thoughtful reader, to the venerable names of Rome, Venice, and Florence. With an origin running far back into a gray antiquity, or dimly discerned in that morning twilight which broods over the dawn of modern history, they link the distant past with the present, and are in one way or another indissolubly connected with nearly all literature and all history. It is then with an interest finding expression in a thousand diverging lines that we trace the rise, the decline, and the fall of that greatness elsewhere unapproached on earth, and linger over that fading picture of departed glory, which Italy presents. Especially do we feel such an interest when we pursue our inquiries under the guidance of a writer whose mind has been so bathed in the selectest influences of classical learning, and who looks with so genial and loving an appreciation on all that is beautiful in nature and in art, as the author of the volumes now on our table. Even old and familiar facts recover something of the charm of novelty, as they appear in the light of a ripe and varied scholarship, and are grouped in new relations.

Mr. Hillard has, indeed, given us a work which will be received with almost universal favor by scholars and critics, and which no one can read without delight. Visiting Europe at that middle period of life when the mind may be most benefited by foreign travel, with an unusually thorough and exact acquaintance with classical and modern literature, and the master of a style of more than crystal clearness and purity, he has produced a work in which a rigid and impartial criticism can find

* *Six Months in Italy.* By GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 16mo. pp. 432, 455.

little ground of censure. The perfection of the style is such that the reader is unconsciously borne along until he quite forgets the consummate art with which each sentence is constructed, and the impression left on the mind is like that produced by some delicious strain of music. Blending in just and harmonious proportions narrative and description, criticism and general reflection, personal observation and the fruits of careful and extensive reading, the volumes are fused into a perfect and artistic whole from which it seems no part could be spared. Matter and manner are both excellent; and it is not easy to determine which of the two is the more admirable. In the selection and arrangement of his materials, and in the general tone of his remarks, Mr. Hillard has shown a sound judgment and a refined taste, which find fit expression through the translucent beauty of his style.

The narrow limits which we have prescribed to ourselves for this article do not permit a very minute analysis of his volumes, or any elaborate criticism of them. A very brief notice, with some characteristic extracts, is all that can be given; but this will be sufficient to justify the high praise we have bestowed on them, and induce our readers to desire a further acquaintance with these charming and thoughtful sketches of Italian scenery, art, and life.

Our author's first sight of Italy was on the 2d of September, 1847; and his last was in the following April. Between these dates two months were spent in Tyrol and Germany. But in the brief period occupied by his residence in Italy he saw nearly all those objects which most interest a well-educated and cultivated traveller. In truth, he appears to have exercised a judicious economy in regard to his time; and without hurrying from one point to another before the mind could settle and arrange its impressions, he seems to have lost few hours in idleness. His first chapter, after describing the Lake of Como and some other noted and interesting spots near the northern confines of Italy, presents a very pleasing account of Milan and its cathedral and pictures. It is with the second chapter, however, and his visit to Venice, that Mr. Hillard's Italian travels really commence. Though he passed only one week in Venice, his

description of the city and its many wonders of art is quite full, and comprises one of the finest portions of his work. We cannot forbear citing from it a part of the eloquent passage in which he describes his first impressions of this glory of the Adriatic:—

“The whole scene, under the brilliant light of a noon-day sun, is full of movement and color. As soon as the steamer has dropped anchor at the entrance of the Grand Canal, a little fleet of gondolas crowds round her, and you are charmed to find them looking exactly as you expected. As they receive the passengers, they dart off in the most easy and graceful manner possible, their steel prows flashing in the sun and their keels tracing a line of pearl upon the bright, green water. In time your own turn comes, and as you are borne along the Grand Canal, the attention is every moment attracted by the splendid show on either side. The long wave which the prow turns over is dashed against a wall of marble-fronted palaces, the names of which carelessly mentioned by the gondolier awaken trails of golden memories in the mind. The breadth of the ‘silent highway’ allows the sun to lie in broad, rich masses upon this imposing gallery of architectural pictures, and to produce those happy accidents of light and shade which the artist loves. High in the air, arise the domes and spires of the numerous churches with which wealth and devotion have crowded the islands of Venice, the bells of which are ever filling the air with their streams of undulating music. Every thing is dreamlike and unsubstantial; a fairy pageant floating upon the waters, a city of cloudland rather than of the earth. The gondola itself, in which the traveller reclines, contributes to weave the spell in which his thoughts and senses are involved. No form of locomotion ever gratified so well the two warring tendencies of the human soul, the love of movement and the love of repose. There is no noise, no fatigue, no danger, no dust. It is managed with such skill and so little apparent effort, that it really seems to glide and turn by its own will.

“So far, the picture is all in light. But it is not without its shadows. A nearer view of the palaces which seem so beautiful in the distance, reveals the decaying fortunes of their possessors. An indescribable, but unmistakable air of careless neglect and unresisted dilapidation is everywhere plainly visible. Indeed, many of these stately structures are occupied as hotels and lodging-houses; their spacious apartments cut up by shabby wooden partitions and pervaded by an aspect of tawdry finery and mouldering splendor. On diverging from the Grand Canal, to the right or left, a change comes over the spirit of the scene.

Instead of a broad highway of liquid chrysophrase, you find yourself upon a narrow and muddy ditch. The sun is excluded by the height and proximity of the houses, and for the same reason there are no points of view for any thing to be seen to advantage. All that meets the eye speaks of discomfort, dampness, and poverty. Slime, sea-weed and mould cling to the walls. Water in small quantities is nothing if it be not pure. A fountain in a garden is beautiful, but the same quantity of water lying stagnant in one's cellar is an eyesore. The wave that dashes against a ship is glorious, but when it creeps into the hold through a defective seam it is a noisome intruder. Venice wants the gilding presence of sunshine. In a long rain it must be the most dispiriting of places. So when you leave the sun you part with your best friend. The black cold shadow under which the gondola creeps falls also upon the spirit. The ideal Venice—the superb bridegroom of the sea clasped by the jewelled arms of his enamored bride—disappears, and you have only a warmer Amsterdam. The reflection, too, forces itself upon you that Venice at all times was a city for the few and not for the many. Its nobles were lodged more royally than kings, but the common people must always have been thrust into holes close in summer, cold in winter, and damp at all times.”—Vol. I. pp. 37–39.

As a companion to this graphic picture of Venice as it first strikes the eye, we will extract one or two paragraphs from our author's remarks on its literature and science. After referring to the poverty of the Venetian annals in names distinguished for successful effort in the higher departments of learning and eloquence, he proceeds to observe:—

“But in creative or imaginative literature, the poverty of Venice is most conspicuous, especially when contrasted with her eminence in painting and architecture. Bernardo Tasso, born at Bergamo, and Trissino, at Vicenza, were Venetians only in the accident of their birth; and they are but lesser lights in the glittering constellation of Italian genius. In the fourteen hundred years of the life of Venice, we find no great original writer whose mind, trained by the influences around it, reproduces the spirit of its age and country. The patriotism of Venice expended itself in action, and not in thinking or writing. There is no state whose annals are more rich in materials for poetry and romance, and no history more animating or inspiring to genius. Her long and brilliant wars against the Turks, especially, were calculated to bring the two powerful impulses of religion and patriotism to bear upon literature; but poetry neither

celebrates her victories nor mourns her defeats. The Spanish Herrera sung of the battle of Lepanto in strains which rang all over Europe, like the sound of a trumpet, but not a voice of triumph was heard from Venice, which had contributed so much to the glory of that day. Writers from every other country — Shakespeare, Otway, Byron, Schiller, Casimir Delavigne, George Sand, Cooper — have found in her annals the themes and inspiration, which her sons have missed. The mystery and terror of the government, the plots, assassinations and judicial murders which darken her history, the spies and informers, the lidless eyes of a secret police, the blows from a bodiless hand, the universal atmosphere of suspicion and distrust — all that made and still makes Venice so fruitful in subjects for poetry and romance to strangers — must have had a repressing and paralyzing effect upon native writers themselves. Who would venture to write a domestic novel, or a national tragedy, when the incidents and machinery must be sought in regions guarded by the flaming sword of despotism and jealousy, and the danger incurred would be in exact proportion to the merit of the result? A Venetian would no more have dared to publish such a play as ‘*Marino Faliero*,’ than to pull the doge by the beard.

“We may form a strong sense of the paralyzing influence of the institutions of Venice upon the minds of her people, by reflecting upon the impossibility of such an intellectual phenomenon as Dante having been reared there. His mind was formed and braced by the mountain air of freedom and struggle, and every line of his great poem breathes the spirit of a man accustomed to examine, to dissent, to assail, to praise and to denounce. In the exhausted receiver of Venice a genius like his would have perished in inanition. Florence and Venice, indeed, present striking illustrations of the respective influences exerted by liberty and despotism upon intellectual development. The history of Florence is disorderly and tumultuous, and sounding with the clash of civil warfare. Her citizens fought in the streets; revolution succeeded revolution; and constitutions were changed more rapidly than the fashions of garments. But everywhere and at all times there was rich, crowded, and animated life. There was free thought, free action, and free speech, and the human mind, under the powerful excitements by which it was acted upon, left no path untried and no triumphs ungathered. In Venice, there was long and unbroken calm, — no convulsion — no civil strife — no whirl of revolution. But it was the repose of death, and the mind of man slept from age to age, like a mummy in its sarcophagus. It is far better to suffer from the occasional excesses of freedom, than to have every energy sealed by the arctic frost of despotism.” — Vol. I. pp. 81 – 83.

From Venice Mr. Hillard went to Verona, Parma, Bologna, and Florence. In the last of these cities he passed three weeks; and three brilliant and attractive chapters show how pleasantly he spent his time. Few cities in Europe contain more that is calculated to gratify a traveller of cultivated taste, than this proud and beautiful city. Situated in the centre of a country remarkable even in Italy for the beauty of its scenery, and containing within its walls so many of the treasures of ancient art, it offers equal attractions to the lover of nature and to the traveller who finds his chief pleasure in works of art. In both directions Mr. Hillard made a diligent use of all the opportunities of study and research which offered within this brief period.

A considerable part of his volume is devoted to notices of the pictures and statues which, in Florence and Rome especially, furnish so large a portion of the enjoyment a traveller derives from his residence in Italy. In these notices our author shows a ready appreciation of the higher forms of pictured and sculptured beauty, and a freedom from prejudice and prepossession too seldom found in writers on art. His judgments are often at variance with the commonly received opinions, and may not always be free from the distorting influence of individual peculiarities of taste; but they are so frankly stated that they always command a respectful hearing. We copy a single passage from his remarks on Raphael, to show how gracefully he treats such topics, and how fertile his mind is in happy illustrations drawn from other and previous studies in literature and art. Referring to two pictures in the Tribune, — a Holy Family and a St. John preaching in the Desert, — he says: —

“ These two pictures are not penetrated with that maturity and vigor which Raphael’s genius subsequently attained, but they are full of those winning and engaging qualities which belonged to it in every stage of its development. Raphael is perhaps overpraised by those admirers of art who are not artists, and who judge of painting, not by their technical merits, but by the effect which they produce; in other words, subjectively, and not objectively. All the fine arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, have something in common; something which all persons of sensibility feel, though such airy resemblances are not very patient of the chains of language. In the expression of

this common element, Raphael has no rival. Maternal love, purity of feeling, sweetness, refinement, and a certain soft ideal happiness breathe from his canvas like odor from a flower. No painter addresses so wide a circle of sympathies, as he. No one speaks a language so intelligible to the common apprehension. There is something in his pictures at Florence, which recalls the early poetry of Milton. Like that, they flow from a mind into which none but forms of ideal beauty had ever intruded; like that, they are full of morning freshness, of the sense of unworn energies, of the most exquisite sensibility, and, like that, they glow with a light as pure as that which sparkled in the eyes of Beatrice in Paradise. Towards the painter, the dark cloud, which overshadowed the closing hours of the poet, was never turned. His life was a summer's day cut off before the noon. He is the Achilles of art, and his image is fixed in our minds as that of a youth, of immortal energies, ever aspiring, ever struggling, and ever conquering. Beautiful as are the works of Raphael, none surpass the perfect picture of his life. All contemporary testimony dwells with enthusiasm upon the gentle grace of his manners, the sweetness of his temper, his freedom from envy, and the readiness with which he communicated his knowledge to others. He breathed the atmosphere of love and admiration. In his behalf the common laws of man's imperfect moral nature were reversed. Before his transcendent genius, and the meekness with which its honors were borne, malice was silent and envy disarmed.

"In Raphael's hands, art performs its highest, and indeed its only legitimate function, because it helps to make us better men. There are many pictures extant—some by eminent artists to their disgrace be it spoken—which degrade and sensualize the mind, filling it with impure suggestions, and giving strength to down-dragging impulses, already too strong in most natures. There are others that are, morally speaking, neither good nor bad, that please for the time, and then leave us as they found us. These entertain us like a brilliant spectacle or clever pantomime, but they do not haunt the mind with images of remembered beauty. They do not float before us in our twilight walks, or paint themselves upon the wall, in visionary colors before our eyes, as we look up from our work. But the pictures of Raphael, and of every artist who combines genius with purity of feeling, are positively elevating and purifying influences. Nor is it necessary for the securing of these influences that the artist should have a distinct moral purpose in view; or should appeal directly to the sentiment of religion, as the early Italian painters do so exclusively. It is enough that the tone of his mind should be pure and elevated. Take, for instance, the Beatrice of All-

ston — that admirable artist in whose soul the highest graces of painting, so long wandering and homeless, found a congenial abode. Here is merely the head of a beautiful young woman, but how full it is of the most persuasive moral power. The purity of soul expressed in those gently drooping lids and softly closed lips, derives fresh attractions from so perfect a representation of its moulding influence upon the clay in which it is enshrined. The mere sight of such a face is an argument in favor of a spotless life. Such influences are indeed momentary, but of good influences how few there are that are not momentary, or at least evanescent? Temptation comes upon us suddenly and powerfully, like a tempest, but the virtue which resists it successfully has been slowly built up from a thousand nameless elements. Nothing is so small as to be despised; nothing so trivial as to be rejected. The influence of works of this class is like the influence of nature. There is no necessary and inevitable relation between the beautiful scenes of the visible world, and moral well-being or well-doing, but it is certainly true that just so far as a man cultivates a taste for nature, he cultivates a susceptibility to moral impressions. A lover of nature is not likely to be a bad man, because such a love preoccupies the mind so as to arm it against evil approaches. A vacant mind invites dangerous inmates, as a deserted mansion tempts wandering outcasts to enter and take up their abode in its desolate apartments." — Vol. I. pp. 118 – 121.

We should be glad to cite some of the passages descriptive of Florentine society and habits, as they appear to an observant traveller, and we had marked two or three short extracts which we are compelled to omit for want of room. In Florence our author met two of the most remarkable and vigorous poets of our time, though not among the most popular. The passage in which he speaks of them is so admirably expressed, and so just in its criticism, that we need offer no apology for copying it entire: —

"It is well for the traveller to be chary of names. It is an ungrateful return for hospitable attentions, to print the conversation of your host, or describe his person, or give an inventory of his furniture, or proclaim how his wife and daughters were dressed. But I trust I may be pardoned if I state, that one of my most delightful associations with Florence arises from the fact, that here I made the acquaintance of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. These are even more familiar names in America than in England, and their poetry is probably more read and

better understood with us, than among their own countrymen. A happier home and a more perfect union than theirs, it is not easy to imagine; and this completeness arises, not only from the rare qualities which each possesses, but from their adaptation to each other. Browning's conversation is like the poetry of Chaucer, or like his own, simplified and made transparent. His countenance is so full of vigor, freshness, and refined power, that it seems impossible to think that he can ever grow old. His poetry is subtle, passionate, and profound; but he himself is simple, natural, and playful. He has the repose of a man who has lived much in the open air; with no nervous uneasiness and no unhealthy self-consciousness. Mrs. Browning is in many respects the correlative of her husband. As he is full of manly power, so she is a type of the most sensitive and delicate womanhood. She has been a great sufferer from ill health, and the marks of pain are stamped upon her person and manner. Her figure is slight, her countenance expressive of genius and sensibility, shaded by a veil of long brown locks; and her tremulous voice often flutters over her words, like the flame of a dying candle over the wick. I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire inclosed in a shell of pearl. Her rare and fine genius needs no setting forth at my hands. She is also, what is not so generally known, a woman of uncommon, nay, profound learning, even measured by a masculine standard. Nor is she more remarkable for genius and learning, than for sweetness of temper, tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, and purity of spirit. It is a privilege to know such beings singly and separately, but to see their powers quickened, and their happiness rounded by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude. A union so complete as theirs — in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for — is cordial to behold and soothing to remember." — Vol. I. pp. 177, 178.

To Rome Mr. Hillard devoted much the larger part of his time; and nearly half of his work is occupied with a description of the wonders of the city and its immediate neighborhood, and with reflections on the character and condition of its people. Fortunately for his readers, he did not confine himself to a mere hasty and superficial glance at the uncounted treasures of art gathered in Rome; but here, as well as at Florence, he seems to have lingered in rapt admiration over the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, and to have been not less mindful of the beauties of nature. Nor did he neg-

lect to investigate with a curious and philosophical mind those questions touching the state of agriculture and mechanical and manufacturing industry, the social condition of the people, and the kindred topics, which possess so large an interest for the statesman and the philanthropist. And in so doing he has wisely availed himself of the labors of his predecessors, and added to the result of his own observations much valuable information derived from the writings of scholars who have made these questions a special study. A single passage in which he contrasts the English and Italian styles of landscape-gardening may be quoted in partial illustration of this characteristic of his volumes : —

“ There are but two styles of laying out gardens, or, more properly, pleasure-grounds ; one, English, and one, Italian : whatever changes have been introduced in other countries are but modifications of these two systems. The difference in them is the result mainly of differences in climate, and of consequent diversity of habits and tastes. The Englishman, living in a climate of uniform coolness, is led to form habits of active exercise, and he delights to surround his dwelling-place with as much land as his means will allow, so that his walks and rides may be as extensive as possible. His house becomes only a small part of the landscape, and he brings the greenness and wildness of nature as near as possible to his very door. He disposes of his trees and shrubs in such a way as to banish the idea of formality, and to create the impression that they have been sown by the hand of Nature herself. Living under a gray and overclouded sky, where lights and shadows rapidly alternate, and gleams of watery sunshine fall in broken fragments, he is obliged to forego the sudden contrasts of broad masses of light and shade, and to seek that general effect, the combination of many particulars, which requires a large space to be produced. The moisture of the English climate is also highly favorable to the growth of trees and shrubs, and is the immediate cause of that exquisite verdure which is the great charm of an English landscape. A lawn can only be seen in perfection in England ; and it is not surprising that an embellishment so refreshing to the eye and always so attainable should form an essential part in English pleasure-grounds. On the other hand, the Italian, living in a hot climate, does not fall into habits of bodily activity. Long walks or rides are not tempting to him, and for a portion of the year, at least, are quite out of the question. His purpose in laying out his grounds is to enlarge his house. He seeks to be led into the open air by insensible gradations and unobserved intervals. His

garden is to a considerable extent an architectural creation. His terraces and balustrades are rooms in the open air, without walls or roof. Not having a certain portion of the day appropriated to exercise, he seeks to secure the power of going into the open air, when the humor may seize him, without being exposed to observation. The powerful sun which burns up his grass creates a necessity for shade, and instead of distributing his trees in clumps over a lawn, he plants them in rectangular rows, so that by the meeting of their branches they may make a sun-proof canopy. As the light falls in monotonous sheets from a cloudless and dazzling sky, he contrives by salient projections, by walls, vases, balustrades, statues, and by thick-foliaged trees like pines and cypresses, to produce strong shadows, and thus modify the general glare. For the same reason — the prevalence of heat and sunshine — fountains are added — if not to cool the air, to awaken dreams of coolness, and refresh the thoughts if not the senses. The English writers upon the subject have not dealt quite fairly with Italian landscape gardening, nor judged of it with reference to the ends proposed to be accomplished by it. Their groves nodding at groves — their fraternal alleys — their formal walls of verdure, are not caricatures of Nature, introduced from a perverse preference for what is quaint and fantastic, but simply such a direction and use of the energies of Nature as shall produce certain results which are required by the climate, and which shall so blend with the features of the palace or villa, as to produce an architectural whole." — Vol. I. pp. 396 — 398.

Mr. Hillard visited many of the churches, basilicas, palaces, and villas in which Rome abounds, and has given descriptions of all of them and of the works of art which they contain. He also examined the vast treasures of the Vatican, which have furnished him with matter for an entire chapter. But we have no room for extracts from this portion of his work, and must confine ourselves to a single paragraph from his account of the College of the Propaganda : —

" On the 9th of January, 1848, I attended the annual performances, or commencement, of this institution. The apartment in which the exercises were held was of a moderate size, furnished with rows of benches, which were closely packed with spectators, and a raised platform at one end, from which the pupils spoke. The places of honor nearest the stage were occupied by half a dozen cardinals, among whom was Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose extraordinary knowledge of languages natu-

rally led him to take a lively interest in so polyglot an institution. As soon as the dignitaries were seated, the performances began with what we should call a salutatory address in Latin, pronounced by a youth whose name was set down in the programme as 'Sig. Enrico Van Buren di Limburgo.' His pronunciation was so unlike that to which my ear had been trained, that his Latin sounded like an unknown tongue. Then followed performances in fifty-one different languages and dialects, including Chinese, Persian, Arabic, Burman, Cingalese, Turkish, Ethiopian, Coptic, Hindostanee, and Syriac. They were generally very short, rarely exceeding five minutes; and as soon as one had concluded he was instantly followed by his successor, so that no time was lost. Several of the exercises in the oriental tongues were concluded by a few strains of singing or chanting, which afforded much amusement to the spectators. The strange countenances and the novel sounds made the whole affair quite entertaining, and many of the youths showed that their religious training had not entirely extinguished the spirit of fun. Many of the oriental languages spoken hardly appeared to be composed of articulate sounds, but to be made up of gutturals, aspirations, and a sort of faint shriek. A young man from Guinea, who was as black as it is possible for a human being to be, recited some Latin hexameters. His manner was excellent, and his hexameters smooth and flowing. The exercise in Portuguese was also by a colored youth, from Rio Janeiro, apparently the youngest of all the performers, looking not more than fifteen years old. He had a clear, ringing voice, and he spoke with great spirit and animation, producing a very general and hearty burst of applause. An English poem was recited by Sig. Eugene Small of Paisley, who spoke with a strong Scotch accent, and very rapidly. His poem, so far as I could follow him, was quite clever. In expressing his hope that Scotland might come back to the fold of the true Church, he used the expression, 'Religion's Bannockburn.' He also recited a poem in the Scotch dialect, in a very animated manner. Two of the performers, John Roddan and John Quin, were from Boston, and were the only representatives from the United States. One of them spoke in Hebrew and in the language of the aborigines of Chili, and the other in that of Paraguay. Of all the languages, the Spanish struck me as the finest in the quality of its sounds." *
— Vol. I. pp. 425 – 427.

* "No ladies were admitted upon the floor of the room in which the performances were spoken, but a few of them were present in a sort of upper corridor or gallery, from which they could see and hear only imperfectly. Remembering the vantage-ground enjoyed by the female sex at home on all similar occasions, some of us were disposed to exult a little over those

We have left ourselves space for only one other extract, painting with a master's hand the favorable circumstances which invite the young artist to Rome, and place before him and around him so many inspiring influences : —

“ Every young artist dreams of Rome as the spot where all his visions may be realized ; and it would indeed seem that there, in a greater degree than anywhere else, were gathered those influences which expand the blossoms, and ripen the fruit of genius. Nothing can be more delicious than the first experiences of a dreamy and imaginative young man who comes from a busy and prosaic city, to pursue the study of art in Rome. He finds himself transported into a new world where every thing is touched with finer lights and softer shadows. The hurry and bustle to which he has been accustomed are no longer perceived. No sounds of active life break the silence of his studies, but the stillness of a Sabbath morning rests over the whole city. The figures whom he meets in the streets move leisurely, and no one has the air of being due at a certain place at a certain time. All his experiences, from his first waking moment till the close of the day, are calculated to quicken the imagination and train the eye. The first sound which he hears in the morning, mingling with his latest dreams, is the dash of a fountain in a neighboring square. When he opens his window, he sees the sun resting upon some dome or tower, gray with time and heavily freighted with traditions. He takes his breakfast in the ground-floor of an old palazzo, still bearing the stamp of faded splendor ; and looks out upon a sheltered garden, in which orange and lemon-trees grow side by side with oleanders and roses. While he is sipping his coffee, a little girl glides in and lays a bunch of violets by the side of his plate, with an expression in her serious black eyes which would make his fortune if he could transfer it to canvas. During the day, his only difficulty is how to employ his boundless wealth of opportunity. There are the Vatican and the Capitol, with treasures of art enough to occupy a patriarchal life of observation and study. There are the palaces of the nobility, with their stately archi-

of our fair countrywomen who were present, on account of our temporary superiority. Rome being to so great an extent an ecclesiastical capital, women are often made to feel that they are judged by a monastic standard. From many places they are absolutely excluded, and the guide-books will make the cool announcement, that this or that spot is so holy that no woman is allowed to approach it. To women fresh from America, where they enjoy the chief seats in the synagogues, the change is somewhat emphatic ; but I must do them the justice to say that they submit to their privations very amiably.”

ture, and their rich collections of painting and sculpture. Of the three hundred and sixty churches in Rome, there is not one which does not contain some picture, statue, mosaic, or monumental structure, either of positive excellence or historical interest. And when the full mind can receive no more impressions, and he comes into the open air for repose, he finds himself surrounded with objects which quicken and feed the sense of art. The dreary monotony of uniform brick walls, out of which doors and windows are cut at regular intervals, no longer disheartens the eye, but the view is everywhere varied by churches, palaces, public buildings, and monuments, not always of positive architectural merit, but each with a distinctive character of its own. The very fronts of the houses have 'as individual an expression as human faces in a crowd. His walks are full of exhilarating surprises. He comes unawares upon a fountain, a column, or an obelisk — a pine or a cypress — a ruin or a statue. The living forms which he meets are such as he would gladly pause and transfer to his sketch-book — ecclesiastics with garments of flowing black, and shovel-hats upon their heads — capuchins in robes of brown — peasant girls from Albano, in their holiday bodices, with black hair lying in massive braids, large brown eyes, and broad low foreheads — beggars with white beards, whose rags flutter picturesquely in the breeze, and who ask alms with the dignity of Roman senators. Beyond the walls are the villas, with their grounds and gardens, like landscapes sitting for their pictures, and then the infinite, inexhaustible Campagna, set in its splendid frame of mountains, with its tombs and aqueducts, its skeleton cities and nameless ruins, its clouds and cloud-shadows, its memories and traditions. He sees the sun go down behind the dome of St. Peter's, and light up the windows of the drum with his red blaze, and the dusky veil of twilight gradually extend over the whole horizon. In the moonlight evenings, he walks to the Colosseum, or to the piazza of St. Peter's, or to the ruins of the Forum, and under a light which conceals all that is unsightly, and idealizes all that is impressive, may call up the spirit of the past, and bid the buried majesty of old Rome start from its tomb." — Vol. II. pp. 253 – 255.

But to this bright picture there is a reverse, and Mr. Hillard has presented with equal skill the many obstacles to the highest success of the young artist when placed in the midst of so many models of almost perfect beauty. His remarks are too long to be quoted here; but they are strikingly just and beautiful, and well exhibit the happy balance of our traveller's mind. When

in the presence of works of high art he gave himself up to a full and cordial admiration of them; and on the other hand, as before intimated, some of the finest sections in his work are descriptive of natural objects. But whenever any subject assumes a practical aspect, as in the passage just quoted, the calmness and sobriety of his judgment and the breadth and liberality of his views are not less noticeable.

In his second volume Mr. Hillard has introduced several chapters, in which he thus deals with practical questions in a wise and comprehensive spirit. Among these are the chapter on the Agriculture of the Campagna, and that in which a comparison is instituted between the inhabitants of the Alban Mount and the people of the rural districts of New England. Both of these chapters are particularly valuable and interesting, and are deserving of a careful reading for the information they contain on points about which few travellers give themselves much trouble. Another chapter of a similar character treats of the houses, inhabitants, site, and climate of Rome, and of the malaria which so constantly hangs around the city. A very pleasant chapter is devoted to an excursion to Pompeii; and there are also sketches of Naples, Genoa, Perugia, Assisi, and other famous places. At the end of the volume are three chapters giving brief notices of the principal writers who have visited Italy, with extracts from their works. In attempting this criticism of his predecessors Mr. Hillard has entered upon very hazardous ground. But he has accomplished his difficult task with great success, and probably no reader will wish that these chapters had been omitted, however much any one may differ with the critic in his judgment of particular writers.

Throughout his volumes Mr. Hillard preserves a kindly temper, and in speaking of the many annoyances to which every one who travels is subjected, he never gives way to a querulous tone. He generally contrives to pluck some flower from the thistles which grow in the traveller's path; and even the intolerable nuisance of Italian beggars, so exasperating to most travellers, fails to excite any vehement outbursts. On the contrary, he is strongly inclined to give them credit for a disposition to work if opportunity offered for the exercise of their muscles.

How far this opinion may be correct we cannot determine; but certainly the good-natured feeling which prompts such a judgment is by no means so common a virtue among travellers as to be unworthy of a passing notice.

In these brief and discursive remarks on Mr. Hillard's volumes we have merely indicated some of their chief points of interest and characteristic merits. But enough has been said and quoted to show how high a place they must hold among similar publications. Certainly we know no books of travel to which higher praise can be awarded, whether we consider their calm and thoughtful tone, their general interest, or the beauty of their style. In taking leave of our author, we need only thank him for the pleasure which we have derived from his volumes, and express the hope that he may long continue to labor in those fields of literary endeavor in which he has achieved so honorable a position.

C. C. S.

ART. VI. — POETRY.

SONG OF DEBORAH:

A LAY OF ANCIENT ISRAEL.

THANK God! now Israel is revenged! Freely her people came.
Hear, kings! hear, princes! while I sing Jehovah's mighty name.

Jehovah! when thou wentest forth from Seir, from Edom's plain,
The earth did quake: the skies dropped dew: the clouds poured
floods of rain:

The mountains melted from before Jehovah's awful face:
Yea, Sinai, when the God of Israel visited the place!

In the days of Shamgar, Anath's son, and Joel, all the highways
Were empty and forsaken, and the wanderers walked in by-ways.
The gatherings of Israel ceased, — for sore the people feared, —
Till I, a mother in the land, I, Deborah, appeared.
They had chosen them strange gods: war at their gates was
raging then:

No shield or spear was seen among their forty thousand men.

To you, O Israel's leaders, turns my heart, — ye came so free !
Sing praises to Jehovah ! sing triumphantly with me !
Sing, ye that ride on asses white, and sit on vestments gay ! *
And ye, that walk secure, with none to harm you by the way !

The voice of herdsmen, watering their cattle by the springs !
Where the battle was most hotly fought, the shout of victory
rings !

The people of Jehovah were hard pressed : but let them tell
Of the goodness of Jehovah, — his good work for Israel !

Arouse thee, Deborah ! awake ! sing the triumphal song !
Rise, Barak, son of Abinoam ! lead thy captive trains along !
A remnant fought the mighty ; but our God withstood the strong !

First Ephraim came, towards Amalek : then Benjamin's trained
bands :

Then Machir's chiefs, and Zebulon's, with truncheons in their
hands :

With Deborah followed Issachar, his captains and his men :
Issachar's footmen ; — Barak led them down upon the plain.

By Reuben's brooks, brave words, grave looks ! Why sit among
your cattle ?

To hear the shepherds' piping ? Do ye fear the shout of battle ?
Gad beyond Jordan with his sheep, Dan in his shipping stays :
Asher keeps snugly by the shore, and lingers in his bays.
But Zebulon will jeopard his life, and so will Naphtali, —
Where death is thickest on the field, press forward dauntlessly !

At Taanach, by Megiddo's stream, the kings of Canaan fought :
Fiercely they fought, yet found they not the booty that they
sought.

From heaven they fought ! Stars in their courses fought with
Sisera !

Old Kishon's stream — swift Kishon's stream — it swept his host
away !

O, then we smote and trampled down proud Canaan's men of
might,

And loud and fleet the horse-hoofs beat, that sped their captain's
flight !

Curse ye Meroz ! said God's angel then : ay, curse the coward
clan

That came not to Jehovah's aid, — that sent not spear nor man !

* The equipage of magistrates in Israel.

But Joel, Heber's wife, above all women blessed be !
 Among the tribes that dwell in tents no woman such as she !
 He asked to drink : with brimming bowl the creamy milk she
 gave :
 Her left hand held the nail, her right the heavy hammer drave !
 The hammer smote proud Sisera through the brain and through
 the head :
 At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay, — at her feet he dropped
 down dead !

From her window cries his mother, where the lattice half con-
 ceals,
 " Why tarry my son's chariots ? why delay his chariot-wheels ? "
 " Must they not, then," her ladies said, " find and divide the prey ?
 Each man his captive maid or two, — rich robes for Sisera, —
 A prize of bright embroidered robes, fine wrought, with curious
 toil, —
 Doubly embroidered scarlet robes, the glory of the spoil ? "

* * * * *

So perish all thine enemies, Jehovah ! but may those
 Who honor thee be like the sun, when forth in strength he goes !

J. H. A.

STRENGTH.

TO AN INVALID.

" WHEN I am weak, I 'm strong,"
 The great Apostle cried.
 The strength that did not to the earth belong
 The might of Heaven supplied.

" When I am weak, I 'm strong."
 Blind Milton caught that strain,
 And flung its victory o'er the ills that throng
 Round Age, and Want, and Pain.

" When I am weak, I 'm strong,"
 Each Christian heart repeats ;
 These words will tune its feeblest breath to song,
 And fire its languid beats.

O Holy Strength ! whose ground
Is in the heavenly land ;
And whose supporting help alone is found
In God's immortal hand !

O blessed ! that appears
When fleshly aids are spent ;
And girds the mind, when most it faints and fears,
With trust and sweet content !

It bids us cast aside
All thoughts of lesser powers ; —
Give up all hopes from changing time and tide,
And all vain will of ours.

We have but to confess
That there 's but one retreat ;
And meekly lay each need and each distress
Down at the Sovereign feet ; —

Then, then, it fills the place
Of all we hoped to do ;
And sunken Nature triumphs in the Grace
That bears us up and through.

A better glow than health
Flushes the cheek and brow,
The heart is stout with store of nameless wealth ; —
We can do all things now.

No less sufficiency seek ;
All counsel less is wrong ;
The whole world's force is poor, and mean, and weak ; —
“ When I am weak, I 'm strong.”

ART. VII. — BEECHER'S CONFLICT OF AGES.*

THE caption to this article, and the title given below, introduce us to a volume which is destined to cause something more than a mere ripple in the ever agitated current of religious thought and controversy among us. Without yielding any to a spirit of exaggeration, that might naturally be supposed to result from the excitement attending the perusal of a deeply serious book on a most momentous theme, we may calmly pronounce the volume before us the most important contribution which has been made for years to our religious literature. It is an honest, manly, candid, and most able exposition of the workings of a free and cultivated mind, upon a theme second in solemnity and practical influence to no other within the range of human thought. Whether the results which the author reaches shall be regarded as sound and satisfactory, or otherwise, no fair-minded reader can withhold from him the tribute of a respectful praise for his deep sincerity, his devotion to truth, his just regard for the honest convictions of others, and his thorough impartiality in presenting their different views.

The Beecher race are attaining such a reputation for individuality, independence, and strength of opinion and influence, that they will wellnigh deserve a separate classification in all matters with reference to which human beings are apt to be confusedly arranged in large sects or parties. The honored and venerable father of the family, after an uncompromising crusade against Unitarian heretics in this neighborhood, had no sooner reached the West for a new field of labor, than he was himself caught up and tried for heresy. His vigor and honesty of mind were of equal service to him, as they were to St. Paul under a similar change of experiences. This family trait of independent, outspoken honesty of mind, gives both the charm and the power to the volume before us. But the boldness of the book is not more remarkable than the solemn earnestness, the impressive superiority to all personal and party feelings, which every

* *The Conflict of Ages: or, The Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man.* By EDWARD BEECHER, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 552.

page of it displays. That the book will provoke many severe and excited critics, and will open a controversy among brethren of a most painful, as well as serious character, are results which the author must of course have expected. But if the noble example which he has set for his critics shall be followed by them, the controversy will not be poisoned by any of that acrimony or personality, or any of those petty meannesses of misrepresentation, which have made the very name of religious controversy odious to every lover of the truth. We say to every reviewer of this book, Be as honest, candid, and truth-loving as the author, and then do your best to prove him wrong. The admirably lucid style of the book; its distinctness and completeness in the expression of thoughts and statements; its frequent gathering up of the thread of its argument, so that a reader may have a clear, full view of his progress; and the absence of all misty, foggy, or rhetorical tricks with language, will give to those who may read it every facility for understanding it, and will raise no difficulties except those attaching to the main issue with which it deals.

We suppose that we shall treat the book and the author most fairly, and at the same time do our own readers the best service, by presenting as complete an analysis of the contents of the volume as our limits will permit, leaving the interest and the aim of it to develop themselves in that way, rather than anticipating them by giving here our own statement of them. We may, however, quote one sentence from near the close of the volume. Dr. Beecher says: "I have written as I have, because I have felt in my inmost soul, and with deep and long-continued sorrow, that God is deeply dishonored, and the energies of his kingdom on earth are fatally paralyzed, by the basis on which his own Church has placed his greatest and most glorious work, the divine work of redeeming love. I have believed, therefore have I spoken." (p. 445.) The volume is, in fact, another revelation, similar to that made by the excellent John Foster, of the dread gloom, the irreconcilable antagonism with reason and with all our conceptions of God, which attach to Orthodoxy, so called. In this view there may be nothing, or but little, new to most Unitarians. The significance of the book is that this new exposure

should come from a faithful and esteemed minister of that communion, amid the very round of his present pulpit and pastoral labors. That he has subjected himself to a tremendous accountability to his own brethren in the ministry, and to thousands of his communion whom our arguments would never reach, is not to be denied or averted. By many of them, as by us, he will be regarded as having dealt against orthodoxy a blow, from beneath which it can never raise its head again with its former honor in view of those who here are witnesses to its dishonor. Whether the fact that the author still adheres bravely to the whole orthodox system, saving only its one great fundamental tenet, will exculpate him, or what refuge they will seek who admit his argument so far as it is destructive, but reject the relief which he proposes, remains to be proved.

The work is dedicated, in an affectionate and manly spirit, to his "honored and beloved brethren in Christ, of every name," and a candid and generous reciprocation of the writer's frank sincerity is bespoken from all who may see fit to pronounce upon his labor. We sincerely hope that we ourselves may not fall below this fair claim of the author, and we shall take the highest satisfaction in reading every examination of his argument that shall be written in the same noble spirit that plainly moves him. He has set to controversialists an example which ought to introduce a new era in theological discussions.

Dr. Beecher affirms that it is not enough that the existing system of Christianity can do some good, or even much good. A system is needed "that shall give us the power intelligently to meet and logically to solve all of the great religious and social problems which we are called on to encounter in the great work of converting the world, and thoroughly reorganizing human society." The object of the Gospel is the Moral Renovation of Man, the theme of highest interest for the heart and the mind. But there is a most momentous conflict of opinions involved in it. "On the one side have been the advocates of that system the peculiar characteristic of which is the doctrine of a supernatural regeneration rendered necessary by the native and original depravity of man, and effected according to the eternal purposes of a divine and mysterious sovereignty." This system is said to

find its centre and strength in the Epistle to the Romans, though it appeals for support to all other parts of the Bible. It has been variously entitled the Pauline, the Augustinian, and the Calvinistic system; it was held by the Reformers and the Puritans, and has greatly affected the destinies of the world.

"Yet," adds the author, "in all ages, ever since the days of Celestius, Julian, and Pelagius, there have been, in large numbers, men highly estimable for intelligence and benevolence, and animated by a strong desire of urging society onward in the pursuit of moral excellence, who have, nevertheless, earnestly, perseveringly, and with deep emotion, opposed this system, as at war with the fundamental principles of honor and right, and hostile to the best interests of humanity." (p. 3.) There have been many intervening parties, and various subordinate conflicts, but harmony and satisfaction have not been reached. The author hopes to reconcile this strife, "to redeem the first-named system from a just liability to such attacks as it has sustained, by showing that all of its fundamental elements may be so stated and held as not to be inconsistent with the highest principles of honor and right." (pp. 3, 4.) He hopes to do this by treating with full justice those who have opposed the system, and also by vindicating the principles of honor and of right for which they have contended. To effect this purpose, it is necessary to give a compendious view of the various efforts that have been made, with all the earnestness of deep emotion and careful thought, to remove this antagonism.

The author illustrates his idea of the misadjustment of the system of the Gospel, by supposing that, in a community little skilled in the laws of nature, a steam-ship was introduced with the traditional theory that the wheels should be so adjusted as to revolve in opposite directions. For a time the theory might be put in practice, and the steam-ship would move in a circle, and be powerless against the winds and currents. Careful inquiry might sooner or later discover some process for readjusting the wheels so that the capacities of the noble vessel would be brought out. Has there been such a misadjustment of the system of the Gospel? Is there a readjustment possible which will make it effective?

The author says Yes, to both these pregnant questions. There is a conflict in the working of the two great moving powers of Christianity. The earnest and endless strifes and controversies thus opened have divided the New and the Old Schools among the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists, as well as other sects. No radical or permanent settlement of the issue has as yet been made.

The two great moving powers of Christianity which have been so adjusted as to work against each other are the truths which are found in practice to be of fundamental importance in the great work of moral renovation. "This work presupposes depravity in man, and a system of means ordained for its removal." Before this depravity can be removed, there must be a deep conviction of it. "But true repentance and confession of sin imply a conviction that the conduct of God towards the sinner has been, in all things, honorable and right, and that his own conduct towards God has been wrong, dishonorable, and without excuse. It is plain, therefore, that those are the great moving powers of Christianity, which are essential in order to produce these results. It is no less plain that they are the two following: — 1. A true and thorough statement of what is involved in the fallen and ruined condition of man as a sinner. 2. A full development of the honor, justice, and benevolence of God, in all his dealings with man, so made, as, in the first place, to free him from the charge of dishonorably ruining them, and then to exhibit him as earnestly and benevolently engaged in efforts for their salvation, through Christ, after they have been ruined by their own fault." (pp. 16, 17.) The great conflict is between these *Principles of Honor and of Right*, and the *Fact of Human Depravity*.

God has implanted in man an intuitive sense of justice, which defines those principles of honor and of right. It may be said that depravity has impaired or perverted man's power of judgment in this matter. How far depravity has had this effect the author does not decide, for he confines himself to the sense of justice as found in a regenerated heart, which, as he very reasonably says, is certainly to be trusted. This innate sense of justice is also to be compared with the principles advanced in "the

word of God," by which unqualified phrase the author uniformly designates the whole Bible. He then quotes such orthodox authorities as Calvin and Melancthon, Drs. Alexander and Chalmers, and Professors Hodge, Stuart, and Tholuck, to show "that there are fundamental judgments concerning honor and right, which God has made the human mind to form with intuitive certainty, and which he designed to be a divine disclosure of the principles by which he regulates his own conduct." (p. 20.) These principles, though not methodically set forth, are most positively and distinctly recognized in the Bible. St. Paul referred to them in what he said about the law of the heart and conscience among the heathen, and the Saviour's own words — "Why judge ye not, even of yourselves, what is right?" — have given the author a motto for his title-page. He is exceedingly careful in the clear exposition of these statements, because, as he says, some of his brethren, when pressed by the resistance of these principles of honor and right, are apt to stigmatize them as proposed by a dangerous rationalism.

Some writers, too, have been very slow and backward in the statement of these *principles*, from a fear of being compelled to meet them in an application at a later stage of the discussion. But, as our author admirably avows, God acknowledges these principles as binding on himself, and will not feel honored by any pleading for him which evades, or takes from, their full force. Four points to which these principles have reference are thus stated: — "1. The distinction that ought to be made between the innocent and the guilty. 2. The distinction that ought to be made between original constitution and responsible moral character. 3. The relations and obligations that exist between great and powerful minds and such as are more feeble and limited, and especially between the great, self-sustained Mind, and such as are inferior and dependent. 4. The obligations of the Creator to new-created beings, as to their original constitutions and powers, circumstances and probation." (pp. 28, 29.) These principles are not to be suppressed in view of any alleged facts; but are to be stoutly maintained, even at the expense, if it be necessary, of bringing the facts into question.

When these principles are applied to the points now

before us, they justify the six following inferences: — 1. If God, as the Infinite Father, gives existence to inferior and dependent minds in view of an eternal destiny for them, he is bound to feel and act as a superior, kind and wise, with an honorable regard to their truest good. This condition makes a “dividing line between the divine and the satanic spirit.” 2. No man, except under some urgent compulsion, would think of denying “that the principles of honor and right call upon God not to hold his creatures responsible or punishable for any thing in them of which they are not the authors, but of which he is, either directly or indirectly, the creator, and which exists in them anterior to, and independent of, any knowledge, desire, choice, or action of their own. Whatever thus exists is a part of the original constitution conferred by the Creator on his creatures; and for this he is obviously responsible, and not they.” (p. 34.) 3. These principles require of God, that, as he demands of his creatures that they do what is right, he should not himself confound the distinction between right and wrong, by dealing with the righteous as with the wicked. 4. The same principles require that God should not “so charge the wrong conduct of one being to others as to punish one person for the conduct of another, to which he did not consent, and in which he had no part.” (p. 35.) 5. As the creatures of God exist for eternity, and yet not by their own will, the dictates of honor and right demand that God should confer on them such original constitutions as shall, in their natural and proper tendencies, favorably affect their prospects for eternity. If the original constitution of such a creature be sinful, he would not be honorably treated by his Creator, nor be responsible for his sin: God would be the author of it, and would be responsible for it. And if there be a radical derangement or corruption in the creature involving a moral certainty of ruin, then existence is a curse to him. 6. The same demands of honor and right forbid the Creator to place his creature in circumstances needlessly unfavorable to right conduct and a proper development of his powers.

Thus it must be made to appear that God did not wrong us in the original constitution which he gave us, nor in the situation and circumstances in which he placed

us ; but, on the contrary, gave us a constitution and lot as favorable as possible, setting before us good and evil, life and death, awaiting the result. These conditions the Bible everywhere implies. "The Bible does not for a moment admit that men have in any respect been wronged. It always presents God as the injured party, and throws the whole responsibility of wronging him, and ruining themselves, on men." (p. 39.) These principles are all the more authoritative as they present themselves forcibly to a regenerated heart growing in likeness to God.

The author proceeds to confirm these principles by quotations from the most approved orthodox writers, derived from their discussions and decisions as to the constitution which God gave Adam, and the circumstances in which he was placed: for it is precisely at this point that Orthodoxy — technically so called — has had to meet the great question, "What was due from God to a new-created mind, and what was the fair state of probation for such a mind?" In this, as indeed in every other incidental and subordinate portion of his argument, we owe to our author the tribute of a most respectful recognition of his eminent fidelity and candor. Turretin, Dr. Watts, Wesley, the Westminster divines, and those of Princeton, are found to accord in statements which "involve in our first parents, as the essential basis of a fair probation, a good original constitution, well-proportioned powers, and a decided and powerful bias to good, resulting, at first, in actual and perfect obedience to the law of God." (p. 47.) The clear, emphatic, and reiterated announcement of these conditions is insisted upon, because "they are the most fundamental and the most momentous truths in the universe of God."

In order that the "Great Conflict" may be presented in its full strength, "it is necessary to place in contrast with the principles of honor and right which have been developed, the most radical view which has been extensively given of the fallen and ruined condition of man." (p. 51.) The facts authenticating that view are said to be independent of Bible authority, as they lie on the surface of the history of this world, witnessed to by the observation and experience of all men. In terrible contrast with what the principles of honor and of right would

have led us to expect, human beings exhibit a radical and prevailing depravity. If the principles that have been defined had had their full and unimpeded sway, we should look for a race which, with a few exceptional cases of sin, would, in their constitution, their powers, their tendencies and history, "illustrate and prove the existence of strong and predominant tendencies to good." But instead of this, we are confronted with a dark, a painful, and an appalling fact, — that of the universal prevalence of sin. Dr. Beecher quotes such Unitarian writers as Sparks, Norton, Burnap, and Dewey, as to the prevalence and the ruinous influences of sin. He is careful, however, to add, that these writers repudiate the idea that this development of sin implies in man a *sinful nature* in the obvious and literal sense of those words.*

* Without wishing to break the thread of our analysis, we feel that a proper respect for our author calls us to notice an inadvertency from which even his hearty spirit of candor has not secured him. He says of Unitarians, "The origin of sin they ascribe to the perversion of free agency by limited imperfect beings, in a world of temptation, bodily and mental." But he adds, that it was felt and conceded by Dr. Dewey that this solution does not account for the facts, and that that divine, "while insisting that the origin of sin is plain, says, 'The extent to which these evils go is doubtless a problem that I cannot solve. There are shadows upon the world that we cannot penetrate; masses of sin and misery that overwhelm us with wonder and awe.'" Then Dr. Beecher states: "The extent and the power of evil in this world are so great, even as conceded by Unitarians, that they cannot find an adequate solution of them in the mere free agency and temptation of uncorrupted minds." (p. 59.) He had previously written concerning the mournful realities of sin, that "eminent Unitarian divines do not hesitate to state them with an eloquence and power which cannot be resisted" (pp. 52); that "the testimony of Professor Norton to the facts of the case is still more ample and unequivocal" (p. 54). that the Professor had too deeply colored the picture in representing "the prevalence and power of error and actual depravity in the world more darkly even than the Calvinists." (p. 57.) Yet, farther on in his volume, Dr. Beecher says: "Those who hold these views [anti-orthodox] do, in fact, make every effort that they can to present in lighter shades the dark colors of depraved human society and organizations." (p. 219.) Calling his attention to the inconsistency into which he has been inadvertently led, we would remark that Unitarians in general view the existence of evil of every kind and shape as involving a *providential mystery*, our own liability to sin being not one whit more nor one whit less mysterious than was that of Adam. Finding ourselves subject to it, we endeavor to find in the warfare with it, and in the effort to overcome it with good, two of the great moral ends to be answered by our existence on the earth. The origin of our *liability* to sin we can explain only by referring it to the will of our Maker, who may have wished to people his various worlds with beings possessing various measurements of inherent moral strength, and exposed to various preponderances of good and evil influences for purposes of his own. Thus the Gospel presents to us its noblest elements of value and

Our author next presents "the radical view of the ruin of man," as held by the orthodox. We cannot forbear the incidental expression of our dissent from his assumption, that the whole force of the Bible is on the side of that class of writers. Even while we were perusing the quotations from authorities, it came into our minds to question how Dr. Beecher could entertain their testimony as to a *total depravity*, in view of that fine and noble sense of right and honor for which he has been pleading as still left in the heart of man. Had man no other endowment than that, he would by that alone be well furnished for the beginning of an angelic career. But our author is entitled to present his quotations. He says the aim of the orthodox is for THOROUGHNESS in getting to the bottom of this *depravity*, and "in disclosing the ruined state of man before he is renovated by the grace of God." They have been led to insist on these three leading facts concerning man: — "1. His deep innate depravity as an individual. 2. His subjection to the power of depraved social organizations, called, taken collectively, the world. 3. His subjection to the power of unseen malignant spirits, who are centralized and controlled by Satan, their leader and head." (p. 62.) They have found in the nature of man, antecedent to action, an already existing depravity, "conceiving of the human mind as a kind of seed-plot of sin." Calvin defines original sin as "an hereditary depravity and corruption of our nature, diffused through all parts of the soul, which in the first place exposes us to the wrath of God, and then produces in us those works which the Scripture calls the works of the flesh." "Infants," he says, "bring their condemnation with them from their mother's womb." "Satan's chief wile is, by concealing from man a knowledge of his dis-

power, as a means for reinforcing what is good, and for overcoming the strength of evil. If Unitarians were careful to use only such words as are consistent with their theological opinions, they would never employ the term *depravity*, or *depraved*; for those unscriptural words imply that man's nature has deteriorated from or fallen below its primitive type, — which we do not believe. It cannot be shown that Adam had a single advantage or security which is denied to us. He was subjected to temptation and to the power of evil influence or advice from another, to say nothing of the "power of the Devil," and he had within him a weakness which yielded to these outward solicitations. Our case is no better than his, but it certainly is no worse: for those three conditions involve the whole exposure of our lot.

ease, to render it incurable." The Synod of Dort teaches that all men become depraved through "the propagation of a vicious nature." The later Helvetic Confession says, "We take sin to be that *natural corruption of man*, derived or spread from those our parents unto us all," &c. The Confession of Bohemia says that original sin is "*naturally engendered* in us and hereditary, wherein we are all conceived and born into this world." The French Confession says of man, "*His nature* is become altogether defiled, and, being blind in spirit and corrupt in heart, hath utterly lost all his original integrity, — making every man (not so much as those little ones excepted, which as yet lie hid in their mother's womb) deserving of eternal death before God." An article of the Church of England says, "Original Sin is *the fault and corruption of the nature* of every man that is naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam." The Confession of Belgia says, "Original Sin is a *corruption of the whole nature*, and an hereditary evil wherewith even the very infants in their mother's womb are polluted." The Confession of Augsburg calls it "that *very corruption of man's nature* derived from Adam." The Moravian Confession calls it an "*innate disease* which is truly sin, and condemns under God's eternal wrath," &c. The Westminster divines teach that "*a corrupted nature* was conveyed from our first parents to all their posterity. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgressions." Such are the testimonies, — *thorough* enough, in all conscience.

After doing, in the sketch of which we have just given a brief summary, the most full justice to the doctrine of man's corrupt nature, our author presents the terrific power of evil as exhibited in the social and organic relations of man, in governments, in cities, families, society, and business. Then he adds, that we are informed "in the word of God that this world is the abode and theatre of action for hosts of fallen spirits, who, whilst the generations of men die, live and plan, and acquire malignant wisdom, from age to age," plotting and scheming in all sorts of ways against man.

We must intimate here, that this last suggestion is an

unnecessary aggravation even of the theory of Orthodoxy; though it is but right in the author to present it as it enters into the old-fashioned Orthodoxy. Only a very few passages of the Bible, at best, can be adduced in its support, and those evidently metaphorical. Christ came to destroy the works of the Devil, — that is, devilish or wicked works; but he could not have meant really to say — as he did in words — that Peter, his disciple, was the Devil, nor that the Jews, or children of Abraham, were literally the sons of Satan, — “Ye are of your father, the Devil.” Paul’s warfare with the hosts of darkness will not support the orthodox inference.

But we return to our author, who sums up his positions thus far by reminding us that as to these *principles* of right and honor, and as to these *facts* of depravity, all Christians accord, the Unitarians demurring only about the *antecedent causes* of the development of depravity. Now, he says, Christianity, as a system, can never operate harmoniously and powerfully except on the two following conditions: first, that it shall include all that belongs to these its two great moving forces, — the *principles* and the *facts*; and secondly, that it shall give ample room for the full and consistent development of each. Each is sustained in its radical elements by its own independent and indestructible evidence, but, “as Christianity is at present adjusted, there is no possibility of a full and harmonious development of them both, for one constantly conflicts with and tends to repress, and even to destroy, the other.” (p. 80.) The result of the investigation thus far shows us that man, born with a ruined nature, subjected to a corrupt and corrupting social system, and set upon by malignant spirits, has not been treated by his Creator as the principles of honor and right demand. A terrible conflict ensues in the mind that seeks to entertain both the *principles* and the *facts* that have been set forth. One who holds that God is the author of these facts of depravity is driven to an evasion or a denial of the principles of honor and right; one who holds to the principles will be driven to an evasion or a denial of the facts. Nearly all, if not in fact all, the writers who hold to both the principles and the facts, as Dr. Beecher says, have flatly contradicted themselves.

The second division of this most able and thorough volume is filled with details to illustrate the *Conflict*, and to prove that, as it now presents its conditions, it is interminable. The controversy thus opened is a most sublime and affecting one. Persons of a superficial mind, or a heart engrossed by the world, may not realize its profound and momentous interest, as it moves the depths of all earnest souls, as it concerns, not a philosophy, but an inspired message relating to the *realities of life and practice* in view of both worlds.

The author proceeds to describe six different *Experiences* which have arisen from the existing misadjustment of the system of the Gospel, and to present some of the reactions which they have called forth:— 1. An experience in which the facts of depravity have been so intensely realized as to suspend, or to produce a disbelief or an essential modification of the principles of honor and right. 2. An experience involving such a sense of the sacredness and momentous importance of the principles of honor and right in their relations to God, and giving to them such an ascendancy, as to lead to an entire denial and rejection of the alleged radical facts of depravity. 3. An experience in which both the principles and the facts are retained, whilst the mind seeks relief in the system of ultimate universal salvation. 4. An experience in which both the principles and the facts are retained, while the principles are allowed to modify the facts in order to a removal of the conflict between them. 5. An experience which retains both the principles and the facts, without conceiving of any mode of reconciling them; the result of which is an awful sense of being under a system that cannot be defended, and of having a God that cannot be worshipped or loved. 6. An experience which allows the retention of both the principles and the facts through force of a new adjustment of the system. The author presents the reactions attendant only upon the first four of these experiences, as the fifth of them is too terrible to be ever formally set forth, and the sixth is so suited to harmonize all difficulties as to avert any reaction.

The first Experience involves a review of the deep religious exercises of such men as Edwards, which results in the profound conviction of the facts of depravity, the

basis of orthodox doctrines. Yet it has caused a powerful reaction against it. "It has never been able to prevent, or successfully to repel, a most powerful assault, prompted, not by human depravity and carnal reason, but by the divinely revealed principles of honor and of right. And to this assault its advocates have never made a reply which has had any decisive power." (p. 98.) The orthodox have seen this result, and have taken the ground of defence, "that all men, even before knowledge or action, and, indeed, before existence, *have forfeited their rights as new-created beings, and have fallen under the just displeasure of God*; and that the existence in them of a depraved nature, and of inability to do right, is a *punishment* inflicted on them by God, in accordance with their just deserts." "THEIR WHOLE DEFENCE OF GOD TURNS ON THIS ALLEGATION." (pp. 99, 100.) If this can be made out, the defence is valid; but if it fails, the failure is an awful one, involving God's justice: nor can relief be found by regarding man's ruin as the *consequence*, instead of the *penalty*, of Adam's sin.

Our author visits his keenest and sharpest censure upon those who here take the ground that this terrible doctrine is a mystery seeking to be received through implicit faith. He makes terrible havoc with the mean evasions and subterfuges of those who cry out against "*the subtlety of human reason*," or "*metaphysical reasoning*," or "*unsanctified philosophy*," for the purpose of averting the honest inquiries of the human mind as to a system which shocks a sentiment implanted by God. To say nothing about the fact that these cowardly charges can be retorted against orthodox *reasoning*, they are unavailable for any honest purpose, as our instinctive judgments of the right are a revelation from God to us, — his voice in the soul. Dr. Woods grants that the theory of our having in Adam forfeited God's favor, and that his act, though done thousands of years before our birth, is our act, *is against our natural instincts of honor and right*. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, says, "It cannot be explained on the common-sense principles of honor and right." Abelard, Pascal, and some others, says our author, took the only consistent ground, when they boldly confessed, in accordance with their theory, that God did condemn innocent beings to endless misery for Adam's sin, and that our ideas of

right and honor about the matter were not to be trusted, because not common to God and us. Pascal allowed that nothing could appear "so revolting to human reason." Dr. Beecher therefore concludes, that something better than this plea against carnal reason must be found. God cannot fear to have his system judged by man's own sense of what is right. "There is reason to believe that he has allowed these principles to be embodied as at present they are in the Unitarian body, with a view to this result." (p. 115.)

The treatment of the second Experience involves a reference to Unitarianism, which, as our author rightly says, assails not only the doctrine of the Trinity, but the whole scheme of doctrines connected with it, as devised in view of the facts and the principles in the great *Conflict*. He exposes the shallowness and poverty of that reply to Unitarianism which ascribes it to "the depravity of the heart and an aversion to the humbling truths of the Gospel," and he says that the great movement of Unitarianism will not be understood till it is recognized as produced in part by a desire to vindicate an important truth relating to God. "The existence of the Unitarian body is a providential protest in favor of the great principles of honor and of right." (p. 124.) He warns every man against despising the argument raised on this point by Unitarians, as if it came from human pride, or carnal reason, or hatred to the truth. "It is," he says, "an argument adapted to operate with immense power on a rational mind." "It has in it a principle of vitality which cannot be destroyed." With full candor he confesses that their argument has not been met by the orthodox system as at present adjusted. Considering the source whence this honest and manly decision comes, it awards a triumph to Unitarians worthy of the patient waiting and the earnest pleading on their part which have marked them before this community. The testimony of such men as Dr. Channing, President John Adams, and Justice Story, is candidly given by Dr. Beecher. But he adds, it may be asked, why Unitarianism, with such strength on its side, does not carry with it the whole body of Christians. The answer is, Unitarianism is reacted upon by the facts of depravity, to which it does not give a full solution. He alleges passages from Dr. Channing to show that he

was disappointed in his early hope of what Unitarianism would accomplish, by its failure to resist or to rectify the terrible corruption of society. Dr. Beecher's objection to the Unitarian explanation of sin is, that it involves a *degradation of free agency*. We submit that he may be in error on this point, though we have not space to argue the matter. An imperfect nature is not necessarily a *degraded* nature. If man has never had more of free agency than he has now, that quality has never been *degraded*, except as individuals have misused it. The possession of a degree of free agency subject to abatements and impediments, does not show that that degree of it is *debased*. We may sin because we are free and imperfect, not because our freedom is impaired by a previous corruption. In referring, at another stage of his argument, to this alleged degradation of free agency, he speaks of it as describing "such facts as occur in this world as the natural and necessary results of the best minds which God could make, in their normal state." (p. 229.) But Unitarians are far from affirming that human minds, with their limited faculties, and human nature, with its imperfections, are the *best* minds and the *best* nature which God *could* make. We view them only as of the *sort* of minds and of the *sort* of nature which he chose to make. He may have in other worlds very different orders of being, diversely endowed, and subject to greater or to less imperfections, or to none at all.

The third Experience is that which led the orthodox John Foster, as it has led others also with his creed, to embrace Universalism. Foster's deep and melancholy shrinkings from the logical conclusions from Orthodoxy are affectingly presented, as bringing him to the admission that through it the system of the world appeared to him "a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade." This refuge of Universalism is reacted upon by the authority of the Scriptures, which are said to give it no sufficient support, but, on the contrary, to be wholly irreconcilable with it. Dr. Beecher adds: "There is a Christian experience which so reveals the malignant nature of sin as to throw it out of the pale of lawful sympathy, as in its essential nature cruel, and tending to cruelty in the highest degree, so that to punish it implies in God no cruelty, but the re-

verse." (p. 156.) A page or two in this strain is very poor reasoning, and very dreadful moralizing. We must enter a protest to the drift of it. Did Christ look upon the sin of a sinner — and there is no other sort of sin — as throwing him "out of the pale of lawful sympathy"?

The fourth *Experience* involves the New School theory, which attempts so to modify the statement of the doctrine of depravity, "as to represent the conduct of God towards his creatures in their fall as neither dishonorable nor unjust, and the doctrine of eternal punishment as not at war with benevolence and justice, and, therefore, as not incredible." (p. 164.) The debated issue between the Old School and the New School is most piquantly presented. The New School denies that God regards Adam's sin as our act, it denies the existence in us of a strictly sinful nature before action, and the *inability* of a human being to do his duty; but it asserts a fixed *unwillingness* to do the will of God, making man inexcusably guilty because he has the *ability*. This distinction is the most marvellous specimen of the exaltation of the issue of the difference between *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee*. With admirable skill Dr. Beecher uses the respective parties to it as the agents for "using up" each other. He pronounces the distinction as futile for the reconciliation of the great *Conflict*, whatever other merits it may have.

The fifth *Experience*, which is characterized as an "eclipse of the glory of God," overwhelms the heart with the harrowing conviction that we are living under an irreconcilable system of things, and under a God that cannot be worshipped or loved. A forcible representation is given of John Foster's description of this experience. Our author confesses to having been within the dark cloud, and to have found relief only through the method of readjusting the system which he has to disclose.

In his third division Dr. Beecher lays down the principles on which the *Conflict* he has set forth is to be reconciled. He says we must receive the whole of a system, and know the relations of its parts, and omit none of its elements, if we would have what is essential to its harmonious working. This is illustrated by referring to the

processes and conditions through which a true conception of the solar system has been attained. The human mind has faculties suited to such methods and processes. The Bible does not foreclose inquiry into the momentous subject before us. The author has but moderate expectations as to the immediate acceptance of his theory, on account of the preconceptions and prejudices which may deny it a fair hearing; still he hopes to present a method for reconciling the Great Conflict which shall be sound in principle, and which "will finally be recognized as such by all rational, impartial, and unbiassed minds." He certainly presents to his own orthodox brethren a strong motive for a kind entertainment of his theory, when he tells them so frankly and so fearlessly, that all their theories "involve God, and his whole administration, and his eternal kingdom, in the deepest dishonor that the mind of man or angel can conceive, by the violation of the highest and most sacred principles of honor and right, and that on the scale of infinity and eternity." (pp. 225, 226.)

The misadjustment which has rendered the system of religion so disastrously irreconcilable and ineffective, we are now informed, has all risen from "the simple and plausible assumption, THAT MEN AS THEY COME INTO THIS WORLD ARE NEW-CREATED BEINGS. That they are NEW-BORN beings is plain enough; that they are therefore New-created beings is certainly a mere assumption." (pp. 211, 212.) This is pronounced to be the only available suggestion through which we may find our way to relief from the terrible Conflict that has been described. 'The supposition that we are *new-created* beings when we appear on this earth, says our author, "is the most remarkable case of an illogical assumption of a fundamental truth, during a controversy of ages, of which I have any knowledge." (p. 218.) But, "If, in a previous state of existence, God created all men with such constitutions, and placed them in such circumstances, as the laws of honor and of right demanded,—if, then, they revolted and corrupted themselves, and forfeited their rights, and were introduced into this world under a dispensation of sovereignty disclosing both justice and mercy,—then all conflict of the moving powers of Christianity can be at once and entirely removed." (p. 226.) The

advantages accruing from this method of relief will be, that we can hold the most radical view of the facts of depravity, can retain an undegraded free agency, can clear God of every dishonorable imputation, and can believe in the rectitude of our original constitution. The supposition likewise accords with the Scripture doctrine of a kingdom of fallen spirits, a field and scope for whose ancient rebellion and fall are now found by high orthodox authorities in the demonstrated antiquity of the globe, far back of the six thousand years of our histories. It is affirmed also, that, by this supposition of our preëxistence, the experiment which God is trying on this earth, so far from adding to the number of ruined spirits in the universe, does in fact rescue some spirits from that fate,—the Christian Church being the medium of redemption. The author admits that his theory is not a novel one, but he says that he “shall endeavor to show a view of the character of God, which properly belongs to this system, which has never been properly developed and introduced as an element in systems of theology.” (p. 247.) He compares the element which he introduces into theology to the announcement of the one fact which interpreted the solar system and reconciled all its other facts.

In his fourth division, Dr. Beecher goes back to give an “Historical Outline and Estimate of the Conflict.” He takes Augustine as the lofty mountain-top of vision in this review. After a high eulogium on that great leader, he represents him as finding, as the result of previous speculations on the freedom of the will, that such an ascendancy had been given to the principles of honor and right as threatened to eradicate the *thorough* doctrine of depravity. Augustine fully and clearly conceded, that as men enter this world they have not such a constitution as the principles of right and honor require, for these demand that man should be free and pure, and should have constant divine influences for his support. He escaped the force of these principles by suggesting a theory almost of *Preëxistence*, namely, the theory of “A FORFEITURE PREVIOUS TO BIRTH”; “a kind of Preëxistence,” says our author, “that is available only through the imagination, and not through the reason, yet it gave to much of his language the form of truth.” “He supposed and believed that all men so preëxisted in Adam

that they could and did act in his act, and forfeit together all of their rights, in that great and original forfeiture of Adam." (p. 297.) Dr. Beecher adds, "Yet shadowy and baseless as is this theory, upon it for centuries the doctrine of the Western Church as to original sin, and also all the doctrines which grow out of it, were made to rest." (p. 301.)

Still, Augustine's method of explaining this theory of forfeiture has not proved satisfactory to those who avail themselves of it. He himself did not find peace in it. The author then enters upon a most keen, close, and scholarly review, to show the variations from Augustine's theory, and very naively sums it up by remarking, "I am not sure that I have gathered up all the modes [he gives six] of solving the great Augustinian problem, as to how men can forfeit their original rights before they are born into this world." (p. 318.) But if the forfeiture in any shape is denied, we are told that we must rest in one or another alternative. The first is, the supposition that all men are as well off both as to condition and powers as Adam was before his sin. We pause here one minute to say that we take this to be the theory of the Prophet Ezekiel, and indeed of the whole Bible, as well as of common sense and experience. Our author goes beyond the mark when he says that it would follow from this theory that "the predominant and natural developments of men, in all ages, are holy and good," (p. 334,) for this is *more* than was true of Adam, as the event proved with him. If we do not claim a predominance of good in us, we are then no worse off in constitution than Adam was, whose weakness and whose subjection to evil spirits brought about, as is alleged, the ruin of the world. This, however, by the way. The other alternative is, that the facts of depravity must be resolved, as by the New School, into the "Sovereignty of God," and be left to burden with gloom the best and holiest men. Two other ineffectual attempts for relief have been made, one in the dogma of the Roman Church, that free-will, though debilitated, was not wholly extinguished by the fall; and another, in the Arminian tenet of a gracious ability restored by Christ to all the race. But the relief will not meet the emergency.

At this point the author must be allowed to have

wrought out his argument to a crisis of terrific solemnity and of a profoundly intense interest. He affirms that "some of the best of men have ascribed to God, in these theories, acts more at war with the fundamental principles of equity and honor than have ever been imagined or performed by the most unjust, depraved, and corrupt of created minds." (p. 358.) Though some have been unconscious of the dread fact involved in their theories, others "cannot see around them any thing but a universe of terror and gloom, in the lurid light of which a just and honorable God cannot be seen, and in which the soul faints, and it seems better to die than to live." (p. 359.)

The final question now arises, — "Shall the theory of a previous existence be received as true?" Three objections to it are anticipated, which are to be considered in their place: namely, that there is no evidence of the truth of the theory; that it merely shifts, without removing, the difficulty; that it is inconsistent with Scripture. This brings the author, taking the last objection first, to refer to the Bible. He argues that his theory is not inconsistent with Scripture, if no other solution of the great problem is there offered. It is not pretended that the Scriptures offer any other except the theory of a *forfeiture* in Adam of our original right, a theory founded on the famous passage in Romans v. 12-21. He says that the whole discussion turns on that point, — whether the passage proves such a forfeiture; for except on the belief that it does, "such a doctrine of forfeiture could never have gained credence, or sustained itself for a single hour." (p. 366.) That famous passage is then subjected by Dr. Beecher to a most elaborate and exhaustive exegesis. His conclusion is that Adam's personal sin is not there represented as having any *causative* power to produce the ruin of man; that the condemnation involves only *natural death*; and that the balancing of the agency of Adam against that of Christ indicates only a typical sequence. The Old School divines, by their doctrine of *imputation*, agree with Dr. Beecher in maintaining that this passage does not assert that the sin of Adam made all men *actual sinners*, but only caused their *condemnation*. His conclusion is, "It appears, then, as the final result of these well-sustained premises, that the doctrine

that our depraved natures, or our sinful conduct, have been caused or occasioned by the sin of Adam, is not asserted in any part of the word of God," (p. 409,) and that the passage in Romans "does not exclude preëxistence, but rather presupposes and requires it."

Reverting now to the other two objections which he anticipates, the author briefly notices the first of them as follows. The objection is, that his method of reconciling the great Conflict "is a mere theory without any proof of its truth." He replies that it is in this way that some of what are regarded the most important truths are held. Our allowance and belief of them rest upon certain great intuitions and convictions of our own, taken in connection with the system around us. He earnestly pleads, that the impotence of every other conceivable solution of a most terrific problem casts us upon this as our only resource, and that this by its explanatory, harmonizing power is admirably suited to meet the emergency, and so has all the strength which it derives from the fitness of things. He says that the doctrine of a forfeiture of our original rights in Adam is the weakest point — indeed, the only weak point about the Gospel, the only avenue open to an assault upon it, and that nothing else in the whole system can be assailed. The *simplicity* also of the theory commends it, especially as it meets that recognized characteristic of human sinfulness which seems to endue it with the nature of a *habit*. It is remarkable, too, that Julius Müller, in his elaborate treatise upon "sin," was brought by a different course of reasoning to the adoption of the same theory, — of our having sinned in a previous state of existence.

The author has evidently reserved the energy and pathos and zeal which the theme has given to his own spirit, as well as the whole power of his logical skill, and the statement of the wide and momentous relations of his theory, to be spent upon his reply to the remaining objection, — viz. "That his theory merely shifts, without removing, the difficulty," — and upon the relief which his theory gives to the common view of the system of revelation and redemption. He contends that the shifting of the difficulty does in fact relieve it. For "the real and great difficulty is, not that free agents should sin, but that God should bring man into being

with a nature morally depraved," and should expose him to evil influences in society and the plottings of malignant spirits. This difficulty the theory of our having fallen in a preëxistent state does touch, by referring the origin of our depravity to that state, and by regarding us as beings who have lost our original claim on the justice of God. Our having sinned in a previous state may be a mystery still, but is not burdened with such an imputation on the justice of God as is the common theory; "it does not, as in the former case, present an alleged fact, which the human mind can see to be within the range of its faculties, and to be positively unjust." (p. 474.) The author enters into an elaborate argument designed to show that our liability to sin in a previous state might be referred to a *temporary limitation* of divine power in its relations to inferior beings in the earlier stages of creation, which was a necessary means of *evolving* the purposes of God. The reasoning here is hard, and does not satisfy us. We are not sure that we understand it, and therefore the fault may lie with us, and not with the author. We are particularly at a loss to conceive how any cogency or relief to be found in this reasoning would not apply equally to our being first created for this world with the same liability to sin.

Then follows a very condensed and powerful statement, under eleven heads, of the great recommendations of this theory of preëxistence, the substance of which is, that it accords with the whole tenor and contents of the Bible in its view of God's government, in its intimation of a great kingdom of fallen spirits organized under Satan, to break and triumph over whose power is the glorious work of Jesus Christ, in its description of this material system as created to serve as a theatre for the contest, and in its sublime idea of the Church as composed of redeemed spirits who are to inhabit the renovated system, and sit down for ever with God.

No reader can peruse the last hundred pages of this volume, the analysis of the contents of which we thus close, without feeling deeply moved by the evident earnestness of conviction which possesses the whole soul of the author, and kindles him almost with a prophetic fire. Who can bring any thing but argument and equal sincerity to bear against him?

We have followed the author through his volume with a profound interest, and we trust that we have fairly represented its contents to our readers. It may properly be expected that we give some expression of opinion upon its theory. This we must do with brevity. As to the issues which the author raises between himself and his orthodox brethren we may withhold our judgment, leaving him and them to open a strife or to arrange terms of peace. As we said in the beginning of our remarks, he has placed himself under a tremendous responsibility to his brethren, to the conditions of which they will doubtless hold him rigidly. They will not be able to conceal from the laity of their communion the fact that Dr. Beecher has exposed the doctrinal system which they preach to the gravest objections, and has crippled what remained of its power; while he has honestly accounted for the well-known truths, that Orthodoxy has led vast numbers of intelligent and serious-minded persons into unbelief, and is fast losing its hold upon the convictions of all classes of society. If, after his unflinching and unsparing representation of the antagonism which exists between Orthodoxy and the principles of reason and right, they shall conclude that the resource which he offers in his theory is but a painfully feeble compromise with the stern old faith, and, when contrasted with the boldness of his onset against Orthodoxy, exhibits only the sick fancy of a timid visionary, — they will find that two tasks are thrown upon them. If they shall think that one of these — namely, the demolition of his theory — is very easily performed, they will find occasion for all their skill and energies in the other, — namely, the repairing of their own outworks and citadel. How much of the troubled anxiety and perplexity which the book will cause to the orthodox may be allowed to transpire publicly, we cannot say; for policy may dictate reserve. But in private, there must be a frequent repetition of the question, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The pregnant question will present itself to many minds, If Orthodoxy is made powerless by the inconsistency or the misadjustment of the moving forces in its system, will not the fact that the Bible teaches such a system bring the holy book into discredit, and render it useless?

As to the theory of our Preëxistence, which Dr. Beecher has revived and put to so extraordinary a use, we should be tempted far beyond our needful limits if we followed the line of thought which it opens to us. Heathen mythologies and pagan philosophies have put the theory to their own service, and though on this, as on almost every other speculation of the human mind, nearly every possible form of thought and shaping of fancy has been anticipated, there is a degree of novelty in the use to which Dr. Beecher has turned it; for his theory is not a reproduction of that of the Hindoos, nor even of that of Origen. The idea of a Preëxistence, of our having shared a conscious and intelligent life before we came upon this earthly scene, has been a fond fancy of many dreamers, and has occasionally stolen in upon the meditations of prosaic and philosophic minds. In strange contrast, however, with the view of Dr. Beecher, that our former existence embraced a fall from holiness and innocence and a loss of the finer elements of purity, love, and rectitude, our fancies have been wont to trace to that state, as to one of unsullied and perfect spirituality, our fond ideals of things fair and holy and harmonious, to which there are no answering realities among things visible here. Our ideals of perfection have been regarded rather as remembrances surviving from a past state, than as hopes and promises of a future. There have been many persons who have professed to have some vague and fragmentary memories of joys and scenes which they have loved to trace to a previous life of their spirits. Those who have cherished that fancy will feel no gratitude to Dr. Beecher for telling them, that, instead of bringing with them into this world from a former state some surviving elements of a higher and nobler life, they are but the wrecks of a shattered and disabled army of rebel outcasts from heaven.

Sometimes, too, when looking upon that not rare phenomenon of a nursery which is described as "an old-faced baby," whose strange wrinkles and frowns and searching gaze seem to betoken a vast deal more of knowledge and experience than even the parents possess, the thought has arisen in our minds that perhaps the old face answers to an old spirit to which it gives expression. This, however, is but a fancy.

Dr. Beecher's theory may relieve the system of Orthodoxy, *but it does not relieve the human mind.* This we regard as a fatal objection. If we believed that the Scriptures taught the orthodox system, — which we do not, feeling as firmly convinced as we are of any thing of which we can form an opinion, that the Bible doctrine is wholly inconsistent with Orthodoxy — or if we believed the orthodox system independently of the Scriptures, we should probably feel as glad as is Dr. Beecher to avail ourselves of any suggestion that would resolve its awful problems. But this theory would not relieve our minds. Dr. Beecher says, "If this world is but a moral hospital of the universe, if in it are collected, for various great and public ends, the diseased of past ages, the fallen of all preceding generations of creatures, — then we are at once relieved from such depressing views of free agency itself." (p. 232.) We say, not one whit relieved. For how does it at all relieve matters to put the *scene* or the *place* of that degradation back into other worlds or ages instead of here, since whenever it occurred it must still have been *providential*. Besides, as we understand Dr. Beecher to represent the case, we are selected through the mercy of God, from out of the imprisoned and condemned crew of fallen spirits, that we may have a chance for redemption here. Supposing, therefore, that necessity required that we, in the essence of our own personality, should bear the element of sin, why should we be exposed also to corrupt and corrupting influences from society, and to the assaults of malignant spirits? Is it the habit even of human philanthropists to put the victims of one bodily disease into a hospital, and subject them to the risk of all other diseases for the sake of curing them? The influence of prison society upon convicts is now thought to constitute in itself alone an insurmountable obstacle to the reformation of any one of them. Is the condition of our existence on the earth only the same as that? Again, Dr. Beecher says, that, according to his view, "the entire aspect of God's dispensations towards this world is radically changed." (p. 243.) If changed at all, then it is certainly changed for the worse. For as we have had no conscious experience of the evil which we did, or of the suffering which we endured for it in a previous state, we have been called into

being to create such a consciousness and to be liable to an awful retribution for it. Our author says, that in that previous state, "Man was the author of his original depravity, and not God." (p. 244.) We say No! Not man surely, even by the terms of the theory, but an angel or spirit who acted ages ago for a man, while the son or successor, or human representative, contrary to the doctrine taught through Ezekiel, *is made* "to bear the iniquity of the father."

A second and very grave objection may be urged against our author's theory from the facts of our own consciousness, in its negative and its positive testimony. It is not pretended that we have any consciousness surviving in us now, of having existed before we came upon the earth. If, therefore, we ever existed before, and were guilty of rebelling against God, and had been consigned to suffering for it, we had fallen into a blessed unconsciousness of it, and a merciful oblivion seems to have settled over it. Why, then, should our being have been renewed only to subject us to a new risk? How thoroughly does this theory disarm spiritual retribution of all its terrors! How slight must have been the penalty of our sin, in order that all remembrance of it may be obliterated and we be wholly unconscious of any pain or loss from it! On awaking from an uncomfortable sleep in which we have been visited with the *nightmare*, the beast that rides over the harassed or the vapor-burdened breast, we retain the sense of having suffered, though we may not recall the shapings of our dreams. But if consciousness is miraculously restored to us here, and made so fresh as to appear a new and untried experience as this life begins, and if here we are subjected to a trial which may result in our being doomed to eternal torments, where, we may ask, is the wisdom, where the mercy, of this arrangement? It is to be remembered also, that one of the severest penalties visited upon sin is the being compelled to bear on its burdens with us, to feel the load of it as it has grown more heavy day by day, from the first day of our existence, through all the past, and as it weighs upon the very element of our consciousness. What becomes of this burden from our sin in a former state? Our author incidentally remarks, that the obliteration of our conscious-

ness or remembrance of that former state was necessary to the operation of the new process to be tried with us here. We should take precisely the opposite ground. Indeed, we should consider that a surviving consciousness of our former existence was essential to the fair trial of the experiment here. If we had brought with us even the faintest glimmering of a remembrance of our alleged former rebellion, it might operate most efficiently upon us in leading us to make the best possible use of our new opportunity. This testimony of consciousness — both negative and positive — is seriously hostile to the theory of our author.

Again, it may reasonably be objected to the theory, that if life is given to us, as human beings, on this earth, in order that we may have an opportunity of being redeemed from the penalty of a transgression and fall attendant upon a previous existence, then the opportunities which this life affords ought to be more equally shared and more thoroughly tested than experience in the great majority of cases proves them to be. A tremendous issue is suspended upon the career of each soul that is *new-born* into this world. The trial should be fair and impartial to each. Dr. Beecher objects to a Unitarian opinion, advanced by Dr. Burnap, concerning this life, — “as designed for a state of discipline and for the *production* in man of a holy character,” — that, “as in a great majority of cases there is an entire failure to secure this result, we are compelled to entertain very low ideas of the possibilities of free agency.” (p. 143.) May not the same objection be turned against his own theory? Does not the merciful end which it proposes appear to fail “in a great majority of cases”? The great majority of human beings born into this world die in infancy. What is the result of this new trial, which in fact is no trial, for them? When a little human body is brought forth, and God snatches from the dominion of Satan a rebel and condemned spirit to be breathed into it, if within a day, or a week, or a year, the infant dies, does that spirit go back to Satan, or up to God? If it be but fair, as, according to the principles of honor and of right, our author says it is, that “for *new-created* minds God could do and ought to do much more than to give them such constitutions and circumstances as are found in this

world," (p. 515,) may we not with equal force say that God ought to do more than he does for those who are *new-born* into this world for a new trial designed by grace for their redemption?

Once more, we object to Dr. Beecher's theory for re-adjusting the Christian system, that it involves essentially a recourse to that same plea of mystery, which, as availed of to meet a previous difficulty in another shape, he positively rejects as wholly unsatisfactory. Our author admits that there is a profound mystery involved in his solution, but he contends that the plea as he uses it may be honestly and reasonably advanced. We grant that it may be *honestly* advanced, but not that it will satisfy the mind. It cannot be pretended that, as his theory is presented to our minds, it can be any thing but a conception, a supposition, a tenet of unaided faith. We have no conscious knowledge of its truth, nor can any demonstrative assurance be offered for it. Possibly, in conformity with the principles of the Baconian philosophy, a shadow of evidence might be alleged for it in certain visible effects that might be referred back to a pre-existent state for their causes. But this would not be enough to satisfy us. And besides, while the author avails himself of the plea of mystery which he has previously impugned, he does not leave to that plea the wide, profound, and indeterminable scope of possible contingencies and conditions which it has as more broadly applied by orthodox writers. Dr. Beecher narrows down and contracts his plea of mystery to the dimensions of his own particular solution of a problem, and thus he concentrates our curiosity upon one dark point in a universe where all else is represented as being bright. When our curiosity is so concentrated upon *one* definite mystery, we are continually teasing ourselves with a restless desire to penetrate and explain it. His orthodox brethren never concentrate thought or a restless inquisitive spirit upon one dark point, one specific mystery in God's dealings with us; but they aim to extend the protection of mystery over a large, wide, free range, covering a vast number of possible contingencies.

Though we might multiply objections to the theory which this remarkable volume proposes to us, we will add but one more, drawn from the *extra-Scriptural*, if

not the *anti-Scriptural* character of the resource from which Dr. Beecher seeks relief under an overwhelming difficulty that is said to attach to a system taught in the Scriptures. Dr. Beecher recognizes the objection as charging an *inconsistency* with the Bible, and he maintains that there is nothing in the Bible irreconcilable with the theory. Even under this shape he fails to meet the objection satisfactorily, for the whole tone and doctrine and purpose of the Scriptures are in harmony only with the view of this life as actually the commencement of our existence. If, in opposition to the Universalists, the orthodox maintain that probation in view of eternity is bounded by this life, we see not how any one holding this opinion can represent this life as involving any part of a foregone conclusion. But even if this theory could be shown to be not irreconcilable with the Bible, that would not be enough. It ought to be advanced in the Bible. If the liberty be once allowed to speculative theologians of supplementing or complementing the Scriptures by figments or devices of their own brains, there will be no end, no limit, to the extraneous elements that will soon be introduced into the science of Biblical theology. That science is already a bewildering, perplexed pursuit, wearying and confusing to all but a very few persevering minds, and terribly unsatisfactory because so many unsettled terms enter legitimately into it. But if, besides having to contend with all these difficulties in the way of extracting a system of theology from the Scriptures, we are to contest and to encounter every theory which may be devised for filling out or reconstructing its system by the fancies of the human brain, we may as well give over the task before we undertake it. It is enough for us to be sounding and seeking our way, as now, over the depths of the great ocean of truth in the Bible. We cannot add to that sufficient toil and risk a course of experiments in the subtler element of the ether. Especially should one who holds the common orthodox view of the Bible confine himself to its teachings to find in it the whole of the system of which he finds there a part. His system ought not to be a larger one than that which he believes has been revealed to him. Certainly there is no intimation, much less a direct recognition, of the theory of our Preëxistence, in

the Bible. It is not availed of there to meet the perplexity alleged to be found in the system of revelation. Our author's suggestion, that even our belief in a God, and our reception of the Scriptures, and some other fundamental tenets, lead us out of the Bible for their warrant, seems to us inadequate for the large use to which he would put it. All the conditions for the statement and the solution of a Scriptural system, ought to be found within Scripture itself. To suppose that God breathed the spirit of an old condemned fiend into the fair form of Adam in Paradise, and that the Giver of life stands by the maternal bed, to inclose a fallen spirit in each infant body, if it be a supposition needed to relieve *Orthodoxy*, is a most forlorn device; but if it be needed to supplement the Scriptures, they are no longer "a sufficient rule of faith and practice."

We should be guilty of an unpardonable trespass on the patience of our readers, if we presumed here to give our own views upon the startling, yes, the appalling exhibition which Dr. Beecher has made of the orthodox system. We apprehend that relief from the fearful dilemma in which he finds himself involved can be found only in a modification of his doctrine concerning depravity. The readjustment of the system must be sought, as Unitarians have always said it was to be sought, and where, we doubt not, more of the orthodox than Dr. Beecher might allow have really sought and found it, — in some qualification of the theory of sin in its broadest relations, as to its cause, its origin, its extent, its effects, its palliations and means of relief, and the relations in which it places us towards God. The same conditions must be applied to moral virtue that are applied to mental attainments, or to skill and aptness in the use of the bodily organs, — conditions requiring practice, growth, and slow acquisition through effort and repeated failure. Dr. Beecher would not expect a child of his to know *by nature* how to spell, write, and cipher at all; much less, to know how to do all those things correctly: nor how to till the ground, or to regulate a watch, or to manage a ship, or to protect his health. Why then should he expect a child by natural instinct, without training through errors, to know and do all that is morally right? If we put our own children into schools, not to reclaim

ready-made dunces or blockheads, but that they may be taught what they are capable of learning, why may not God educate us morally in this life, starting with us in our ignorance, and bearing with our follies, and forgiving our sins? Poor reading or poor spelling does not prove a *ruined* mind. Why should wrong conduct be regarded as proving a *ruined* soul?

It is true that we cannot have too serious an alarm and horror for sin, and that we ought not to take refuge from its awful realities of woe under any invented theory or fancy. But it is also true that we have no right to work up so appalling a problem out of sin as will take it from the controlling, remedial, reformatory power of time, trial, suffering, eternity, and even of God. God is the only irresistible, unchangeable power in this universe, and God is love. We do not find in the Bible, nor in our observation of life, what Dr. Beecher calls "the thorough doctrine of depravity." If we did, we should regard ourselves as already among the condemned in hell, and not as living within the realms and under the training of a wise and merciful God,— "our Father in heaven."

G. E. E.

ART. VIII. — ANDREWS NORTON.

THE name of Andrews Norton has long been familiar to our readers, as that of one of the ablest theologians and most accomplished critics of our time; standing, in his department of service, at the head of the Unitarian movement in this country. His memory will be ever admiringly cherished by those who sympathized with him in his religious views, and who knew him in the fulness of his fine powers, as it will be honored by all who are ready to do homage to a true man, wherever he may be found; by all who in a generous spirit can reverence sincere piety and virtue, rich genius and learning, patient industry and independent thought, consecrated to the highest aims, in whatever quarter of the Christian camp their light may shine.

When such a man passes away, we cannot but pause

at his tomb, and hearken to the voices that come up to us from the receding past, louder and louder, as we listen, speaking of his labors and virtues. Both for the instruction of the living, and in justice and gratitude to the dead, we must glance, if we can do no more, over the scenes through which he has moved and the work which he has done. We propose to give a brief, though necessarily an imperfect, sketch of the life, character, and services of this faithful and gifted servant of Christ and of God, with a full appreciation, we trust, of his high merits, but in that spirit of simple truth which he loved so well, and which was one of the marked characteristics of the whole man.

Mr. Norton was a native of Hingham, Massachusetts. He was a direct descendant of Rev. John Norton of Hingham, who was a nephew of the celebrated John Norton, minister of Ipswich, and afterwards of Boston. His father, Samuel Norton, was a well-known and much respected citizen of that place, often employed in its public trusts, whose agreeable conversation and manners are spoken of by those who remember him. He was educated in the tenets of Calvinism, but, as he grew older, the views which it presents of the character and government of God were so revolting to him, that for a time he was almost driven into utter unbelief, until, under the light of truer and brighter views, he found faith and peace. He was a man of great devoutness of mind, delighting to see and to speak of the Creator's wisdom and love in all his works. He died in 1832, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. He married Miss Jane Andrews, of Hingham, a sister of Rev. Dr. Andrews, for so many years the minister of Newburyport. Another of her brothers died from a wound received at the battle of Brandywine. She lived to the age of eighty-five, and died in 1840.

Andrews Norton, the youngest child of his parents, was born December 31, 1786. From childhood he was remarkable for his love of books and his proficiency in his studies. Having completed his preparatory course at the Derby Academy, in Hingham, in 1801 he entered the Sophomore class in Harvard College, and was distinguished throughout his academical career for his high scholarship and correct deportment. He graduated in

1804, the youngest of his class, at the age of eighteen. The natural seriousness and religious tone of his mind determined him at once in the choice of his profession, and led him, on leaving college, to commence his preparation for the ministry. He became a Resident Graduate at Cambridge, but not being in haste to preach, he quietly pursued a course of literary and theological study, and laid the foundation of that high mental culture and large erudition which afterwards distinguished him. In this scholastic, but not idle nor fruitless retirement, he continued for a few years, residing partly at Cambridge, partly at his father's house in Hingham, until, in October, 1809, after preaching for a few weeks in Augusta, Maine, he accepted the office of Tutor in Bowdoin College. Here he remained a year, and some of the friendships which he then formed lasted through life. After this he returned to Cambridge, which henceforward became his fixed and chosen residence. In 1811, he was elected Tutor in Mathematics in Harvard College, but resigned his office at the close of the year. Mr. Norton had now reached that point in his career at which the rich fruits of genius and scholarship, that had been so long ripening in the shade, were to be brought before the public eye, and to receive their due appreciation. It will be remembered that his entrance on his theological studies was nearly coincident with the breaking out of the controversy between the *orthodox* and *liberal* parties in theology, occasioned by the election, in 1805, of Rev. Dr. Ware, then minister of Hingham, to the Hollis Professorship. Without going into the history of that controversy, it is sufficient to say, that it was amidst the strong and constantly increasing excitement which it produced, that Mr. Norton's early manhood was passed. The atmosphere of the times and the character of his associates contributed no doubt to strengthen the decided bent of his mind towards the theological and metaphysical questions which formed the subjects of discussion of the day. In the society of such men as Buckminster, Thacher, Channing, Eliot, Frisbie, Farrar, Kirkland, and others of kindred opinions and spirit, his attachment to the principles of the liberal school must have received added impulse and strength. In 1812, he undertook the publication of "The General Repository," a work

"in which," to use his own words, "the tone of opposition to the prevailing doctrines of Orthodoxy was more explicit, decided, and fundamental than had been common among us." Its straightforward boldness in the expression of opinions which then seemed new and heretical, while it was admired and approved by some, startled others, even of the liberal party, who thought that the time for it was not yet ripe. It was conducted with signal ability, but after the second year was discontinued for want of support. It was too bold, and probably somewhat too learned, to win general favor. But it did its work and left its mark. In 1813 he was appointed Librarian of the College. He discharged the duties of his new office with his accustomed fidelity and judgment, and under his direction much was done during his eight years service towards improving the condition of the library, then in many points, as in some now, lamentably deficient. He relinquished the charge of it in 1821; but he always retained a warm interest in its welfare, and was a generous contributor to it through life. In 1813, the same year in which he became Librarian, he was also chosen Lecturer on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, under the bequest of Hon. Samuel Dexter. The revered names of Buckminster and Channing stand associated with his, as his predecessors elect in this office. Eminent as they were, it is not too much to say, that their successor did not fall below even their mark; that in a peculiar fitness for the place, he was in some respects before them; and that he carried out what they had only begun or hoped to begin. Mr. Norton preached occasionally in the pulpits of Boston and the neighborhood, and, though he lacked the popular gifts of a public speaker, his services were held in acceptance by those who were best able to appreciate his true merits. At one time during the vacancy at the New South, previous to the election of Mr. Thacher, many of the members of that Society, as we have been informed, would have been glad to invite Mr. Norton to become their pastor. His lectures in Cambridge on subjects of Biblical Criticism were greatly admired; and there were persons who went from the city to hear them, whenever they were delivered.

In 1819, upon the organization of the Divinity School

and the establishment of the Dexter Professorship of Sacred Literature, Mr. Norton was chosen by the Corporation to fill that office. He was inaugurated on the 10th of August, 1819; and the discourse which he delivered on that occasion, republished by him in his recent volume of "Tracts on Christianity," ought to be in the hands of every student of theology. He held his office till his resignation in 1830; "bringing to it" — to use the words of one* of his associates in the Divinity School, still living and honored among us — "his large and ever-increasing stores of knowledge; imparting it in the clearest manner; never dogmatizing, in an ill sense of the word; but, on the contrary, fortifying his doctrines, solemnly and deliberately established in his own mind, with all the arguments and proofs that his critical studies and logical power could furnish." In 1821, he was married to Miss Catherine Eliot, daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., a wealthy and highly respected merchant of Boston, and a munificent benefactor of the College, whose son, Charles Eliot,† a young man of rare promise, early cut off, had been Mr. Norton's intimate coadjutor and friend. It is sufficient to say, that in this union he found all the happiness which earth has to give, and all that the truest sympathy and love can bestow. In 1822, he was bereaved of another of the dear friends whose society had been among the choicest blessings of his life, — the highly gifted and pure-minded Frisbie. He delivered an address before the University at his interment, and the following year published a collection of his literary remains, with a short memoir. In the discussions which took place in 1824–25, respecting the condition and wants of the College, and the relation between the Corporation and the Immediate Government, he took a prominent part both with voice and pen. In 1824, he published his "Remarks on a Report of a Committee of the Board of Overseers," proposing certain changes in the instruction and discipline of the College. In February, 1825, he appeared before the Board of Overseers in behalf of the memorial of the Resident Instructors, relative to "the mode in which, according to the charter of the institution, the Corporation of the same

* Professor Willard.

† The Miscellaneous Writings of Charles Eliot, with a biographical memoir by Mr. Norton, were printed in 1814.

ought of right to be constituted." Professor, now Hon. Edward Everett, spoke in the morning, and Mr. Norton in the afternoon and evening, in support of the memorial. Mr. Norton's speech was afterwards published. His admiration of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans induced him, in 1826, to undertake the collection and republication of her works in this country, in a style suited to his estimation of their merits; and in an article in the *Examiner* during that year, followed by other articles on the same subject at different times, he labored to impress on the public mind his own sense of their richness and beauty. The following year (1827), partly for the benefit of his health, partly for the enjoyment of the tour, he went to England. He enjoyed so much during this visit, and formed so many pleasant acquaintances, especially with those whom he had long admired in their writings (Mrs. Hemans and Miss Edgeworth among others), that, in a career so quiet as his for the most part was, it took its place among the most interesting recollections of his life. After the resignation of his Professorship, in 1830, he continued to devote himself to literary and theological pursuits. At the earnest solicitation of a friend (Rev. William Ware, we believe), urging the republication of his article on "*Stuart's Letters to Channing*," he undertook to revise and enlarge it; and the result of his labors — a new work in fact, the most able, thorough, and learned refutation of the Trinitarian doctrine that has yet appeared — was given to the press in 1833, under the title of "*A Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ*." In 1833-34, he edited, in connection with his friend, Charles Folsom, Esq., "*The Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature*," a quarterly publication, the plan and object of which are to some extent indicated by the title. It contained also remarks and criticisms by the editors, and some longer articles by Mr. Norton. In 1837, he published the first volume of his elaborate work on the "*Genuineness of the Gospels*." In 1839, at the invitation of the Alumni of the Divinity School, he delivered the annual discourse before them, afterwards published, "*On the Latest Form of Infidelity*." Those who remember him as he appeared on that occasion, speaking to many of them for the last time, will not soon forget the impressions of that

day, deepened by the evident feebleness of his health, by his slow, impressive utterance, and the "sweetly solemn" tones of that well-known voice, speaking out with slightly tremulous earnestness the deep convictions of a truth-loving, Christ-loving man, as with eagle eye he saw danger in the distance, where others saw only an angel of light, and with a prophet's earnestness sounded the alarm. The publication of Mr. Norton's discourse led to a controversy, in which he further illustrated and defended the views which he had expressed respecting the "Modern German School of Infidelity."

In 1844 appeared the second and third volumes of his work on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," completing the important and laborious investigation, which had occupied him for so many years, of the historical evidence on this subject. With the exception of his volume of "Tracts on Christianity," printed in 1852, composed chiefly of the larger essays and discourses which had before appeared in a separate form, this was his last published book.

Mr. Norton's life, certainly the most prominent portion of it, moved through sunshine. Clouded as it was by occasional bereavement, the common lot, and by the infirm health of his latter days, it was yet, in other respects, a singularly happy one. He was surrounded with every earthly blessing. He had within his reach all that can feed the intellect, or gratify the taste. He had leisure and opportunity for his chosen work. And all around him was an atmosphere of purity and peace. His strong and tender affections bloomed fresh and green to the last, in the sunny light of a Christian home. He loved and was loved, where to love and to be loved is a man's joy and crown. He had both the means and the heart to do good. And so, in tranquil labor, in calm reflection, in grave discussion of high themes, or in the play of cheerful conversation, amid the books and the friends he loved, "faded his late declining years away." His strength had been for a long time very gradually failing, as by the decay of a premature old age. In the autumn of 1849, it was suddenly prostrated by a severe illness, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. By the advice of his physician, he passed the following summer at Newport, with such great and decided benefit to his

health from the change of air, that it was resolved to make it in future his summer residence. From the beginning of the last season, however, it was evident that his strength was declining, and that the bracing sea-breeze had lost its power to restore it. He became more and more feeble, till, at the close of the summer, he was unable to leave his room; but his mind remained strong and unclouded almost to the last. He was fully aware that the end drew nigh. And he met death, as we should expect that he above most men would meet it, with all a Christian's firmness, tranquilly, trustingly, with a hope full of immortality, reposing on the bosom of the Father. His patience, serenity, gentleness, his calm faith in God, the heavenliness of his spirit, the sweetness of his smile, illumined and sanctified the house of death. He gradually sunk away, till on Sunday evening, September 18, the quivering flame of life went out, and the shining light within ascended to the Father of lights.

The life of Mr. Norton was that of a diligent student and thinker, doing his work in the still air of the library, and withdrawn from the stir and rush of the great world, yet not indifferent to its movements, nor unconcerned in its welfare. He mingled little in political affairs, though in them, as in every thing else, he had his own distinct judgment and decided action, when the time called. He took no prominent part in the moral reforms of the day. A lover of his country, a lover of his kind, he expressed his patriotism and his philanthropy in quiet, individual ways. Whatever he did for others, there was no sounding of a trumpet before him. He went little into general society. He had enough, as we have seen, to occupy his time and his thoughts, without going out of his little world into the larger. The delicacy of his health and the languidness of his animal spirits, added to the studiousness of his habits and his natural reserve, made him somewhat of a recluse. But his house, with its kind and sincere hospitality, was always open, nor was his heart cold, or his hand shut.

He was never idle; but he chose to labor in his own way, apart from the crowd. He knew that he should labor more happily and more usefully so. He kept aloof from public excitements. He had no taste for public meetings. He had not the showy, popular gifts, which fit a

man for the speeches of the platform ; nor the impulsive social temperament, which throws itself into the boiling current of the times. He was, both by nature and on principle, disinclined to enter into the associated movements of denominational warfare. He objected to the Unitarian name. He did not favor the formation of the Unitarian Association. On this point he differed decidedly, but quietly and amicably, from the majority of his brethren. No man prized the truths of Liberal Christianity more highly than he, or held them with a firmer grasp ; but he believed that they would make their way more surely, and in the end more rapidly, with less irritating friction against the popular modes of faith, and with less peril, both from without and from within, if left to the quiet channels of individual speech and individual effort. He therefore studiously kept aloof from any distinct, formal organization, even for the maintenance and diffusion of doctrines dearer to him than life.

And yet this reserved, independent, solitary thinker, moving in his own orbit, towards his chosen goal, carried with him by a mastery which he did not seek, and by a gravitation which was but the natural result of his intellectual greatness, a host of other minds that rejoiced in his kingly light. By the massive power of his mind and the weight of his learning, by the force of his character and the impressive authority of his word, spoken and written, he wielded for many years an influence in the body to which he belonged, such as few other men among us have ever possessed. This influence, as quiet as it was powerful, was exerted partly through his stated teachings in the Divinity School at Cambridge, partly through his private conversational intercourse, partly through the occasional articles and the more elaborate works which came forth, "few and far between," from his scrupulous pen. What he was and did in his several fields of theological service is well understood by many of our readers ; but those who knew little of him will be glad to know more, and those who knew him best will love to read over again the recollections of the past and to dwell on the memory of what they owe him.

Mr. Norton brought to the Professorship of Sacred Literature a combination of rich qualifications, natural

and acquired, for his high office, such as is rarely found, such as we can hardly hope to see again, approximating the ideal of the consummate theologian described by him in his Inaugural Discourse; an acute and vigorous intellect, disciplined in all its faculties by laborious study, trained to habits of clear and exact reasoning, and remarkable alike for its powers of analysis and discrimination, for the logical ability with which it grappled with the questions before it, for the intense and sustained concentration of its strength on its chosen subjects, and for the native sagacity and good sense with which it saw its way to the hidden truth; varied and extensive learning, as finished and accurate as it was full; a most pure and nicely critical taste; a fine imagination, that stood back in waiting as the handmaid to his robust understanding; a complete command of his accumulated resources; an inwardly enthusiastic devotion to the studies which he had embraced, and the highest appreciation of their nobleness and importance; a masterly familiarity with the science of Scriptural interpretation, and with the whole circle of theological science; a love of original and independent investigation, going back to the fountain-head, and never satisfying itself with guesses or traditions; an indefatigable assiduity and patience of examination and of pursuit in the researches which formed the business of his life; the most scrupulous carefulness in the statement of facts, and a microscopic accuracy in every part of his work; a simple lucidness of expression and daylight distinctness of thought, even in the abstrusest themes, as of one who believed that intelligible ideas can be conveyed in intelligible words, and that no others are worth having; a conscientious slowness in forming his conclusions, combined with great strength, earnestness, and decision in maintaining the opinions at which he at length arrived; a confidence that justified itself to those who knew him in the results of his so cautiously conducted inquiries, and a conscious authority which impressed his convictions on others; and with and above all other gifts, surrounding them with a sacred halo, the profound religiousness of his nature, seen, not shown, the depth and calm intensity of his faith in Christianity and in Christ, the elevated seriousness of his views of life and duty, and the purity, delicacy, uprightness, of his whole character.

The influence of such a man, both in his instructions and his example, on the minds which were brought into contact with him at the Divinity School in Cambridge, can hardly be overrated. They regarded him with a peculiar reverence and admiration. They listened with eagerness and profound interest to his decided and luminous words, so aptly expressive of his decided and luminous thoughts. Even if they were not prepared to accept his conclusions, they did not the less admire the strength and fulness with which they were set forth. His admirable elucidations of Scripture, his searching criticisms on the various readings or various theories of interpretation, his convincing expositions of Christian doctrine, his solemn and impressive representations of the character and teachings of Christ, his interesting unwritten (yet, as it seemed to us, as complete and exact, both in thought and language, as if they had been written) dissertations on some point of theological or metaphysical inquiry, his wise hints and counsels to the young preacher, uttered in that peculiar manner of his which gave them a double force, will never be forgotten by those who heard them. Even those who on some points are not in sympathy with him, love to bear testimony to his high merits. The voluntary tribute which Dr. Furness rendered to him some years since in his work on "*Jesus and his Biographers*," is as just as it is heart-felt.

"I esteem it an invaluable privilege," he says, "to have been introduced to the study of the New Testament under the clear and able guidance of Mr. Norton. How fully did he realize the idea of a true instructor, not standing still and pointing out our way for us over a beaten path, but ascending every height, descending into every depth, with his whole attention and heart, and carrying the hearts of his pupils along with him. The remembrance of those days, when a rich and powerful mind, animated by the spirit of truth, came close to my own mind, renders more vivid my sense of the meaning of the Great Teacher of teachers when he described the increase of the power of truth, which was the life of his being, under the figure of a personal coming, and said, 'If any man will keep my commandments, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.'"^{*}

^{*} *Furness's Jesus and his Biographers*, p. 212.

"Whatever interest I have felt in the study of the Bible," says another of the most eminent of our Unitarian divines, "or whatever knowledge I have gained of the proper way of pursuing that study, I owe in great measure to him, certainly more to him than to all other men. And when I look back to the three years spent under his kind and faithful instruction, I seem to return to one of the happiest as well as most profitable periods of my life."

It has been said, that the awe which he unconsciously inspired was sometimes unfavorable to the free action and free expression of thought in those who sat under his instructions; and that the severity of his taste, and his known dislike, openly or silently expressed, of every thing which bordered on what is theatrical in manner, or over-florid in style, or extravagant in sentiment, had a tendency to repress too much the exuberance of youthful imagination and the warmth of youthful feeling. Certainly the danger was on that side. But for one who may perchance have suffered from this cause, many, we are sure, will thank him through life for the restraining, improving, and elevating influence which he exerted on their minds and hearts.

But the field of Mr. Norton's labors and usefulness extended far beyond the bounds of the theological institution with which he was for a time connected, and of the religious body to which he belonged. He became known and widely respected through the writings, chiefly of a religious, partly of a literary character, which through various channels he gave to the press. He was too careful of truth, and too careless of present fame,—like his great neighbor-artist painting for immortality and giving the last touches to his work till death found him still waiting to finish it,—too deeply impressed with the sense of an author's responsibility in the publication of his opinions on important subjects, too anxious that his offerings at the altar of Christian science should be without blemish and without spot, to be a rapid or voluminous writer. *Non multa sed multum*. He has left enough to lay us under a lasting debt of gratitude. Whenever we hear a contrast suggested between him and others in this respect, implying some defect on his part, we are always reminded of the old fable, in the

school-book, of the Cony and the Lion. "See my troop of little ones! and how many hast thou?" "One, but a *lion*." One such work as that on the "Genuineness of the Gospels" is more honorable to a man, than a score of imperfectly prepared, roughly finished, loosely jointed productions, soon to die and be forgotten. Besides, each one must work in his own way, and not in another's; and each subject must have its own mode of treatment. The inquiries on which Mr. Norton spent his strength demand of a conscientious man all the thought, labor, long circumspection, and minuteness of investigation which he can give them. He held his place, he did his part, — a high and peculiar one, — in the confirmation and advancement of Christian truth. Let others be as faithful to theirs. A survey, however, of Mr. Norton's actual labors, both as a theologian and a man of letters, will show that his life was a continuously industrious one; — and even on the point to which we have referred, the amount of his published thoughts, some injustice may have been done him from the fact that a great part of them appeared in the periodical literature of his day, and stand somewhat out of sight.

Mr. Norton's earliest contributions to the press appeared in the *Literary Miscellany*, a periodical published in Cambridge in the style of the day, in 1804–5. They are a notice of Cowper, a short review of a sermon by Rev. Henry Ware, his pastor, and one or two short poetical translations. They are of little interest, except as indicating the turn of his mind at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and as dimly foreshadowing to us in their subjects the future career of the theologian, the man of letters, and the poet. He wrote some years after this for the *Monthly Anthology*. To some of its volumes his contributions, we believe, were frequent.

It was not, however, till he assumed the editorship of the *General Repository*, that his full power as a thinker and a writer was publicly developed and understood. The first article of that work, a very clear and powerful, and, as it was then considered, a very bold article, entitled "A Defence of Liberal Christianity," was written by him and attracted much notice. Its sentiments, then new, or not before so openly expressed, drew down severe animadversion from the orthodox pulpit and press. This

was followed by his masterly review, continued through several numbers of the same periodical, of the "Controversy between Dr. Priestley, Dr. Horsley, and others," evincing the most thorough learning and the most patient research. Other minor contributions of his, literary and poetical, are scattered through the work.

With the New Series of the *Christian Disciple*, commenced in 1819, Mr. Norton resumed his public literary labors, which appear to have been suspended for a time in consequence of the discontinuance of the *General Repository*, and the want of an appropriate organ for the utterance of his views. Besides some smaller articles of a general character, he contributed several critical and doctrinal dissertations of great value and interest, and full of that marked power which placed him at the head of the theological and controversial writers of his day. Among these are his *Review of Stuart's Letters to Channing*, by far the most able, complete, and at the same time condensed confutation of the doctrine of the Trinity which has yet appeared,—his "*Thoughts on True and False Religion*,"—and his "*Views of Calvinism*." The earlier volumes of the *Christian Examiner* were also enriched by his pen. The articles on the Poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and one on Pollok's *Course of Time*, will be remembered among those of a purely literary character. Besides these and several religious essays in the first and second volumes of the *Examiner*, on the "*Future Life of the Good*," the "*Punishment of Sin*," the "*Duty of Continual Improvement*," &c., he contributed some critical dissertations and reviews. His articles on the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes, form the most valuable and instructive discussion which has appeared in the English language, or perhaps in any language, on that subject. We wish they might be republished, as a separate work, for wider circulation. His last contribution to the *Christian Examiner* appeared, in September, 1849, in the shape of a letter to his friend, Mr. George Ticknor, on the "*Origin and Progress of Liberal Christianity in New England, and on Mr. Buckminster's Relations to them*." He wrote also for the *North American Review*, though not often. His most noticeable articles in that publication are those on "*Franklin*," in January, 1818, on "*Byron*," in October, 1825, on

Rev. William Ware's "Letters from Palmyra," in October, 1837, and a "Memoir of Mrs. Grant of Laggan," in January, 1845. His severe strictures on the character of Lord Byron, and the immoral tendency of some of his poems, although he allowed him all the praise justly due to his remarkable genius, were highly unpalatable to the idolatrous admirers of that great poet. But they were seasonable and true, and will commend themselves to every mind of pure taste and high principle, that is not dazzled and blinded by the intellectual splendor which, like the silver veil of Mokanna, may hide from his votaries the deformity beneath. In this, as in all Mr. Norton's critiques on the poetry and literature of the times, the influence which he exerted was of the highest and most salutary kind, laboring as he did with all his earnestness and strength to bring the literary judgments of the community into harmony with Christian morals and a Christian taste, and fearlessly opposing himself to the popular current, when, either in theology or in letters, it was running, or in danger of running, the wrong way.

The Select Journal contains also much original matter by him. The longest articles in this work from his pen are upon "Goethe" and "Hamilton's Men and Manners in America."

Mr. Norton's withdrawal for the last twenty years from very active and prominent service may have created a false impression in some minds respecting the amount of his labors. It will be seen from the survey that has been given of his contributions to the religious and other periodicals of his time, that his life — especially when we take into consideration the important occupations of his Professorship, the nature of his studies, and the engagements of various kinds which fall upon a man in his position — was not only a laboriously industrious, but an abundantly productive one. He was so little ambitious of shining before the world, and so independent, both in mind and in circumstances, of any outward pressure, — he was so careful and conscientiously thorough in all that he undertook, besides being always so far from robust, and, latterly, so much of an invalid, — that we ought rather to be grateful that he did so much, than to wonder that he did not do more. He was not a man to be hurried by the false expectations of others. He

wrought "as in his great Taskmaster's eye," not for theirs. He knew best when his work was finished, and then, and not till then, it came forth.

The last years of Mr. Norton's life were chiefly devoted to the preparation and the completion of important works, long planned in the hope of rendering permanent service to the religion which he loved with all his mind and heart and strength, as his own and the world's most precious treasure and hope. One, his great work on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," already given to the world, will be a lasting monument of his intellectual ability and his patient, conscientious research, and one of the standard contributions to the evidences of our Christian faith, which will go down to posterity in company with those of the greatest names in this department of Christian study. It is an honor to our country, of which we have quite as much reason to be proud, as of other illustrious achievements by other pens in more popular and better appreciated fields of mental labor. The historian, the poet, the orator, rise at once into the upper sky of a nation's admiration, and their names become world-renowned. The great theologian, the profound thinker, the retired scholar, elaborating in his study the noblest products of thought, and establishing truths of the most vital importance to the highest interests of man, must, like Kepler, wait his time. Sooner or later that time will come, and the tardy verdict of the world will crown him with its laurel wreath.

The three volumes of the work just mentioned which have already been published contain an elaborate exposition — finished with all that minute accuracy for which Mr. Norton was so remarkable, and with all that logical acuteness and strength for which he was equally distinguished — of the historical evidence of the genuineness of the Gospels. It was his intention, if his life and health had been continued, to add another volume concerning the internal evidences of their genuineness; which he wished, however, to appear simultaneously with a new translation of the Gospels, accompanied by explanatory notes, on which he had been long engaged. He did not live to complete, as we fondly hoped he might, the former part of his plan; but we rejoice, and all who knew him will rejoice with us, to learn that the translation of

the Gospels with critical and explanatory notes, the work which we believe he had most at heart, is entirely finished, and in a state of preparation for the press. Consecrated to us as it is by his long labor upon it, and bearing to us the last messages of his pen, we shall look forward to its publication with an eager interest, believing that it will afford important aid to every class of readers in the interpretation of the New Testament, bring out with new force the evidences of its truth, and present in a clearer and fuller light the beauty and power of our Saviour's character, the sublime import of his teachings, and the divine greatness of his life. We hope also, that a dissertation, prepared by him, as is understood, within a recent period, on the theory of Strauss and its kindred vagaries, and forming a part of his contemplated volume on the internal evidences of the Gospels, may be in some form given to the world. It may interest our readers also to know, that he has left behind him a complete translation of the Epistle to the Romans, and of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and translations of the obscure portions of other Epistles, with a body of notes, critical and exegetical, which must be of great value to the student of the Scriptures. We cannot help expressing our earnest wish that these also may, if possible, be published at some future time, in connection, perhaps, with the articles of which we have already spoken, on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Even the fragmentary products of so clear and penetrating a mind, consecrated through life to the study of the Christian Scriptures and the Christian revelation, and filled with so devout a spirit, will be gladly welcomed.

Mr. Norton's writings are all impressed with the same strongly marked qualities, bearing the image of the man; the same calm but deep tone of religious feeling; the same exalted seriousness of view, as that of a man in sight of God and on the borders of eternity; the same high moral standard; the same transparent clearness of statement; the same logical closeness of reasoning; the same quiet earnestness of conviction; the same sustained confidence in his conclusions, resting as they did, or as he meant they should, on solid grounds and fully examined premises; the same minute accu-

racy and finish; the same strict truthfulness and sincerity, saying nothing for mere effect. And the style is in harmony with the thought, — pure, chaste, lucid, aptly expressive, unaffected, uninvolved, English undefiled, scholarly, yet never pedantic, strong, yet not hard or dry; and, when the subject naturally called for it, clothing itself in the rich hues and the beautiful forms of poetic fancy, that illumined, while it adorned, his thought.

The works of this eminent man will be always valuable, not only for the treasures of learning which they contain, and the light which they throw on questions of the deepest importance to every thinking man and every Christian theologian, but for the instructive example which they present of rare virtues, never more needed than in this age of hurry and excitement. They furnish lessons to the scholar and the student which he will do well to ponder and profit by; — lessons of patience, of persevering research, of scrupulous accuracy, of thorough and independent investigation, and of a conscientious slowness in the publication of facts and opinions which can be properly established only by long and diligent inquiry. He did not believe in any intuitional knowledge, — knowledge snatched up in a day and by hasty glances into the written or the unwritten page of truth. He did not believe that there is any royal road to solid and trustworthy learning, — any road to it except the old one, as old as man, — the beaten path of patient study, toiling on day after day, year after year. He believed with Newton, himself the example of what he said, that it is by concentration and fixedness of thought, by intent devotion to its subject, more than by native genius, that the best and greatest results are to be wrought out. He thought it much better to do a little, and to do it well and thoroughly, than to do a great deal poorly. He was therefore in no hurry to throw off into the seething world a multitude of books. He had no ambition to shine as a writer and to keep himself in the world's eye. Apparently, he was quite indifferent to the kind of fame to which so many aspire. He had nobler aims. He cherished a wiser ambition. He cared little for present popularity, he wrote for permanent effect and lasting usefulness. And thus year after year passed away in the faithful endeavor to give greater completeness to the

work before him, or to verify its statements, or to supply some missing link in the argument, or to correct some minor blemish that might have crept in, until he could in some degree satisfy his severe taste, his high sense of responsibility, and his conscientious love of the perfect truth. It is easy enough to make a book; but he wished to make a book worth making and worth keeping. And this to one of so high a standard, of so fastidious a taste, of so self-exacting a love of accuracy and completeness, and of so conscientious a purpose, was not easy. But the slow ripening of his mental harvests was amply compensated by the final richness of the product. It would be well, in this surfeiting age of half-made books, if more would follow the example.

Mr. Norton's position as a theologian has already been intimated, in the general account which we have given of his writings and labors. But it claims a more distinct and extended notice. It is an extremely interesting one; and one too for which, judged by its motives, even those who stood in opposition to him on either side must yield him their respect, as we do our grateful admiration. The true key to that position is found in his strong faith, beating through every pulse of his life, in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and in his profound conviction of the supreme importance of the Christian revelation to all the best hopes of mankind. Misname him who will, if ever there was a believer in Christ, it was he. He was a believer with the head and with the heart too. He was as fully persuaded of the truth of Christianity as of his own existence. The Gospel,—the Gospel of Christ, and not the Gospel of Calvin,—the Gospel, as it came fresh from heaven in its own native beauty and power, was in his eyes the most precious gift of the Good Father. And under this conviction, he felt it to be the work of his life, the work to which God called him, to defend the Christian revelation, and to set forth its heavenly character, with all the power which his Maker had given him, not only against the assaults of infidelity and scepticism without, but against the undesigned yet perilous treachery within. He, with a jealous care for the safety of the priceless treasure, stood on the watch to keep it intact, on which side soever the enemy might approach; and by his words of

wisdom, not always heeded as they should have been, he threw new bulwarks around the faith that he loved with a strength of feeling proportioned to his strength of mind.

With this intense faith, shining through his powerful intellect, burning in his pure heart, and ever urging him on with a calm but mighty impulse, he entered on his career, and pursued it consistently, through all the different phases of his life, to the end; whether, as he best liked, he quietly labored by himself in the mine of truth, seeking goodly treasure and pearls for his Master, or, at his Master's call, girded on his armor for the battle, and fearlessly laid siege to the, intrenched errors of the past, or with equal chivalry went out to meet the novel errors, home-born or of foreign race, that he saw springing up among us under the very walls of the temple of Christ. He was both a Reformer and a Conservative, as every wise and good man must be, who in the spirit of Paul resolves to prove all things, but to hold fast that which is good and true. At his very first appearance in the theological arena, he was a bold, zealous, uncompromising assailant of the Orthodoxy of the time. He as fearlessly maintained his views, as he had carefully and conscientiously espoused them. "*Nec temere nec timide*," was the motto which he placed over the opening article of his first editorial work, and which he bore upon his banner through life. He stood ready to avow and to defend what he believed; and he proved himself as able as he was ready, uniting all the courage of Luther with all the scholarship of Erasmus. While others, from love of peace, or fear of giving offence, chose to maintain what seemed to them a justifiable and prudent reserve, he spoke out boldly and fully the conclusions to which he had deliberately come. In his doctrinal views he was no half-way man, — no double-minded one; and in his phraseology there was a studious avoidance of that vague mistiness of language, which is sometimes used as a reconciling veil, and is sometimes the cover of confused and cloudy ideas. Whenever he had occasion to express his opinions, he expressed them without obscurity and without reservation.

As a champion of Liberal Christianity, Mr. Norton stands, as a writer, unquestionably foremost in the field. In the important controversy under which its

battles were fought at the commencement of this century, his was the leading *mind*. He furnished the strong weapons of argument and learning by which it best maintained its ground. Others who stood at his side had more of the gift of popular speech:—his was the word of knowledge and of wisdom. He was the Moses in the Exodus from the orthodox realm; Dr. Channing, the Aaron. The one was the eloquent rhetorician and advocate; the other, the profound scholar and thinker and sure interpreter of the sacred word. But this zealous Reformer for Christ and the Gospel's sake was a no less zealous Conservative for Christ and the Gospel's sake, when the time called. And there was no inconsistency in his course, any more than in that of the leader of old, when, having shaken off the bondage of Pharaoh, he withstood the innovations of Korah. In one case, he fought against ancient errors; in the other, against the new. In both, he was contending, as he believed, for the eternal truth, the truth as it is in Jesus. When at a more recent period he wrote and published his views concerning the modern rationalism and infidelity whose seeds, imported from the Old World, had struck root and were springing up in the New,—when he strove to tear up the poisonous root, hidden under the perfumed flowers, and to put the Church and the community on their guard against it,—he was animated by the same spirit which had moved him from the beginning. He made no bigot's war upon liberty of thought and speech, but he had a right and he felt himself bound to unmask and to resist those doctrines and speculations which were leading, as he thought, to infidelity. As his hostility to Calvinism was the side-growth of his love to Christ and his love to God, so his severity against Straussism and Spinozism was but one of the offshoots of his reverence for the Saviour and his faith in the Gospel. It was the severity of an honest conviction, as honestly expressed, of the pernicious tendency of the views which he opposed. He believed them to be, not only wholly unsound, but, whether so intended or not, hostile to Christianity, betraying it, like Judas, with a kiss, and in their tendencies finally destructive of all religious faith. Without entering at all into the question of the soundness or unsoundness of the views against which Mr.

Norton uttered his sincere and solemn warning, we think that all must admit the long-sighted sagacity with which he foresaw the results of the tone of thinking then beginning to show itself in various forms, — the wisely prophetic ken, with which he announced the direction and final developments of the new school of German speculation. Just what he predicted came to pass.

But in all his labors and conflicts, in his attack on the "Latest Form of Infidelity," as well as in his "Defence of Liberal Christianity," in his laborious, life-continued study and exposition of the "Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels," and in his faithful, never-satisfied endeavors, persevered in to the very last, to unfold the true meaning of those Gospels, and to clothe them in our own language in a form in which their beauty and power may be best seen, and the majesty of the Saviour's life shine out in its own undimmed light, he pursued a nobly consistent career. His profound faith in the Christian revelation, his intense conviction of its inestimable value, was, we repeat, the harmonizing key of his life.

But Mr. Norton was not only an accomplished theologian, a powerful controversialist, a learned and indefatigable critic, a most able and zealous defender of the Christian revelation, a profound and original expositor both of the meaning of its records and the evidences of their truth; he was also one of the pioneers of literary progress in this country, a man of letters, interested in the advancement of all good learning. He was a strong and graceful writer on other subjects besides those which formed the chief occupation of his life. He had a vein of fine poetic talent also, occasionally exercised in his earlier days and in his intervals of leisure, but only enough to open a glimpse of the wealth within. The few specimens which he has left behind are gems of rare lustre, finished of their kind. Apart from their beauty of thought and expression, they have a higher value derived from a higher source. The well-known "Lines written after a Summer Shower," which originally appeared in the first volume of the *Christian Disciple*, are among the most beautiful in the language. The hymn of resignation, beginning with the words,

"My God! I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe,"

is a favorite one in our churches, and has soothed many a grief-stricken spirit. He did a good greater than he could know when he wrote it out of his own experience to be as angel music to the mourner. Another, written by him to a friend in bereavement, beginning,

"O, stay thy tears ; for they are blest,
Whose days are passed, whose toil is done,"

is in a similar spirit and of similar beauty.

Whenever we read the scattered effusions of his Christian muse, we are tempted to lament that he has left us so few of these polished diamonds of thought, till we remember that he was in quest of other and larger treasures, hidden in the mine. He had but one life to work with ; and it must select its prize, leaving the rest, however bright and sparkling, unsought, or with now and then a passing glance and touch. And yet the little that he did in this way shows how much good even a little well done may do, when it is cast in beautiful forms.

But we pass on to what is much greater in God's eye than any work of genius, however brilliant, or any product of thought, however elaborate and mature. Mr. Norton's character and life were marked by the high virtues, the fruits of a Christian faith, whose rich aroma breathes through his written works.

To say that he had none of "those infirmities which," to use his own words, "have clung to the best and wisest," would be ascribing to him a perfection which has belonged to but one who has lived on the earth. To say that he never erred in opinion or in action, would be to say what no man can venture to say of himself or of any other. Certainly he, who was truth itself, would claim no such exemption from human frailty. But towering above these errors and infirmities, whatever they were, which, however magnified to the fault-finding eye, disappeared from the friend's, there were virtues which the world will not willingly let die ; and which will make him still a blessing to it in death, as he was a benefactor to it in life. And that which we think would be first and above all remembered by those who had the happiness to enjoy his friendship and to listen to his wise discourse, whether in the lecture-room or in his delightful home, was the peculiar devoutness of his spirit, — the profoundly religious tone of thought and of sentiment

which seemed to form the atmosphere in which he lived, — the unformal, unostentatious, but deep piety, so perfectly sincere and unaffected, that made his presence like the air of a temple, — the ever-present sense of those higher relations in which we stand to God and to eternity, springing naturally out of that strong faith in Christ and in his truth which had struck down its roots into his whole being.

No man could be at all intimate with him, or be brought into near communication with him, either as a friend or a pupil, without receiving religious impressions such as few men whom we have known have the power to impart. There was something mightier than any common eloquence, which entered into the hearer's soul and led it by a calm and spiritual force into the presence of God and of things unseen and eternal. And this high religiousness of spirit — born of his vital Christian faith — was seen in union with other virtues which are the proper fruits of that faith. Purity of heart, singleness of purpose, devotion to duty, integrity of dealing, perfect openness and honorableness in all the affairs of life, marked his whole career. Truth — truth in thought, truth in speech, truth in manner, truth in conduct — shone through his life. He especially honored it in others; it made a vital part of his own being. All shams and falsehoods, all equivocations and manœuvring, all forms of cant and hypocrisy, and all affectations of every kind, were therefore peculiarly offensive to his sincere and upright spirit. And in close union, as it commonly is, with his perfect truthfulness, was that Christian courage which dares always to choose its own course and to carry it out without asking leave except of conscience. He held decided opinions upon every important subject that bears upon human life and duty in all a man's public and private relations, and he acted upon them. He did not fear to differ from others, or to walk apart from others; —

“Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.”

Without any false pride of singularity, he cherished a self-relying independence of thought and of action. As in his religious views and his religious course, so in all other things he judged and acted for himself: and

judged and acted from high principles fearlessly applied. He sought to try each case at the tribunal of a thoroughly Christianized reason, and to follow out what he accepted as its final decisions. We need not say that he always did what was best, but we may say, what is in truth greater praise, that he always did what he thought was right.

But his independence was not a selfish or cold-hearted independence. It was united with the truest and warmest kindness, when that kindness was called for. His retired habits, the habits of a student and scholar, — the individuality of his character and life, — his slowness and reserve of manner, — his occasional severity of speech, — the flashes of a pure and just indignation against some act of folly, meanness, or misconduct, — his decided and stern condemnation of opinions which he held to be false and dangerous, — were not connected with any want of Christian tenderness or Christian sympathy. It was a part of his creed, and one of the first lessons which his pupils in the Christian ministry learned from him, that timely reproof is often the truest friendship; that the exposure of error, and the cure of it by the needed caustic of sharp and plain-spoken truth, may be the highest charity. But those who knew him best knew the real warmth of his heart and the real kindness — the kindness both of feeling and of principle — which were sometimes hidden from a stranger's eye by the peculiarities of his manner. He was no ascetic, no declaimer against the innocent festivities of the world, no morose hater or proud scorner of its pleasant triflings, no misanthrope, shunning converse with men. If he mingled little in the gayer scenes of society, it was more from his engrossment in the studies that occupied his thoughts, and from the want of a quick flow of animal spirits, than from any unsocial feeling. As a friend, a neighbor, a citizen, he was ever prompt to do his part. His hand was always open to every work of charity. He knew the Christian blessedness of giving. His generous consideration of others, his readiness to help whenever his help was needed, his benevolence to the poor, ever guided by his strong good-sense, his judicious and thoughtful kindness in all the varied occasions of life, his quiet and unostentatious charities, will be remembered by many

who shared in them. They were much better known to himself than to the world. His alms were not done to be seen of men.

But it was on the nearer circle around him, on the Christian home in which he lived, that his strong and tender affections beamed out most brightly and warmly. What he was there, where the true character most fully shows itself, they know whose loss is the greatest, and whose grief will be ever mingled with gratitude for the great blessings which they have enjoyed in the privileges of his society, in the tenderness of his love, in the wisdom of his counsels, in the Christian influence of his conversation and his life. To them his memory will be peculiarly blessed, for it will be associated, not only with the tenderest, most delicate, most sympathizing love, but with the highest, holiest, happiest influences, — influences that do not end at the grave. No man had more exalted views than he of the duties and the happiness of domestic life, and of the place which Christianity should hold in it.

We know how difficult it is to draw an unbiassed portrait, in all points true to the life, of one in whom we have a personal interest, or whose name is identified with the religious faith which is as father and mother to our hearts. In that which we have attempted, we have at least wished to avoid the exaggeration, which in every thing the subject of it so greatly disliked. But it seems to us, as we look upon it again, that a word more may be necessary to place it in its full light, and to give its features their true and best expression. We believe that, on certain points of character, a false impression exists in the minds of some who did not know him intimately. He was on some accounts in danger of being misunderstood and misjudged. In this, however, he shared the lot of many others, whom the world sees through a glass darkly. Every virtue has its shadow mocking it. The near friend sees the virtue; the distant or the fault-seeking eye may catch only the distorted shadow. A man of strong thoughts and strong feelings, Mr. Norton spoke strongly the truth that was in his heart. When he aimed a blow at an unsound doctrine or a dangerous error, he did not strike with the sword in the sheath. He did not attack it with roundabout phrases or with soft innuendo. What he said, he said in plain English, never

coarse indeed, but sometimes caustic, always open and sincere. He was "a good hater"; not of persons, however, but of the false opinions with which those persons were identified, of which they were in his mind the living exponents. He was a man of very decided convictions, and not a man given to compromises in important matters. What he thought right to be done or to be said, he went forward to do or to say; alone, if necessary. He was not at all studious of the arts of popularity. From the course and habits of his life he was secluded from that free, personal intercourse with others of opposite opinions, which is necessary to a perfect understanding on either side. Hence, those who came into collision with him, and those who saw him at a distance in those situations in which the strong and sharp points of his character were made to protrude, would be likely to do him injustice. A stranger or an opponent might sometimes, from their point of view, imagine him to be deficient in the softer and meeker virtues. The friend at his side, seeing him as he was, *knew* that nothing could be farther from the truth. Under the constitutional coldness and restraint of his manner, and the stateliness and occasional sternness of his speech, there was a deep enthusiasm of character, a sincere warmth of feeling, the truest and most considerate tenderness. A person living with him or in intimate connection with him would be particularly struck with his gentleness, indulgence, and quick human sympathies; he would see as much in him of the John, as others had seen of the Paul. If he was ever severe towards any, it was from the love which he bore to religion and to truth. If he erred, in word or in deed, his errors were the errors of a true-hearted and true-spoken man.

A most pure and gifted spirit has gone from us to join the host that "have crossed the flood." He has ascended from the study of God's word and works in this lower world, where, with all his knowledge, he could know but in part, to the study of God's word and works in that more glorious sphere, where, with Buckminster and Eliot, he will know even as he is known.

The hymn,* little known, we believe, which he com-

* His first contribution to the *Christian Examiner*, and the first of its poetical articles. Vol. I. p. 39.

posed many years ago for the Christian's dirge, was written unconsciously for his own funeral. It now chants for us, as we stand in spirit at his grave, the farewell of many hearts that honor and bless his memory.

"He has gone to his God ; he has gone to his home ;
 No more amid peril and error to roam ;
 His eyes are no longer dim ;
 His feet will no more falter ;
 No grief can follow him,
 No pang his cheek can alter.

"There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below ;
 For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow ;
 But the harps of heaven are ringing ;
 Glad angels come to greet him ;
 And hymns of joy are singing,
 While old friends press to meet him.

"O honored, beloved, to earth unconfined,
 Thou hast soared on high ; thou hast left us behind ;
 But our parting is not for ever ;
 We will follow thee, by heaven's light,
 Where the grave cannot dis sever
 The souls whom God will unite."

W. K.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews, with an Introductory Essay on Civil Society and Government. By E. C. WINES. New York : Geo. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1853. 8vo. pp. 640.

HERE is a most valuable addition to our American theological literature, — a work on a subject of profound interest to every believer in the Bible as a record of God's providential dealings with his creatures, embodying the results of an investigation sufficiently thorough to satisfy the scholar in a form suited to interest and instruct the popular mind. We learn from the preface

that the work originated in a lecture delivered before the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia. Archbishop Hughes, who preceded the author as a lecturer, having taken for his subject a dignitary of the Romish Church, Pope Pius VII., Mr. Wines was led to select a dignitary of the Church Universal, and accordingly took "Moses and his Laws." The interest awakened by this lecture produced a formal invitation from some leading citizens of Philadelphia to the author, to give a series of lectures on the same subject, embracing a wider and more thorough discussion of it. A compliance with this invitation led to the preparation of a course of lectures, which, having been at different times rewritten, enlarged, and delivered in various parts of the country, are now given to the public in the volume before us. It was our good fortune to hear these lectures when Professor Wines delivered them in Boston, several years ago. It is a great pleasure to us now to greet them as old friends, in a form in which we can more thoroughly appreciate their value and usefulness.

The introductory Essay on Civil Society and Government covers about eighty pages, to the people of this country by no means the least valuable and instructive pages in the book. In this essay Mr. Wines regards government as a divine institution, having its ultimate origin and foundation in the will of God. "As regards the origin of political government and the sources of political power, as things of human contrivance and purpose, without any reference to that divine sanction which by the law of nature as well as by the law of revelation will inevitably attach itself to political institutions as soon as they are formed and put into operation," — he advocates the theory of the social compact, answers with great ability all the objections to this theory, deduces and states, in a series of propositions, the general principles of civil polity included in this theory, and closes with the illustration of the practical application of these principles as exhibited in the government of the United States. We know not where to find, in so short a compass, a more comprehensive and satisfactory treatment of this subject, than in this Essay. It forms an appropriate introduction to Commentaries on the Mosaic institutions, which, as these Commentaries show, contained the earliest and most authentic enunciation of the great principles of civil liberty, and embodied the results of the highest political and legislative wisdom. Indeed, in this respect Professor Wines's book is worthy the profound and thoughtful study of the statesmen and lawyers of our country. We hope they will not fail to read and digest it.

We regret that our limits forbid the full analysis of these lectures, and compel the omission of several passages marked for

quotation. The work is divided into two books of several chapters each. The first book, after some introductory observations on the claims of the Hebrew Law to our study and regard, treats of Moses as a man and a lawgiver, of his credibility as an historian, his divine legation, and the influence of his laws and writings upon the subsequent civilization of the world. The second book treats of the organic law of the Hebrew state, the general idea of the Hebrew constitution, its fundamental principles, and their particular manifestations in the Hebrew chief magistrate, — Senate, Commons, Oracle, Priesthood, Prophets. This brief statement of the contents will give some idea of the systematic arrangement of the work, and of its unity of design, but the fresh and earnest spirit in which it is written, the rich amount of learning it brings together and embodies, and the important conclusions reached, can be understood only by a thorough study of the volume itself, and such a study of it we cordially recommend to our readers.

The Works of Shakespeare. The Text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of 1632, &c. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F. S. A. In Eight Volumes. New York: Redfield. 1853.

WE look upon Collier's Shakespeare as the greatest piece of literary audacity that has moved the laughter or the wrath of men since Dr. Bentley published his edition of the "Paradise Lost." There are some points of resemblance between the two performances; though nothing can ever be thought to come up with that wonderful exploit of the "slashing" Master of Trinity. The first of these points is, that while Bentley took in hand the second of the great names in English poetry, Collier undertakes to deal with the very chiefest. They thus both flew at the highest game, without sufficient fear of the divinity of genius before their eyes. In the second place, they both seem to have had their heads turned by an over-close perseverance in one line of study. The illustrious Grecian had been so long in the habit of correcting by guess the corrupted and defective texts of ancient writers, that he did not see how absurd it was to practise the same arts of conjectural criticism upon a writer who had printed his own works in fair, solid type only sixty-five years before. And the new tamperer with the text of Shakespeare had exercised and puzzled his mind so much over his favorite author, that the discovery of the old folio, his own exclusive possession, which set all questions so beautifully at rest, seems absolutely to have bewitched him. We admit that the parallel fails

after this. Mr. Collier only offers what he finds; inserting into the Plays the various readings which were actually written in the margin of his idolized copy. The learned classicist, on the contrary, took every conceivable freedom with his august original; ridiculed as he threw away whole sentences at a time, as unworthy of Milton's pen; substituted and added at pleasure whatever came into his dictatorial brain; and thus composed a work that amazed men as a scholar's insanity, and disgusted them with its tone of insolence and levity. This last assertion will not seem too severe to any who have examined his book with the least care, or who remember especially his note on the "wide-encroaching Eve," at the 581st line of the tenth book of the "Paradise Lost." It is our consolation to think, that as the Benteian Milton lies in its single quarto edition, never renewed in any popular form, and never consulted but for curiosity's sake to see how ridiculously a learned man could talk, so the Collier Shakespeare will be allowed to go quietly back into a deserved oblivion. We do not propose to enter into any minute or extended criticism upon the text of the great dramatist, or upon this attempt to foist on him the pretended emendations of an after day. Our magazine is not the place for such disquisitions. But our wish is to offer just two considerations, to justify the sharp censure with which we began.

In the first place, the manuscript variations in the margin of Mr. Collier's folio have no claim to be considered authoritative. However old they may be, they are younger than the printed text. They are the suggestions of some unknown person or persons. They do not bring the shadow of a voucher for the preference they seem to show. They do not even tell whether they imply a preference or not. At the utmost, they are but conjectural emendations, and we cannot conjecture by whom. They have no more right, as of right, to take the place of the received readings, than any supposed improvements that Mr. Collier might himself devise. Mr. Samuel Weller Singer, who is a distinguished literary antiquarian, and professes to be an expert in questions of this nature, tells us that he has an old folio too, and that its spare paper is as full of variations as Mr. Collier's copy can show; but that he never dreamed of attaching any authority to them. This is a very sensible disclaimer on his part; and yet he also is threatening the public with a new and corrected edition of the bard of "all time." He is a reformer also of the old writing, or rather of the old printing. We have no great approbation of him, except when he vindicates the text from the "interpolations and corruptions" of other people. So long as an editor or commentator confines himself to annotation, and lets margins be margins, it is all very well. But when he proceeds

to alter the words of his author without any other warrant than conjecture, he is likely to commit literary misdemeanors of very aggravated degree.

But it may be said, that though these new readings have no positive sanction, and bring no absolute assurance that they were the original, they yet so recommend themselves by their internal probability as to deserve to be introduced into the body of Shakespeare's works. We advance our second objection, then, to the readings themselves ; — to their character as well as their origin. A few of them may, perhaps, be fortunate guesses ; and there is an exceedingly small number of instances where the first writing of the poet has been so mutilated as to demand the aid of conjecture. But on the whole these changes are not good. Very many of them have been shown to be utterly absurd ; even those that seemed very plausible at first. They are terribly apt to be flat. Indeed, they for the most part impair the force of the passages that they assume to explain. They almost invariably take the fire out of the poetry, the fine tissue out of the thought, the ancient flavor and aroma out of the language. They habitually violate that just canon of criticism, which prescribes that the more subtle and obscure form of language should be preferred to the more common and simple ; for the good reason that corruption is the more apt to creep in through that latter direction. It is more likely that a gloss, or an expletive, or a euphemism, should be brought forward by a fastidious reader, than that an obscurity, or a gap, or an uncouth error, should creep in through the fault of transcribers. This was true in the age of manuscripts. Much more in the age of types. If the principle is admitted to be generally valid, it is most especially applicable to the writings of a man, whose language took such daring sweeps of meaning ; with freedoms of phrase that were sometimes peculiar to himself, and that seemed strange to his very contemporaries. If his critics would bend again and again, and longer at a time, and with deeper earnestness of spirit, over the passages that seem the darkest or strangest, they would be less likely to wish to alter them. We would not say even of Shakespeare, what Mr. Carlyle and a great many more have said of Goethe, that if he was unintelligible it could only be because he was so profound, — though possibly they often missed him by sounding for him too deep ; but we do feel assured that the old words of our wonderful dramatist were too easily called in question or thrown aside, as if they had no depth or meaning at all. New and beautiful gleams of thought will often break out over the page, better than all that any ingenuity could light up. Shakespeare chooses what is coarse and rough and hard very often, but never what is feeble and commonplace. His faults are brave and distinctive, — or,

as Voltaire might choose to call them, of a "barbarian" kind. And therefore one is the more astonished, that persons who have really studied him with a persevering devotion, and might seem therefore to be in spirit with him, should bear even to see his noble ventures tamed down to such easy words as children might understand, and as if in order that children might understand them; and worst of all, that they should help in the degradation. Mr. Collier has a great deal to answer for on this charge. The study of his author for half a century does him small credit after this result. For of all the studious men who have exercised their skill here, — and some bright reputations have been considerably tarnished by their hapless attempts, — no one appears to us less perceptive of the latent peculiarity of the true Shakespearian touches than this very person, and the marginal guide in whom he confides so much. He does not scruple to put off upon us whole lines as Shakespeare's, which are at entire variance with the style of the poet and of his age, and which are sometimes absolutely farcical. The general effect of his interference is to enfeeble, and impoverish, and cut down to modern patterns. The opal loses its deep and playful iris when he takes hold of it, and the scent and the tint fade from the flower. He reminds us of that sort of dull meddlesomeness which began about fifty years ago to reduce the flaming lyrics of Watts, so as to adapt them to the demands of a frigid imagination and a timid theology.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine has just completed a short series of papers on this subject with great vivacity, good nature and good sense. He entirely sets aside the pretensions of Mr. Collier's folio, and has some clever banter at that editor's expense; treating some of his offences with the severity they deserve. It might seem as if we ought to be thoroughly satisfied with him, when he says: "We believe that Mr. Collier's 'Shakespeare restitutus,' so far from being an acceptable present to the community, will be perceived to be such a book as very few readers would like to live in the same house with"; — and again: "To insert the new readings into the text, and to publish them as the genuine words of Shakespeare, is a proceeding which cannot be too solemnly denounced." He uses occasionally other expressions of more vehement resentment or contempt. We are certainly very thankful to such a writer for every thing that he has uttered of this kind. But we have to confess, notwithstanding, that our satisfaction with him is not complete. We are not inclined to give in, even to the extent which he allows, to the temerity of modern innovation. We do not agree with him in most of his concessions. He "ventures to suggest" sometimes a new reading of his own, which seems to us entirely uncalled

for. He speaks now and then of "difficulties" in the old text, where we cannot admit that there are any; and of "stumbling-blocks in the way of commentators," when the real obstacle, we should rather think, was from five to six feet above the path. He brings forward what he calls "one excellent emendation by Mr. Singer himself," who proposes to read "imp," instead of "jump," in those lines of *Coriolanus* :

"To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it."

"No sense can be made of this," asserts the critic. Is not that too bad? "'Imp' is the word which ought to stand in the text." Is not that worse still? It is surprising that any discern-er of the power of language, or any sufferer from the apothecary's shop, should fail to perceive that Shakespeare has here chosen the very word, and the only word, that could fully make his meaning felt.

We should be glad to quote particular instances of what we have asserted; but have determined to resist as far as possible all such temptation. The critic brings forward passages as "evidently requiring amendment," which are perfectly well as they are, and are only affronted by being dressed out in guesswork. He extends the hand of welcome to others claiming admission as authentic, whom we should certainly show down the steps with no considerable ceremony. Towards others he is quite too civil, though he cannot let them in. The manuscript corrector, for example, reads "unthinking" for "in thinking," in those deep lines :

"As though in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink";

and instead of being soundly cuffed for this barren and tautological impertinence, he is only told that "the old text is quite as good, and indeed rather better." Here is another instance of our dissent. He calls an "undoubted emendation" in Mr. Collier's folio, the change of "Aristotle's checks" into "Aristotle's ethics," in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Scene I. He has "no hesitation in condemning *checks* as a misprint for *ethics*," and hopes that the latter will be "the universal reading from this time henceforward." Our literary instinct is quite the other way. It is true that Sir William Blackstone proposed the alteration a great while ago, and Mr. Singer has adopted it in his edition of 1826. But neither of these facts, nor the advocacy of the reviewer, which would have quite as much weight with us, can recommend to our favor this mere conjecture. And for these reasons. It is not needed; it violates the critical canon mentioned above; it would offer itself too easily to the thought of a mere scholar seeking after novelty; and, above all, it weak-

ens extremely the contrast intended to be set forth between Aristotle and Ovid, the severe philosopher and the poet of love.

On the whole, we are not yet willing to say that we have met with a single various reading, found only in the margin of the famous folio, which deserves to be transplanted at once within the border. We do not mean to say that there are not felicitous hits here and there. It would be strange indeed if, in a case like this, where the text, unlike that of Milton, is acknowledged to stand in considerable need of repair, such a large magazine of surmises should not contain some things curious and even valuable. It doubtless does contain such; though the list of them is remarkably small, compared with the multitude of assumptions that have to be rejected at once as puerile. Among this small collection of reputables we might be inclined to place the "woolless gown" in which Coriolanus stood for the consulship; and jolly Menenius's "thirst complaint." Not that we give in our adhesion to either of these two vaunted improvements. We mention them because they are perhaps as colorable as any; and the old reading appears to us the most likely to be the genuine one in both instances. In the first, Coriolanus, filled with irrepressible rage and scorn towards the Roman populace, whose "most sweet voices" he almost despises himself for being prevailed on to solicit, calls the poor suppliant robe, in which he was obliged to stand, "wolvish," because he felt like a wolf in it. The rhetoric of poetry and passion often makes transfers of this kind from the sentient being to inanimate things. If the expression is a little strong, it is better than "woolless," which is utterly tame. Yet Mr. Collier exclaims: "Can there be an instant's hesitation? It seems impossible that 'wolvish' should ever hereafter find a single supporter." In the second example, the "humorous patrician" is alluding to his drinking propensities, and says that he is "something imperfect in favoring the *first* complaint." So all the editions read. But now comes up the too frequent charge of unintelligibleness. "No sense can be extracted from this," cries the Scotch reviewer, "by any process of distillation. The emendation '*thirst* complaint' ought, beyond a doubt, to be promoted into the text." We are of quite another opinion. The first complaint of the infant child is that of thirst; his first cry is for drink. Why might not the old gentleman be making a playful reference to this? We confess that it sounds to us rather Shakespearian. Similar criticisms — similar in their result, only much more satisfactory — might be made upon the rest of these boasted *emendations*, even the most specious of them. But such details would be here out of place. We were carried away for a while by the supposed improvement in the punctuation of the lines, that have been so much

talked about, containing the "Indian beauty"; and we were the more easily beguiled because it is conceded that great liberties may be lawfully taken with the pointing of the text; but a little sober reflection brought us back to the ancient path, as the most likely to be true.

And yet Mr. Collier has the confidence to say in his Introduction: "I have been anxious rather to underrate than to overstate the claims of this annotated copy of the folio, 1632. I ought not, however, to hesitate in avowing my conviction, that we are bound to admit by far the greater body of the substitutions it contains, as the restored language of Shakespeare." *Bound*, indeed! But Mr. Collier goes one step further in his idea of the obligation of the human race towards him and his discovery. In speaking of the "woollen bagpipe," which he insists should read "bollen bagpipe," — though we have seen too many musical instruments carried about in green baize to allow of our thinking Shakespeare's word wholly nonsensical, — he allows himself to say: "We may be confident that we shall never again see "woollen bagpipe" in any edition of the text of Shakespeare; unless it be reproduced by some one, who, having no right to use the emendation of *our* folio, 1632, adheres of necessity to the antiquated blunder." We are really at a loss how to understand the gentleman. Does he think that his thirty shillings and an accident have given him a right of property in the poet of mankind? *

A Record of the Boston Stage. By WILLIAM W. CLAPP, JR., Editor of the "Boston Evening Gazette." Boston and Cambridge. 1853. pp. 479. 12mo.

THE Stage is a great subject, and deserves more attention than it receives from literary and religious men. We think of its varied history, connected with world-history and with every true civilization that the earth has ever seen, and marking different modes of life and thought as it has come down through different nations and centuries. We find it reprobated by an austere piety, from the days of Tertullian at least to our own; but yet upheld and honored by the greatest and best citizens of the most refined states under heaven.

We think of the profession of an actor, how much it requires for its honorable fulfilment, and with what opposite feelings it has been regarded in different places and ages. It has been

* It is proper to say that the above article was in type before the October number of Blackwood came to hand.

liable on one hand to the reproach of dissolute manners, and has been peculiarly disgraced by the loose living of those who have entered it; while on the other side it is not only associated with pure and noble names, but has natural affinities with the eloquence of the senate, the bar, the political meeting, and the sacred desk. We have known more than one performer, here in Boston, who thought of changing his profession for that of the Christian ministry; and in England Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, eminently successful both as a dramatist and a player, has of late become a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, and we warrant him a devoted one. In old Greece the composer of the play, who was apt to be a senator or general, — one of the chiefs of the state, — was expected to bear a part in its representation. In Rome, on the other hand, such a violent contrast of opinion prevailed, that Decimus Laberius considered himself irremediably degraded, because he had to appear on the stage, though at the express command of Cæsar himself. And he was so degraded; though he nobly bore himself under it, and took an author's revenge, in his own part of his own play, on the military dictator. There is a pleasant story told of him in this connection that is too good to be omitted. When the edict of Cæsar had restored him to his senatorial rank, and he went to take his usual seat among his peers, the senators widened their distances so that there was no convenient room for him left. "I would have made place for you by me," said Cicero blandly, "but that I was crowded myself." "That was strange for you," replied the insulted wit, "since you usually contrive to secure for yourself a double seat." We should be detained too long in pointing out all the causes that led to such a demeaning estimate of an actor's part among the people of the toga. But we may say this at least, — it was the Roman barbarity, and not its superior refinement, that occasioned such a divergency from the Grecian judgment and practice.

We think, further, of the vast amount of genius and learning that has been dedicated to the stage, and the invaluable stores of literary composition that have taken the dramatic form. They begin with *Æschylus*, the true father of tragedy, who fought at Marathon and Salamis and Plataea; and *Sophocles*, his contemporary, though younger, who for his *Antigone* was rewarded with a military command, and who is said to have won a triumph over his judicial enemies by the reading of his *Œdipus Colonus*, which he had just composed at almost ninety years old. They then come on, gathering fresh treasures as they come, from all the languages spoken by the cultivated people of the West; composing a large and precious part of the literatures of Spain and France and Germany and Great Britain; taking in their

way the immeasurable Shakespeare, and Milton, Liberty's blind seer and rebel saint, till we come to the present Dean of St. Paul's, historian, poet, and divine, with his younger brothers on both sides of the sea.

Then we call to mind the prodigious influence which the acted drama still exerts on the tastes, thoughts, and manners of the community ; spreading good or bad influences according to its character and management. We are willing to acknowledge, for our own part, the instruction and improvement which it may be made the means of diffusing, and its indispensable importance to an intelligent public which must be entertained and ought to be entertained ; and in relation to which the only question is, whether it shall be furnished with intellectual amusement, sufficiently enlivened with addresses to the eye and the sensibilities, or whether it shall be left to seek its own diversion in frivolous pastimes, or stupid indulgences, or ruinous dissipations. We say that this is the question. And we confess the opinion also, that a well-regulated stage, separated as it may be and as it has been from the abuses that have so brought it into disrepute, is as likely as any thing else to meet the wants of the case, and to hit that happy medium which lies balanced between the weakness and the strength of our mixed humanity. There are some persons, to be sure, — men of the closet for the most part, — who think that theatrical representations partake a little of the nature of childishness, and carry the balancing point too far ; and even the better part of a whole community may be induced for a while, as fashion rules, or as wandering stars give the signal, to be content with a concert-room instead of the opera-house, and with readings and recitations instead of the magic of the scene. But the dull substitute and the dull-eyed mistake will not be of long continuance. Nature and art will come to their rights again. The world, even the modish one, will not for any considerable time endure it, that the voice alone should undertake to represent what was meant to be accompanied by motions and visions and passions. The ridiculousness will become too apparent of a dying hero singing out his last breath in the whitest kid gloves and a black cravat, and with a bow and a smile for the audience. The warblers of a few snatches from the thrilling masterpieces that they have forsaken, and the rehearsers of a few broken dialogues or even of a whole drama in the tones of a single throat, will have to betake themselves to their costumes and to the boards again. Events of recent occurrence, and a reactionary state of opinion now growing general, confirm this last remark.

Our general views on this subject may be expressed in these few propositions. Towns of a large population will amuse them-

selves with the acting of plays. It is good and expedient that they should be thus amused. The stage, built by this public demand and necessity, will be productive of great mischiefs, if it is not made to contribute some good service. In order that it should thus contribute, it ought to receive the encouragement and direction of the best citizens.

We have taken occasion from the book before us to offer these few reflections, as worth perhaps some pondering. Of the book itself we have little to say. If we had much, we should say it elsewhere. "A Record of the Boston Stage" would seem to many persons, especially to some of advanced years, an attractive subject. It promises to retouch some of the pictures of their youthful time, and recall some of the feelings of eager expectation that awaited the rising of the wizard curtain eight or ten lustres ago. Our oldest citizens can go back to the very origin of dramatic performances in the town; and some of the best talent in the old country gave a real splendor to the first years of their representation among us. Whatever may be thought of it, there was playing here, forty years ago and more, of a far higher stamp than any that has been witnessed since. Nature had not then given way before the tricks that have since won the ascendancy, with few exceptions, on the tragic stage, both sides of the Atlantic. Even the scholarly Macready, who has been set by acclamation at the top of his profession, was so far from being above stage artifices, that one of the most distinguished of our writers, who had taken considerable pains to see him represent Hamlet, gave it as his opinion, that the eminent gentleman was so endeared to his friends by his various accomplishments that they forgave his acting. The subject held out fair promise, therefore, of entertainment, if not of instruction. We do not say that this book is devoid of either. There is pleasant anecdote in it; and much allowance is to be made for defects, that are due to the newspaper form and transient objects of its first publication. But whoever takes it up with high hopes of any kind will be likely to be disappointed. It is the least copious in those earlier periods where its accounts would be of the most interest. It is written with too little regard to any serious or elevated purpose. It fixes its attention too keenly upon the pecuniary proceeds, in the minutest detail, of the actor's engagement or the manager's season. We do not expect or wish that such a work should preach; but we should have been glad if its eye had been a little wider to what concerned the public advantage or detriment. We must in honesty add also, that its prevailing style of composition, and its neglect sometimes of the rules and proprieties of our language, are not only not excused by the editorial chair, but seem more obnoxious to criticism on that very account.

Autobiographic Sketches. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 16mo. pp. 383.

THIS is the first volume of a series of selections from his published and unpublished writings which Mr. De Quincey proposes to prepare for publication in England. Hitherto he has been somewhat careless of his literary fame; and after his productions had been committed to the press, he seems to have given himself little trouble or thought in regard to them. Fresh veins of thought have always been open before him, and he has chosen to follow these rather than to exercise a parental care over his older works. Thus he tells us, in the Preface to the volume before us, that only about one third of the *Suspiria de Profundis* has been printed, and that the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* have never been revised since their first publication. From this neglect of his literary offspring arises much of that fragmentary character which so largely marks his writings and renders it so difficult to take the exact gauge of his wonderfully capacious and fertile mind. In his Preface, indeed, he assures us that he has always intended to republish his miscellaneous writings in a collected form and carefully revised. But it seems nearly certain that he would have constantly postponed the execution of this design, if the labor of compilation, "absolutely insurmountable to himself," had not been taken off his hands by his American publishers. To them he acknowledges his great obligations, not only for the unexceptionable manner in which their selection from his writings has been edited and published, but also for making "him a sharer in the profits of the publication."

A part of the contents of the volume upon our table will be familiar to the readers of the American edition of Mr. De Quincey's writings, as composing the volume entitled *Life and Manners*. But there are several new chapters of especial interest, as bridging over interruptions in the former narrative of his singular and eventful life, and numerous illustrative notes to the chapters already published. The new matter, amounting to about one third of the whole, is written in the author's happiest manner, and relates to some of the most remarkable events in his youthful experience, or incidentally illustrates some topic of present interest. The Preface, in particular, is a finely written, though somewhat egotistical, introduction to the whole body of his essays, in which he gives us a general insight into his views and aims in writing for the public journals, and also offers some remarks on several of his own productions. The new chapter on his *First Introduction to the World of Strife*, is also a very striking paper, and affords one of the finest illustrations to be

found in any of his works of the remarkable control which he can exercise over the feelings and sympathies of his readers.

Sermons of Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 417.

TEN more Discourses from Mr. Parker of themes the highest, the profoundest, and the most practical, with an Introduction, in which the state of the religious world in Christendom is briefly discussed, — ten more, and yet we are not sure that they add very much to the expositions of the author's sentiments which had before appeared. For in truth, Mr. Parker, with all his intellectual resources, and notwithstanding his iron diligence, cannot avoid the decree which dooms every one, lay or clerical, who must discuss the same subject once every week, to repeat himself. The only wonder is that we have not more repetition. The variety in sermons is an admirable illustration of the doctrine of permutations and combinations. We have read the volume through, every word of it. Whether from prejudice or from some better cause, we are still believers in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and in the *Infinite* God, as revealed by the Saviour, and we apprehend that Christianity will survive *Theism* as well as Deism. There is very much in Mr. Parker's writings and oral discoursings that is very admirable, and very much that is not at all admirable, according to the best of our poor judgment. We love his manly pleas for Christian morality, his earnest advocacy of great Christian reforms. He seems to us to have all the earnestness, without the narrow bigotry or the domineering spirit, of the great leader of the Antislavery movement in New England. We are satisfied that he is indebted to his moral earnestness for a very wide and well-sustained popularity. We happen to know of some in our rural districts, who, knowing and caring nothing about his theological views, indeed being themselves firm supporters of the Popular Religion which he so hates, are yet deeply interested in him as a reformer. We have found not a little satisfaction, too, in his methods with Atheists, and with those who "say that there is no resurrection." He has summed up and presented with very moving eloquence the affirmations of cultivated, and, *we* must add, Christianized souls, upon the doctrine of God and of the world to come. We wish that every Atheist might read what he has so well said. He does not argue the matter, and there is no need that it should be

argued, inasmuch as feelings, aspirations, longings, intuitions, are as truly facts of our nature as those first principles from which all argumentation must start, and which themselves admit of no proof, but are and must be taken upon trust. Most of what Mr. Parker has written in this book upon the uses of suffering, is well written. It was hardly possible, of course, in such an argument, to be original. It was better to be true. On the whole, the *affirmations* of the discourses are admirable; they show forth a man of faith, — faith in God and goodness.

We do not love to turn to the other side. We have a fancy — perhaps we are all wrong in it — that Mr. Parker, sharp-tongued as he finds it necessary to be in his dealings with others, is a little sensitive himself, we know that some of his friends are, and are ready to stigmatize as slander what is really only a right naming of things. If our memory does not sorely deceive us, it was once reckoned abusive to call our author a Deist; but is not the difference between Theist and Deist only the difference between a Greek and Latin name for the same entity? Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is disposed to flout consistency, and yet he always seemed to us singularly consistent, when, after having abandoned the mastership and mediation of Jesus, that is, after having ceased to believe that Jesus was the *Christ*, he declined the name Christian as unmeaning, or worse. We must frankly say, that our author, with all his gifts and merits, is not an agreeable writer, as we judge. Our difficulty with him is not only that he cannot accept Christ as the Son of God and Lord of Glory; — if he cannot, there is nothing for him but to say so, if he must say any thing; — what disturbs us most is a want of intellectual humility, which continually amazes us in a man of Mr. Parker's unquestionable ability. We could not help saying to ourselves, as we laid down this volume, "Well, we have here a complete account of the universe by one who knows almost as much about it as God himself. There are indeed some little matters touching the mystery of evil which he cannot quite explain, but only give him time and he will manage these too; at any rate, he is sure that it will all come out right somehow, that there is no Devil, — that there are no devils." We must say that our author seems to us sometimes very superficial in his treatment of this awful mystery of human life. We are getting on, he says, and ought to be content. We are not Bushmen any longer. But for us, this is a question to which we can give no answer whatever, — why a perfect God, working with perfect materials, for a perfect end and with a perfect motive, should ever create a Bushman at all. What need of beginning so very near the beginning? If I mean to make whole vessels in the end, must I begin with making vessels jagged and fragmentary, and so work up to the

mark? God's world is *not* easily understood, after all our discoursing, and we are inclined to the opinion that Christ understood it quite as well as we do, possibly better.

And again, we have been not a little startled by the calmness with which Mr. Parker treats the wide-spread belief of the human race in miraculous interpositions as utterly groundless. Whether the Christian world has been right or wrong in the persuasion, it is none the less true that it has believed in the inspiration and authority of Christ, as Mr. Parker does not at all believe in them, and it has thriven wonderfully too upon a monstrous delusion, in which it would seem the Saviour must have shared. In fact, the religious world, heathen and Christian, has lived upon a great lie, a great untruth at all events. What we have called revelation is in fact only mythology, and all mythology is about to be given up, — it belongs to the childhood of the world. Henceforth we are to live by the soul's intuitions. Mr. Parker is not content with saying that Christianity has exhausted itself, and that the time is at hand for a new revelation and a new church. He is radical to the extent of scouting all miraculous revelation whatsoever, the very idea of mediation between God and man through a being at once divine and human, God manifested in the flesh. This he is sure is superstitious, incredible, childish. It requires some boldness to propose a new interpretation of Christianity after the manner of Luther and Calvin. To pass from one form of revelation to another supposes a large measure of confidence; but when it comes to an entire abandonment of the whole doctrine of revelation, the sceptic might well be pardoned though he should manifest a little humility of utterance, a slight quivering of the nerves, and a degree of hesitancy. We know how common it is to stigmatize intellectual manliness as pride, nevertheless we are satisfied that Mr. Parker may gain much in the matter of humility without losing the least portion of his freedom.

We are not disposed to criticize severely the rhetoric of one who is accustomed to address a large popular audience. In such circumstances, diffuseness is a positive merit. Nevertheless, discourses which are thus expanded should be compressed so far as may be before they are offered to the reader. And whilst they are submitted to this process, an excellent opportunity would be afforded for correcting expressions, the taste of which is questionable or unquestionably bad, and for dismounting from the stilts upon which the admired declaimer is too likely to climb. Had Mr. Parker thought twice, we are satisfied that he would not have associated "hunker," the slang word of a low political press, with the awful name of the Supreme, — he would not have reminded us *usque ad nauseam* that we are "insured at

the office of the Infinite God," or have told us that "no timid monkey is ever alarmed at the 'spread of infidelity.'" Had Mr. Parker thought twice, we are persuaded that he would not have reminded his audience that "there are few men who hope so much," and that he would "not fear to stand in a minority of one, against the whole population of this whole globe of lands." Luther in a moment of excitement was ready to meet all the tiles on the roofs of Worms diabolized; but *he* had a few supporters, princes too amongst them. Why not spare sincere, if feeble-minded Christians, the ridicule of Christian ordinances contained in such sentences as these,— "the sacrament of baptism, to sprinkle a little water on the face of a baby, and of the Christian communion, to give some men a morsel of bread to eat and a drop of wine to drink in the meeting-house,"— as well as call upon us "to drop a tear on the grave of Voltaire"? Poor fellow! what a hard time he had of it!

We have entered into no argument with the author of this book, because so far as he feels bound to oppose Christianity he deals rather in assertions than in arguments, and tells us mainly what he cannot, for his part, believe. He is but one man, though an able one, and all wisdom will not die with him. If he will write a book, the aim of which shall be to show that what he calls the Popular Religion is so far the religion of Jesus as to make him in any way answerable for it, we will engage to read it with great care, even though the rhetoric should be worse than that of the present "Sermons of Theism."

Hymns for the Church of Christ. Edited by REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D., and REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853.

It might appear, at first thought, that there were hymn-books already in existence in such numbers, and of such qualities, as to render any further supply superfluous. But there are so many tastes to be suited, that many persons not satisfied with our previous collections, and impressed with the manifold value and importance of the hymn-book in our public worship, hailed with joy the announcement, and awaited with eagerness the appearance, of a new compilation, to be made by persons so well qualified for their office as the associated editors of the present work were supposed to be. There were peculiar advantages in the mutual checks and stimulants of an editorial partnership, in a labor of this kind, which gave rise to increased expectations. We will briefly specify the characteristics most worthy of notice in the

result, — now placed before us by the publishers in a volume of convenient proportions, printed with the clearest type, and on the best paper.

The general arrangement of subjects, by the grouping of the hymns under appropriate heads, seems to us more felicitous and thorough than any we have seen before. A comprehensive outline of the living themes belonging to the Sanctuary is given, which includes a subdivision of topics containing, and making it easy to find at once, hymns of the particular tenor of thought and style of sentiment suited to the special subject of meditation and to the mood of the hour. Though not wholly peculiar to this collection, it is yet a distinct merit in it, that its lyrics comprise so large a number and so extensive a variety. There are in it eight hundred and seventy-two separate utterances, nearly all of which are adapted for singing in public worship, only a few being exclusively designed for devotional reading in private. So copious a supply may afford many qualities, and will not easily be exhausted or become trite from too frequent repetition.

Another excellence of no small value in this compilation is the condensation and brevity which prevailingly mark its specimens. There is very little wearisomeness of tautology, or feebleness of prolongation in it. The hymns are usually of that judicious shortness which will spare the minister the disagreeable necessity, often imposed on him now, of requesting the omission of one or more stanzas by the choir. We are glad, too, to find that, in this book of Hymns for the Church of Christ, there are, as of right there should be, within due limits, distinct recognitions and celebrations of the humane spirit, the Christian reforms, of the age. These features of our time, around which gathers so much of the noblest interests of believing souls, are described and advocated with cheerful and direct heartiness, yet without one word or tone which can be considered immoderate or offensive.

The poetic character of the productions brought together in this volume likewise deserves decided commendation. Viewed merely as sacred poems, they are, for the most part, of a very high order of merit. There are comparatively few which do not constitute interesting reading from their intrinsic worth of substance, beauty of ornament, and smoothness of rhythm. Especially attractive and remarkable is the powerful, tranquil current of gentle, loving sympathies flowing throughout the book. A rare tenderness presided over this work and almost everywhere breathes through it. These pages must become dear to many stricken, fainting hearts, on account of the soothing, hallowed balm and effluence of gentle feelings with which they are filled.

There is in an unusual degree a spirit of life in most of these hymns, an air of reality about them, marks of sincerity on them, which give them power to enlist the interest of the reader or hearer, and to touch and quicken in him emotions akin to those they so truly embody and so forcibly express. Free, with some exceptions, from all merely mechanical formulas and artifices, all merely traditional appeals, all cold and hollow task-work, they are full of the fervid sincerity of experience and desire. In their selection, the test for acceptance appears to have been the presence of a truthful earnestness. They are therefore calculated to seize and move those who will fairly expose the mind and the sensibility to their legitimate influences.

But far more than for any thing else, we would praise this book for the profound and ardent piety pervading it, the lofty standard of experimental religion it holds up. It is not a collection of specimens of ritual and perfunctory services. It speaks of sighs and throbs and tears. It freely employs the figures consecrated by the usage of all the saints ; and when bending over some of its pages, we seem to feel the mystic touch of ancient devotion burning on our hearts, and to hear those strains of faith and love, penance and prayer, which used to steal from cloistered aisles, through matin and vesper shades, and swell and fade towards heaven in the unearthly music of a piety that was vision and embrace. Here, fitly set forth, are the penitent humiliations, the tremulous struggles, the supplicatory breathings, the exultant trusts, of the awakened soul of man made conscious of its varying relations to the Holy Spirit of God. The experimental offices of the Saviour in the religious life of the disciple are warmly and fully celebrated here, and we cannot hesitate in saying, that there is better provision for the culture of a fervent devotional love in this, than in any other similar work known to us. Who can ponder such a hymn as the following, without being deeply touched, ay, without being made better by it ? It is entitled "The Father's Hand," and may be taken as a just index to the ruling spirit of the compilation :—

"When my life-bark, richly freighted,
In the light of morning lay,
Came my Father's hand so gently,
And its treasures bore away.

"Beggared by the sore affliction,
Eagerly my heart pursued,
As, 'mid clouds his face concealing,
The receding hand I viewed.

"Wings of faith its flight supporting,
Lo ! it cleaves the upper sky ;
There my heart its treasure greeting,
Both within his hand shall lie."

The absence from this collection of several of our choicest hymns troubles us a little. But this, perhaps, is no fault. It is a matter of individual partiality; and if each one's favorite associations were consulted, fifty volumes, instead of one, would be requisite to hold the claimants. There are, furthermore, a dozen or more hymns here which seem to us in bad taste, wretched in rhythm, and much marred by a disagreeable and false theology. This latter blemish, however, may be overlooked by accounting it to the catholic spirit of the collection. It is not an aim of devotional lyrics to teach sectarian dogmas, nor an obligation on them to observe literally and metaphysically exact terms. It may be a weak narrowness and a sinful bigotry to be very scrupulous and stiff on such points. Better give a generous welcome to all the helps afforded by the influence of powerful figures and historic associations through the imagination and the heart to kindle and feed religious affection. We therefore esteem it an emphatic virtue in this book, and an honor to its editors, that within it, for purposes of communion, worship, and moral invigoration, they have gathered and presented in practical harmony so diversified and comprehensive an array of the expressive appeals and incitements of the divine life in the soul, — a grand sweep of the Catholic spirit of Christian charity and aspiration, whose specimen sentiments and phrases reach from the Calvinistic severity of Mrs. Browning and the Romanist ethion of the *Lyra Catholica*, on the one extreme, to the stoical ethics of Waldo Emerson and the beautiful naturalism of W. J. Fox, on the other. There is not a single stanza in the collection, which, so far as theological terms are concerned, ought to be an occasion for the slightest stumbling to any devout and charitable Unitarian. In allowing this, however, we would not conceal from ourselves the fact, that phrases and doctrinal allusions and implications of sentiment which necessarily involve false opinions, are not to be protected by any mantle of liberality; for when fixed in the memory by associations with devotion, they often exert a pernicious influence. Of course, whoever finds such in the book before us must pass them by.

Upon our first examination of this work, we felt disappointed. Among the various reasons for this, one probably was, that the expectations aroused by the announced names of the editors were unreasonably high. But in proportion as we have grown more adequately familiar with it, suppressing merely dry and cold critical regards, and giving up a warm, humble, desiring heart to the proper spirit and meanings of its utterance, our objections to it have dwindled away, and our favor for it has increased. Its sterling qualities — the soberness and strength, correctness and

beauty, breadth of moral thoughtfulness and glow of tender piety, which, for the greatest part, characterize its contents — are such as will keep it improving with acquaintance, and make it wear well. Upon the whole, our own opinion is, that the work has been done excellently, and that this is indeed by much the best book of hymns yet published. Perhaps on no literary question is there so great room and provocation for the play of mental and æsthetic idiosyncrasies as in the judgment different persons will pass on a collection of hymns. We are well aware that some will form an estimate of the present work widely opposed to ours; but, frankly admitting that a great deal of severe criticism and detraction may be honestly and plausibly urged against it, our own candid and deliberate verdict is as we have written. The examination of the work has nourished and strengthened in us those feelings and purposes which more than all else we covet. We believe that when used in a congregation it will be felt and not criticized. We subjoin an original and striking hymn contributed by one of the editors. To us it appears a model alike of religious sentiment and of poetic beauty, equally true to a profound piety and agreeable to a warm imagination. The expression, we suppose, was suggested by the image in Jeremiah: "The word of the Lord is a hammer." The experience is that which oppresses sometimes the affectionate, yearning soul, crowded with belief and love, but feeling distant and neglected, and impelling it to cry, "Deal with me, O God! Bruise me, scourge me; any thing, only not neglect and leave me. Rather than not feel thy loved spirit and hand, let them pierce me with griefs and smite me with blows. So shall I be chastened for thy pure visits, and be wrought to the form of thy will."

"Beneath thine hammer, Lord, I lie,
With contrite spirit prone:
O, mould me till to self I die,
And live to thee alone!

"With frequent disappointments sore,
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

"Smite, Lord! thine hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

"Smite, till, from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
'And have no will but thine."

An Address in Commemoration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Lancaster, Massachusetts. By JOSEPH WILLARD. With an Appendix. Boston: Printed by John Wilson & Son, 22 School Street. 1853. 8vo. pp. 230.

It is fortunate for our country that a commemorative spirit has pervaded it so early. The clouds of error and fable will be dispelled from its origin and primitive annals, and its entire growth, and the full benefit of its example, will be brought to view. Scarcely two centuries have elapsed since the settlement of the American colonies, and our literature is already preëminently rich in its historical department. In what is commonly regarded as the higher walk of history, embracing a wide sphere and developing great events and comprehensive movements, many works have appeared commanding universal approval.

But narratives of the rise and progress of nations and governments can only reach the highest order of merit, by resulting from a minute, exact, and thorough survey of materials in detail, which themselves cannot find room in any general history, and must be provided by numerous other hands. The sources of a philosophical review and comprehensive exhibition of events and stages of national progress or decline are to be found in local annals and anecdotes of men and things, scattered in special memoirs and separate publications of various kinds. These must be derived from writings of a limited and unpretending character, drawing their interest and value from the minuteness of their details, which, in fact, are interesting and valuable just in proportion as they descend to particulars, conduct us into the recesses of society, and reveal to view the veritable form and shape of things, the idiom, fashion, personal manners, costume, and all most familiar habitudes of ordinary every-day experience in common life. It is from such writings that the genius of history is to gather its inspiration. It is such writings that give the real impress of the times, and disclose the secret and preliminary workings, in the interior of society and the heart of the people, of motives, tendencies, principles, and passions, which finally consummate their action in the career of heroes, statesmen, and sages, in the revolutions of dynasties, and in the power and glory of nations.

The commemorative age having fairly begun among us, the fountains of such local, personal, and minute histories are everywhere opened. Narratives of the origin and humble annals of villages and towns, sketches of early manners and customs, memoirs of the olden time full of local traditions and piquant personal anecdotes, are pouring forth from all quarters. The entire past of our country, over its whole surface, is thus rising to view and

returning to life before us. The lessons of their own immediate and peculiar history, with the inspiring influence that proceeds from them, are hereby secured to our people, and everywhere brought to bear upon their genius and character. The preparation is getting to be complete. The field is ripening for the harvest, and will soon be ready to be reaped by the great historian.

Considerations like these lead us to appreciate the importance of such occasions as that commemorated in the work before us, and the value of the publications to which they give rise.

Although the Address of Mr. Willard nominally belongs to the department of primary and local history just described, and has all the interest peculiar and appropriate to its class, it also possesses the value, and often rises to the dignity, of the most comprehensive and philosophical works. We would instance the view presented of the rise of Nonconformity, in separation from the church establishment of the mother country, and of Puritanism within its bosom, of the gradual working of those principles until they convulsed the fabric of the Old World, and infused their indestructible elements and irresistible energies into the ever-expansive and progressive body and soul of society in the New World. We would also instance his clear and discriminating exhibition of the wisdom and necessity of the rigid, unbending, unflinching state policy of the Massachusetts colonial leaders, preserving the integrity of their administration from internal or external encroachment, from antagonistic elements within, and the interference of the government of the mother country without.

The treatment of these topics by Mr. Willard is masterly, and places him on a level with the highest order of historians. The purity, simplicity, strength, and elegance of the style of the Address give to it a classical character. We confidently commend it as a model production of its class, in both manner and matter. The portraits of the several clergymen of Lancaster are among the most valuable portions of the work. Those persons who had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with the late reverend and excellent Dr. Thayer, for instance, cannot fail to be struck with the extraordinary skill with which his fine character is portrayed. It is as honorable to the discernment of the truthful artist, as it is to the virtues and graces of the subject.

We cannot refrain from expressing our high satisfaction at the manner in which the old town of Lancaster met the occasion, of which the volume before us — itself, by the way, a most beautiful specimen of Boston typography — is the record.

Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform. Chiefly from the Edinburgh Review, corrected, vindicated, enlarged, in Notes and Appendices. By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. With an Introductory Essay. By ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 764.

THESE Essays of the most acute and the most distinguished metaphysical philosopher of the age, have been gathered together by himself from the pages in which most of them originally appeared. In general they deal with abstruse and difficult themes, though the themes themselves relate to matters nearest to us in their materials and interest. Like all other modern philosophers, Sir W. Hamilton finds a chief part of his task to lie in the work of criticizing the speculations and the conclusions of his predecessors. He is an admirable and a lucid critic, and the trial processes which he institutes must be acknowledged to be those of a peer. We do not feel competent to judge him, nor to pronounce an opinion upon his merits as an original thinker and theorist. The quality which we think of most account in a philosopher is that of intelligibleness in the expression of his thoughts. As we have read the productions of our author's pen in the *Edinburgh*, we have found him for the most part a lucid writer, and have been willing to account what has occasionally looked like obscurity to his profundity and to our own obtuseness. At any rate, we have understood him better than we understand a portion of the critique upon him in the "*Prospective Review*" for August. But there are Essays in the volume before us which task only the careful attention of the mind without perplexing it with abstruse processes. These are of a high and a most instructive character. Scotch common sense, experimental wisdom, and clear-headed sagacity are their marked characteristics. There is no single volume, treating the same subjects, which can compare in value with this.

Isaac T. Hopper: a True Life. By L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 493.

THE distinguished authoress might have added many other epithets on her title-page to characterize the *Life* which she has portrayed. It certainly was a *unique*, and a blameless, and a most useful life, which is here so delightfully delineated. It would have been hard to have prophesied, in view of the pranks

of the young rogue whose mischievous doings are related in the early pages of this volume, that they were to open the career of one of the most devoted of philanthropists. Friend Hopper had a genius for serving his fellow-men in one particular way ; — a sort of monomania of benevolence. The cases here given in which his sympathy and service were enlisted in behalf of colored people, present all possible varieties in their details ; but as they were all brought into one category as involving outrages upon humanity, so they all found the shrewd Quaker ready to meet them with the aid of the one great law of love. Occasionally a reader is reminded of the proverbial slyness which is attributed to Friends, and thinks that he may be called upon to wink at some slight trespass upon the simplicity and directness of integrity. But there is nothing of the sort. Friend Hopper is always careful to leave a fair, unstained margin all round his transactions. The book is a treasure in its way, because alike of its subject-matter and its incidental topics.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By THOMAS MOORE. New York : Redfield. 1853. Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 307, 335.

WHILE Moore is himself passing before the literary world through criticisms and judgments called forth upon him by the publication of his Letters and Diary, Mr. Redfield has seized the opportunity to give us an American edition of the poet's Life of Sheridan. This will always be one of the stock biographies. The eccentric and erratic genius with whom it deals in a spirit quickened by some congeniality of nature, has secured for himself a place among "the immortals on the earth." Since the first publication of these Memoirs, their fidelity to truth has in a few points been impugned, and even up to this day, as a reader of that slashing article on Moore in the "Quarterly" will perceive, protests are entered against it. Nevertheless, to those who have learned how to read biographies, through some understanding of the processes by which they are manufactured, Moore's Life of Sheridan will not lose its value as a racy delineation of a great wit and a great sinner. Those who read it for the first time will have in our recent literature many collateral illustrations of the times and the characters referred to in it.

Principles of Geology : or, The Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, considered as illustrative of Geology. By SIR CHARLES LYELL, M.A., F.R.S. New and entirely revised Edition. Illustrated with Maps, Plates, and Wood-cuts. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 834.

THIS volume supersedes and renders valueless the three volumes of a former edition of the same work which now rest upon our shelves. We certainly can find no fault with the author because, in treating of a demonstrative and a progressive science, he himself thus annuls or modifies some of the opinions which he had before announced. On the contrary, we are pleased to have this evidence supplied to us by a highly distinguished votary of the science of Geology, that there has been a boastfulness of assurance concerning its facts and deductions which circumstances have greatly abated. Our own interest in the perusal of works on this science has from the first been largely qualified by the oracular and presuming confidence which very many of the writers and the lecturers upon it have allowed themselves in their assertions, their generalizations, and their inferences. Sir Charles Lyell, with all his high and undeniable talents and attainments, has not been the least of the offenders on this score. After saying this, we must thank him for that careful and elaborate revision of his views and statements which he has given to the world in the ponderous English volume whose contents are here reprinted by the Messrs. Appleton. The distinguished author has for many years been an indefatigable student of his favorite theme. He has never trusted to report where he could exercise his own acute powers of observation. His constancy in research and his painstaking toil have resulted in making him a master in the science of Geology. His travels have enabled him to relieve the dryness of his pages by some fresh and incidental allusions to incidents of personal experience. He is himself so widely known that his book needs no indorsement.

Lectures to Young Men. By WILLIAM G. ELIOT, JR., Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854 [?]. 16mo. pp. 190.

THIS little volume, filled with the fruits of practical experience gained in a devoted engagement in the labors of the Christian ministry, is a fitting companion to that, which we reviewed in our last number, which contained "Lectures to Young Women," by the same author. The subjects of the Lectures are, "An Appeal : Self-Education : Leisure Time : Transgression : The

Ways of Wisdom : Religion." Though these titles afford in reality no index to the character of the volume, they are such simple but comprehensive words that they will define the themes which the author thought of most vital importance as bearing upon the interests of young men. There is no ambitious writing in the volume, no straining after originality, which is so apt to result in mere conceit, but a solid, earnest, discreet, and kindly wisdom, now uttering itself in a plain statement of one of the commonplaces of truth, now breathing the tenderness of a most affectionate heart. It is a book to be given to young men who go abroad or to those who stay at home, as it is concerned with perils and duties which do not depend upon climate or latitude, but which are involved with human life under all circumstances.

A Selection from the Correspondence of the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son-in-law, the REV. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 504.

THIS is a most appropriate and acceptable companion volume to the four which have already appeared, containing the Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers. A glance at the table of contents will show, by the variety of the names and the titles of the men and women to whom the letters of this honored divine are addressed, how large was the circle embraced by his heart or reached by his influence. The editor gives us no intimation of the principle on which he made his "Selection," and we conclude that it depended, in some measure at least, upon the facilities which he may have enjoyed through the courtesy extended towards him by those who happened to have in their possession more or less valuable materials from which he might choose. The Rev. Sydney Smith felt it to be his duty to destroy every letter that was sent to him. We rejoice that some consciences have not felt that obligation, for though the preservation and publication of such documents occasionally tends to mischief and involves a wrong, these are but exceptional cases, while some of the most precious volumes owe their charm and value to such contents. The volume before us will be heartily welcomed, and we should have been glad of its aid when we were reviewing the career of Dr. Chalmers in a recent number of this journal.

The Homes of the New World; Impressions of America. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. Two volumes. 12mo. pp. 651, 652.

It has come to be a well-understood, if not an admitted fact, that the reports which travellers make of the regions which they visit depend chiefly upon the reception which they have met there. Miss Bremer came to this country hardly in the character of a stranger, and many hearts were at once opened to her. It is also evident from her pages, that many persons who entertained her made it a matter of conscience to caution her against some of the errors and misjudgments into which foreigners who had preceded her had been in most cases misled. We do not mean to imply that such cautions forestalled the exercise of her own faculties of observation and inquiry. On the contrary, Miss Bremer was at least as inquisitive as was Miss Martineau, and on every occasion showed a desire to be just and impartial. Whether any of her friends here will be annoyed at her personalities, or even at the misspelling of their names, depends somewhat upon the impression which she herself made upon their minds. The extracts from her lively pages which are going the rounds of the newspapers, are fair specimens of the gossiping and good-natured, though sometimes oracular, style of her remarks. A very large class of readers will find novelty, or amusement, or profitable suggestions on nearly every one of her pages.

he British Poets. — *The Poetical Works of* OLIVER GOLD-SMITH. *Edited, with a Life, by* REV. JOHN MITFORD. 16mo. pp. cxi. and 176. — *The Poetical Works of* ALEXANDER POPE, *with a Life, by* REV. ALEXANDER DYCE. Three volumes. 16mo. pp. clxiii. and 168, 311, 363. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853.

WE have here four more of the series of exquisite volumes, beautifully and accurately printed, which the publishers have promised to issue as rapidly as their many undertakings will admit. All persons, whose standard of home comfort embraces more than one single book-shelf, must have "The British Poets" in some form, and they may be sure that they will never be able to procure them in a more convenient and economical form than that which these volumes wear. The lapse of years will but deepen and extend the pleasurable and improving influences from this department of our literature. Even when the memory has been stored during the season of its tenacity in youth with what

are then regarded as the gems of poetry, maturer years find a most delightful resource in reading them again on the fair page, and in searching for new gems in the old mines which may have been passed unheeded. If a hundred thousand copies of this edition of the poets could within the year be circulated through our towns and villages, there would doubtless be at least one member in each of that number of households who would hail them with a warm welcome, and would find their lives purified and elevated in the study of them.

The Hive and the Honey-Bee; a Bee-Keeper's Manual. By Rev. L. L. LANGSTROTH. 12mo. pp. 384. Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman, & Co. 1853.

THIS treatise is of equal scientific and practical value and interest. It details all that is known of the natural history of the bee, including a multitude of the most wonderful facts. And it describes the practical processes of bee-keeping in the clearest manner, including an account of a newly invented hive, far surpassing any hitherto known in the great advantages it combines. We can strongly recommend the work to all who are in any way interested in the subject it treats.

Clouds and Sunshine. By the Author of "Musings of an Invalid," &c. 12mo. pp. 258. New York: John S. Taylor. 1853.

THIS volume contains, in a series of six conversations by three interlocutors, a somewhat thorough examination of the modern doctrines and boasts of human progress. It is vigorously conceived and written. The author reveals the possession of no small share of learning, wit, and intellect. This present essay, though acceptable, very readable, and in some respects useful, does yet produce in our minds no other impression so strong as that of a desire to see him devoting his evident gifts and accomplishments to some more substantial and ambitious work.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"God with Men : or Footprints of Providential Leaders," is the felicitous title of a book on Scriptural themes, by the REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, just published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. We regret that we are compelled to defer a more extended notice of this volume to our next Number. In the mean while, we would commend it to our readers, because of the ability, the richness of thought, and the fidelity to the principles of devout faith and to the uses of edification with which it treats subjects and characters of unexhausted instruction.

The Messrs. Harper have issued a new volume, by MR. RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian, entitled "Theory of Politics : an Inquiry into the Foundations of Governments, and the Causes and Progress of Political Revolutions." The whole mental organization and the recent researches of the author qualify him to treat this great theme with ability, and entitle him to a candid hearing, while the strength and the cast of some of his views will occasionally call forth the dissent of a reader of some other way of thinking. The "Theory" of the author is for the most part an elucidation of the historical and experimental causes of the course of events which has matured and resulted in the principles of government now admitted by free and progressive minds.

From the same firm we have a volume entitled "Men and Things as I saw them in Europe," by KIRWAN, the pseudonyme of a polemic divine of the Orthodox fold, who, after having followed up a Roman Catholic Archbishop with his caustic pen at home, has returned from a visit to Europe to give us some pungent and stinging remarks upon the priestly oppressions and superstitions which prevail in the Old World. The book is designed to serve the interests of civil and religious liberty ; and it will do this in a way of its own, though not, as we think, in all respects the best way.

"A Manual of Greek Literature, from the earliest authentic Period to the Close of the Byzantine Era," by DR. ANTHON, published by the same firm, is another of the convenient compends by which the author has sought to facilitate the study of the classics and to open a smooth and pleasant way to pupils.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have issued, in two handsome volumes, the Second Part of a "History of Liberty," by SAMUEL ELIOT. This is a continuation of the design of the author, which has been already introduced to our readers in a review of the first work on this theme from the same pen. "The Early Christians," is the general title given to this continuation. The cursory examination which is all that we have as yet made of the work, leads us to expect much instruction from the thorough scholarship and the earnest spirit which have produced it.

We have in preparation for our next Number a review of the long expected Life of Dr. Judson, by PRESIDENT WAYLAND, which has just been published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. We have reason to believe that these two volumes will receive the tribute of a very wide circulation, and of a most hearty appreciation.

Though we generally keep at a wide distance from us all the books

which profess to contain comments on the Song of Solomon, we mean to attempt the perusal of a good-sized volume on that subject by the REV. PROFESSOR BURROWS, of Lafayette College, just published by William S. Martien, of Philadelphia. If we find ourselves rewarded for our pains, we shall so inform our readers. In the mean while, we acquaint them that such a book is within their reach.

"Uncle Sam's Palace, or the Reigning King, by EMMA WELLMONT," is the title of an elegantly printed volume, published by B. B. Mussey & Co. It contains a pleasantly written and very interesting story designed to serve the cause of temperance, and to uphold the "Maine Liquor Law." We assure our readers that, so far from being indebted to the romance of the past for any of its interest, it is fresh with all the actual life and agitations of the present day. Even the "spiritual rappings" and "table-tippings" are most ingeniously turned to a good use in its pages. We might specify some little imperfections in the story, but our approbation of its design, and of the way chosen to execute it, leads us rather to commend than to criticize.

Messrs. Leavitt & Allen, of New York, have published a new work from that popular and able commentator of Scripture, the REV. DR. BARNES, entitled "Notes, Critical, Illustrative, and Practical, on the Book of Daniel, with an Introductory Dissertation." Independently of the merely textual criticisms of this distinguished divine, we always find wisdom and edification in his incidental remarks and suggestions.

Had our limits permitted we should have been glad to have given to our readers an account of a most interesting volume, reprinted by Redfield, under the title of "Lorenzo Benoni, or Passages in the Life of an Italian. Edited by a Friend." Under the disguise of fictitious names, we have in the book some admirable sketches of personal experience, illustrating life in the private home, in the places of education, and in the more public scenes of agitation and strife, in a land which will be threatened with revolutions until it is thoroughly revolutionized. The book will engage the closest attention and the warmest interest of the reader.

"The Mud Cabin, or the Character and Tendency of British Institutions, as illustrated in their Effect upon Human Character and Destiny, by WARREN ISHAM," (New York, D. Appleton & Co.,) will convey through its expressive and significant title no unfair idea of the nature of its contents. The first part of the title is suggestive of Ireland. But though her "Woes" are not neglected, it is of the sufferings and wrongs existing in England that the author treats most at length. We have no reason to question, but, on the contrary, we have many reasons for believing in his accuracy and fidelity, in the dark pictures which he has sketched from real life.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln have republished a new volume by JAMES G. MIAL, entitled "Memorials of Early Christianity." In his former work, "Footsteps of our Forefathers," the author treated of the men and the times which effected the enfranchisement of mind and body from the yoke of the Roman and the British prelacies. In this, he sketches some earlier characters and scenes on the pages of Christian history. The materials from which he has drawn are, of course, our common ecclesiastical histories. But having a specific purpose in view, he has treated his themes with a distinct reference to the power and influence of deep religious conviction on those whom it moves.

"The Story of Mont Blanc, by ALBERT SMITH," (New York, G. P. Putnam & Co.,) is a treasure-book for readers, young and old. All that can be profitably said of the hoary-headed monarch of mountains, to illustrate its scenery and physiology, to record the history of various ascents of it, and to connect with it fitting sentiments, may be found in these rich pages. Some fine illustrations, likewise, present its terrors effectively to the eye.

"Lectures on the Formation of Character, Temptations, and Mission of Young Men," (Boston, John P. Jewett & Co.,) is the title of an excellent book by the REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, whose merits as an author we have had occasion to commend in these pages. If those for whom the book is designed will read and regard its wise and kind lessons, Mr. Clark will find an abundant reward in the assurance that it must work a precious influence.

MR. CHARLES D. CLEVELAND has edited a very convenient edition of the Poetical Works of Milton, with a Life, Dissertations, Notes, and Indexes, suited to the use of Schools, Families, and the Private Reader. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. When we say that a verbal index fills one hundred and fifty out of less than seven hundred pages which make up the volume, we give some idea of the care and pains which have been used to furnish all the helps for the enjoyment of the matter embraced in the text.

"The Mysterious Parchment; or, the Satanic License. Dedicated to Maine Law Progress. By REV. JOEL WAKEMAN," (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.,) is another offering in the sacred cause of temperance. *The Satanic Parchment* is, as may be inferred, an old parchment document, smoked in sulphur, and inscribed in carmine ink with a license to sell rum.

"A Guide to English Composition; or, One Hundred and Twenty Subjects analyzed and illustrated from Analogy, History, and the Writings of Celebrated Ancient and Modern Authors, to teach the Art of Argumentation and the Development of Thought, by the REV. DR. BREWER." The English work bearing this title, "revised and adapted for the Use of Schools in the United States," has been published by C. S. Francis & Co., New York. The youth who can understand its use and follow its method will be in a situation to improve upon its instruction.

Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. have published, in a stout pamphlet, all the sayings and doings of the famous day at Plymouth, last August, observed in commemoration of the embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers at Delft Haven. The occasion was most worthily honored, and this faithful record of it will be a treasure to posterity.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Autumnal Convention of Unitarians was held this year at Worcester, the place where, twelve years ago, the first of the lengthening series of these gatherings of our brotherhood received the impulse that has perpetuated them. At least fifty of our ministers, who had previous to that time or since have had the care of parishes, have passed away from the earth. At the Convention at Baltimore, a year ago, the

Rev. Dr. Parkman was President, and Seth Low, Esq. a Vice-President, and one of the principal speeches was made by the Rev. Mr. Judd. All three of these honored and cherished members of our communion have been gathered to the home of spirits since that occasion. When the first Convention was held at Worcester, Dr. Channing, the most distinguished preacher of the body, had very recently died, and at the Convention just held most appropriate commemoration was made of the late Mr. Norton, our most distinguished scholar. But while so many have passed away, instead of the fathers rise up the children, and our ranks show no diminution. The presence at Worcester of the Rev. Dr. Gilman of Charleston, S. C., and of the Rev. Mr. Corder of Montreal, was a gratifying demonstration, alike of the sympathy of heart which was able to draw brethren together from such distances, and of the amazing facilities of travel which put it in their power to gratify their wishes. The hospitalities of Worcester must have been stringently tested, but they proved equal to the exaction made upon them, and were most cordially and bountifully exercised. Midway in the sessions of the Convention, and before all the guests had arrived, homes had been found for four hundred persons beneath private roofs, and there were vacancies asking more.

The Convention was organized at the Church of the Unity (Rev. E. E. Hale's), on Tuesday afternoon, October 18, by the choice of the following officers: Rev. Dr. S. K. Lothrop of Boston, President; Hon. John Davis of Worcester, Ex-Governor Henry Hubbard of Charlestown, N. H., Rev. Dr. Gilman of Charleston, S. C., and Hon. Stephen Fairbanks of Boston, Vice-Presidents; Rev. William O. White of Keene, N. H., and Rev. S. W. Bush of Brattleboro, Vt., Secretaries. In the evening religious exercises were held in the Second Church (Rev. Dr. Hill's), the Discourse being preached by the Rev. S. Osgood of New York: Text, John xvii. 3: Subject, The Theology of the Heart. We cannot refrain from an incidental allusion to the edifice in which we were assembled. In our opinion the meeting-house of the Second Parish in Worcester is the most beautiful and appropriate edifice for the purposes of Christian worship which we have ever seen in either hemisphere, and we commend it as a model to all church architects and building-committees. As we saw its whole large area occupied by worshippers and listeners attending to the words of the preacher, while he gave utterance to some of the noblest Christian truths and lessons, we thought that none could fail to receive an impression from the service and the sanctuary.

After a Prayer and Conference Meeting on Wednesday morning, the Convention assembled at nine o'clock in the Church of the Unity, and prayer was offered by the Rev. G. W. Briggs of Salem. The Rev. Messrs. Babcock, Bright, Bush, and Wilson were appointed to collect the names of the ministers and delegates present.

The Rev. Dr. Hedge of Providence, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, then announced that it had been decided to submit to the Convention the following plan; namely, that an Essay which had been prepared should be read upon each of the three following topics:—

1. By what means may the religious services of our churches be made more impressive?
2. What constitutes membership of the Church of Christ, and a right to participate in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper?

3. How may we promote greater concert of action in the churches of our connection? and is an association of churches for that end expedient and desirable?

The plan offered proposed further, that after the reading of each Essay a discussion should be had upon the topic to which it related, a separate session being given to each: while the Committee did not wish to exclude any other topic that any brother might desire to bring before the Convention. The plan was unanimously adopted. The Rev. Dr. Hedge then proceeded to read a most able and admirably written Essay on the first subject, felicitous alike in language and in argument, upon our present mode of congregational worship, concluding by suggesting the incorporation into it of more or less of a liturgical form. An animated debate ensued, bringing out, as is usual in our conventions, as many different phases of opinion as there were speakers. We might indeed say that there were more phases of opinion than speakers, because most of the latter had something to say on both sides of the question. As by a vote of the Convention a desire was expressed that the Essays and full reports of the discussions should appear in the next Quarterly Journal of the Committee of the Unitarian Association, those of our readers who wish for further information will soon find it through that channel.

In the afternoon of Wednesday the Convention assembled in the Second Church, and after prayer by the Rev. C. T. Thayer of Beverly, an Essay on the second topic was read by the Rev. Rufus Ellis of Boston, which was likewise followed by an earnest discussion; the points at issue being the relation between a participation in the Lord's Supper and church-membership, and the right or expediency of requiring any public profession or covenant obligation from the members of a Christian congregation as a condition of admission to church communion.

The members of the Convention, at the invitation of the two parishes, assembled in the evening at the City Hall to partake of a bountiful collation. The guests were seated at tables accommodating at least eight hundred persons. Rich music added to the attractions of the scene. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre, the President of the feast, the Hon. Levi Lincoln, Ex-Governor of the Commonwealth, and the oldest surviving member of the late Dr. Bancroft's flock, welcomed the guests in behalf of their hosts, in a most hearty and happy tone of remark, mingled of the serious and the cheerful thoughts which befitted the occasion. Addresses were afterwards made by the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, the Rev. Dr. Gilman, the Hon. Henry Hubbard, the Rev. John Corder, T. D. Eliot, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Burnap, the Rev. Samuel Osgood, the Rev. Mr. Milburn (Methodist), the Rev. J. F. Clarke, the Rev. S. Saltmarsh, the Rev. Dr. Hall, the Rev. G. E. Ellis, and Deacon S. Greely.

On Thursday, a Conference and Prayer Meeting was held, the discussion was resumed upon the second topic, and an Essay was read upon the third topic, by the Rev. Cazneau Palfrey of Belfast, Me., the reading of which was followed by a discussion. The sessions of the Convention were closed in the evening by an appropriate Discourse, in a devotional strain, preached by the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston, and the administration of the Lord's Supper, by the Rev. Rufus Ellis.

OBITUARY.

DIED in Littleton, July 25, 1853, REV. WILLIAM HUNT WHITE, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the twenty-sixth of his ministry in that place. He was born in Lancaster, February 4, 1798. In humble circumstances, and without means, the purpose to get a liberal education grew only from an innate love of knowledge and a noble ambition, which are surer tokens of success than all outward advantages. After diligently improving all the limited opportunities of public instruction of that day, he at length found the means of placing himself under the tuition of that excellent scholar, eloquent preacher, and liberal Christian, Rev. Dr. Stearns of Lincoln. Under his instruction, preaching, and rich and genial conversation, for which he was remarkable, Mr. White must have received a bias that did much to form his future character. We learn from one of his companions at this period, that the three great objects of his ambition then were to obtain a liberal education, to be settled in the ministry in Littleton, and to win a daughter of his predecessor, Rev. Edmund Foster, all which he accomplished. It is seldom that one realizes all the dreams of his young hope, and still more seldom, as in this case, that the anticipations are more than fulfilled in the result, as the ripe fruit is more precious than the bloom.

From Lincoln, he entered Brown University. While here, like many others, to eke out scanty means, he taught school in winter. Of his success, one of his pupils, the Rev. Theodore Parker, in a letter to his family after his death, thus writes: "He taught school for us at Lexington two winters. Then he found a better place, for the next winter, at Lincoln. I was sick in the autumn of that winter. One day, as I was better, and out of danger, one of the neighbors told me, 'Master White aint a going to keep the school this winter.' I turned my face to the wall and wept aloud, and would not be comforted. He endeared himself to the hearts of all his scholars, and of their parents too." In Lincoln he was equally successful. One of his pupils, since a very successful teacher, told us a few days since, that Mr. White had always been his model in teaching. In the year 1824, he graduated with honor at Brown University. A classmate of his, recently alluding to him incidentally in our hearing, expressed a very high respect for his character and scholarship in college. His choice of a profession had long been made, and his character had been ripening for the ministry. He entered Cambridge Divinity School and graduated in the class of 1827. He preached in the churches with much acceptance, and in a few months received two calls, one at Kingston, and another at Littleton. He accepted the latter, and was ordained January 2, 1828. He found the church and parish in good condition. His immediate predecessor, Rev. Edmund Foster, who had been settled near half a century, was a man of talents, and considerable prominence in civil, as well as ecclesiastical affairs, having been a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution in 1820. His predecessor, Rev. Daniel Rogers, whose "praise was in all the churches," was settled about half a century. Of the people, Mr. Foster, in his "Century Sermon," in 1815, thus speaks: "Our harmony has never been interrupted by a diversity of religious opinion. If any one has had faith differing from another, he has had it to himself before God, and not disturbed others

with it. You have continued in the faith as here delivered, and have not been blown about by every wind of doctrine. You have heard the voice of your own shepherd, and strangers have ye not followed." But this paradise of pastoral life was not to last. The storm of religious controversy that has divided so many parishes had already broken in its fury upon New England. Mr. White was just the man to take the helm at such a time. Settled in faith, clear and bold in the exhibition of truth, he was yet a calm and liberal interpreter. The more old creeds and new theories prevailed around him, the more he pressed home the great acknowledged truths of the Gospel on the minds and hearts of his people, both in the pulpit and from house to house. The early religious controversy, which divided so many parishes, made little impression upon Littleton. But in 1840, Mr. Miller, the founder of the sect called "Latter-day Saints," established his headquarters in that town. For three months meetings were held daily, and for the most part three times a day. The ensuing summer an immense camp-meeting was held for a long time. The excitement was intense. The confidence with which the day of judgment was looked for on a certain day, caused many to abandon their occupations and families, and give themselves up to this excitement. A hundred persons joined the Baptist church, the only Trinitarian church then in Littleton. Soon a new sect, calling themselves Unionists, organized a society. An Orthodox society was established, and in the space of one year four new churches (including one built by Mr. White's society) were built in Littleton, a town of less than a thousand inhabitants. This is probably a thing unprecedented in Massachusetts. During this period, so judicious and Christian was the course pursued by Mr. White, that he commanded the respect of all, and excited the prejudices of none. Like his great Master, he did not waste his energies on errors, while minds which he would reach were not prepared to appreciate his reasonings. But he held up still more clearly the great truths, which, when received, would dissipate the errors. It is a sufficient evidence of the wisdom and efficiency of his ministration, that, during this period, only four families left his society. After this, until his death, his church "had rest, and was edified, and, walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, was multiplied." The number admitted to the church during his ministry was one hundred and eleven, and one hundred and eighty-two were baptized. He assisted in ordaining and installing about thirty ministers, a sad commentary on the instability of the times.

Mr. White accomplished his work by no spasmodic effort, no art to please or excite. His method is clearly indicated by one of his flock, now the partner of a parish minister. She says, "I think, with such a pastor as I have had, I might remember that steady, persevering, untiring effort, carried on under all circumstances, is what does the work."

As a preacher, Mr. White was of no ordinary stamp. Without any considerable learning, oratory, or originality, he was very effective. His power lay in the singleness of his aim, and the warmth of a personal experience. He not only preached Christ, but Christ formed in his own soul. He might say of his sermon, what George Herbert said of his "Temple,"—"It is a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus, my Master." Hence, his discourses had, what Dr. Ware, Jr. said experimental preaching always has, "the power of

sympathy, the clearness of knowledge, the life of a personal interest." Baptized into this spirit, the plainest words and the commonest thoughts have a savor of the Holy Spirit, and the glow of the live coal from the divine altar. Hence he was always listened to with interest, at home and abroad. No clergyman was welcomed to the neighboring pulpits by a greater number of hearers. Mr. White was very faithful in the pastoral relations. In a New Year's sermon he says: "I have averaged two, three, and four calls annually upon you in your families." These were not fashionable calls, we are sure. They were calls of the man of God; and the most frequent were where they were most wanted. And he brought, not only spiritual comfort, but material aid. We learn from the best authority, that he would give the last cent to the needy; and although his means were small, his charities were large.

His pastoral character appears nowhere more beautiful than in his relation to the young. While he "gently" led "the feeble of his flock, he carried the lambs in his bosom." His Sunday School was his pride and his joy. For about twelve years, a large portion of the adult congregation had formed themselves into a class to carry on their religious inquiries and improvement. In the absence of their pastor, they chose from their number a class leader to conduct their exercises. In 1847, the teacher's meetings were more thoroughly organized. In order to preserve a history of the school, and of those active in its support, a secretary was chosen, and a record kept of each meeting and read at the opening of the next. This rendered the teachers' meetings very interesting and profitable.

Mr. White was abundant in extra-professional labors. During more than a quarter of a century he was chairman of the school committee, with the exception of one or two years. He gave himself to these duties with a religious fidelity, and the standard of intelligence in the town has been greatly raised by his labors.

In 1829, a Lyceum was established, chiefly by his influence. It has been well sustained without interruption to this day. He has been president nearly the whole time. He has taken a firm stand and spoken the timely and effective word on temperance, and the other great reforms of the day. In a word, he fulfilled all the various duties of a true minister of Christ. But in the meridian of his days and of his usefulness, the summons came. A cloud appeared in his horizon, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but it continued to grow until it shut out the light of all earthly hope. An indefinite disease, which at first appeared to be mere atrophy, but which turned out to be of the heart, continued to increase for about two years, until the "silver cord" that connected him with parish, home, and life was "gently loosed." Under the progress of the disease, reason sometimes tottered, and to use the words of a friend, "It seemed as if some of the beauties and graces of the spirit were overshadowed for a time by an intervening cloud of bodily infirmities." But as the sun went down, the cloud passed away, and the sunset was even more calm and beautiful than the meridian. On the afternoon of his departure, his family and a visiting brother being about him, he asked them to sing. They sung his favorite hymn, "There is a land of pure delight." He united his voice in some of the words. Shortly after, being about to unite in evening devotion, they thought him asleep. On taking his hand and calling him by name, "there was a soft and then a deeper sigh." He had

"Passed through morning glories,
And walked in Paradise."

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